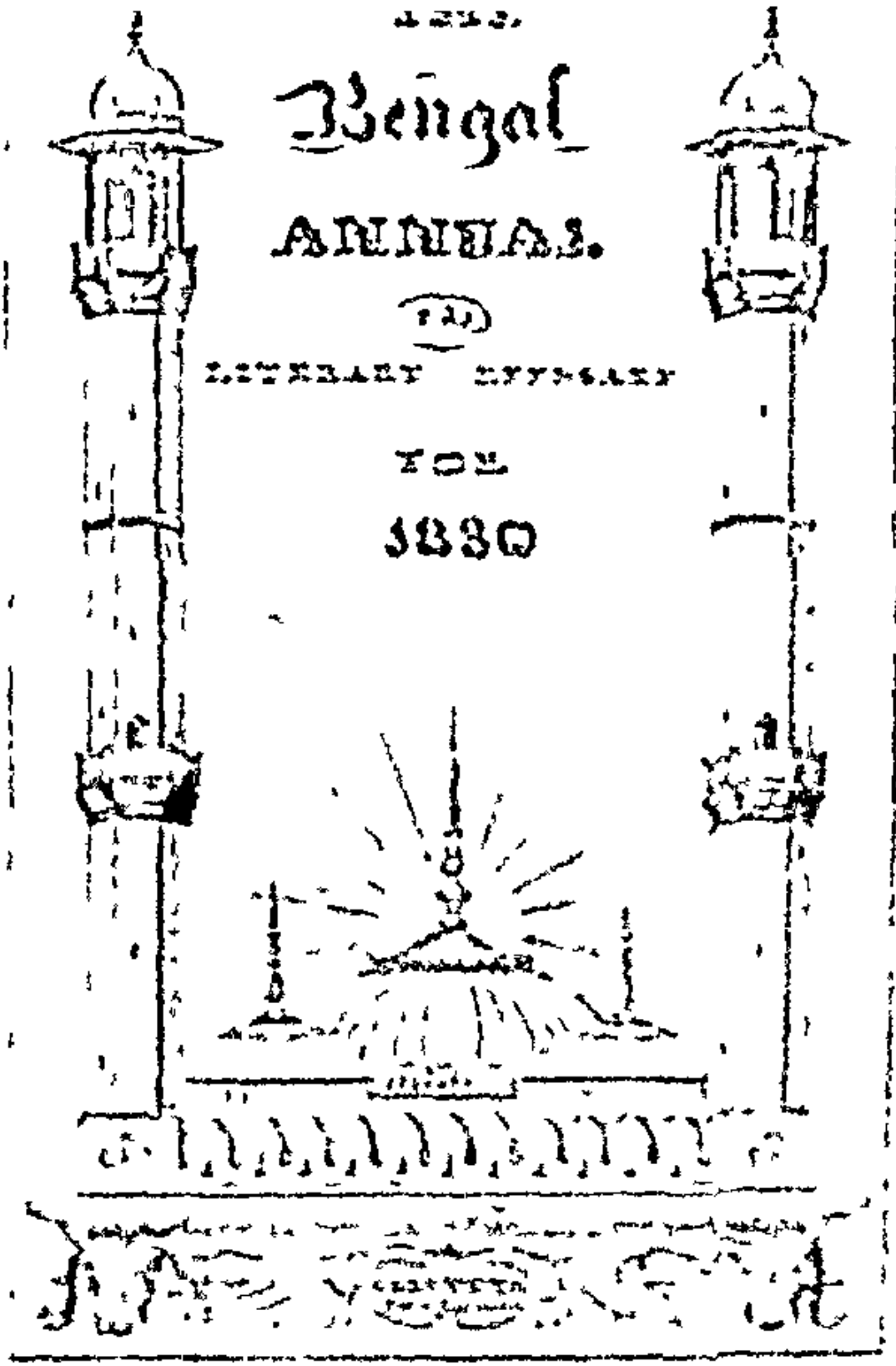

Bengal
ANNUAL.
FOR
1830

THE

BENGAL ANNUAL

A

Literary Keepsake

FOR

M.DCCCXXX.

EDITED BY

DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

Calcutta:

SAMUEL SMITH AND CO. HARE STREET.

1830

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY WILLIAM BENTINCK,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

D L. RICHARDSON

PREFACE.

In undertaking the management of the first *Indian Annual*, the Editor has relied with confidence on the assistance of his literary friends, and not trusting too much to his own capabilities, no apprehensions of failure have tended to repress his ardour, or to slacken his endeavours to render the publication a credit to the literature of the country. Whether he has succeeded or not in this respect, it will be for the public to decide; but he may here acknowledge, that if the BENGAL ANNUAL should fall short of the general expectation, it must be the fault of him who, favored with an abundance of excellent contributions, has failed in the arrangement or selection. Of the merits of several of the articles in the volume, which it would perhaps be invidious to allude to more particularly, there could

hardly be two opinions, though even the effect of these may have been injured by their injudicious contrast or connection with others. The Editor, however, would not wish it to be inferred from this remark, that he has inserted any communications that are in the least degree discreditable to the writers; but in a miscellaneous publication of this nature there must necessarily be many inequalities, and an Editor has to exercise his taste and skill in the arrangement of his various materials, as a painter in the disposition of his lights and shadows

These observations may be thought somewhat indiscreet, as apparently braving the entire judgment of the reader upon the Editor, but there are circumstances which he hopes he may be permitted to urge in extenuation of defects In the first place it was not before the latter end of August that any decisive resolution respecting the publication of such a work had been adopted by the Publishers or himself The Editor had thus but a very limited time to prepare a volume of this description, in a country where all literary speculations are attended with difficulty and delay Even the London Annuals are generally in the printer's hands at

the commencement of the year, though the facilities of publication at home are of course infinitely greater than can be enjoyed here. A strong claim upon the indulgence of the reader may also be advanced on the simple fact, that this is the first and only attempt of the kind, to keep pace in some measure with the lighter literature of our native land.

There being no professional engravers in India, the embellishments of the volume are the friendly contributions of Amateurs—and are among their first efforts. It will be acknowledged, however, that though hasty and unpretending productions, they are very far from deficient in taste and spirit.

In no respect has expense or trouble been deemed an object in the publication of the present Annual, though the Proprietors hope, that next year, with more time before them, they will be enabled to effect many important improvements in the appearance of the work.

The Editor returns his warmest thanks to the many kind and talented friends who have honoured him with their valuable support, to an extent far beyond his most sanguine anticipations.

Indeed many interesting articles have been omitted for want of room, and will be inserted, if no objection be made by the writers, either in the next year's ANNUAL, or in the CALCUTTA MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the first number of which will be published a few days after the present volume, and under the same management.

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INTRODUCTORY STANZAS.

We would twine a wreath of Eastern flowers,
But we think of those which blow
Far off in our own native bowers,
And our task moves sad and slow;
We have blushing fields of roses here,
Where glittering song birds roam,
And Indian lilies sparkle clear,—
But they're not the flowers of Home.
Home!—Home!—how many in vain
Shall sigh for thy blessings once again.

We would twine a jewell'd chaplet bright
As oriental skies;
But while we weave, its lustre's light
Is dimm'd by the Exile's sighs.
For dearer to him are the shells that sleep
By his own sweet native stream,
Than all the pearls of Serindeip*,
Or the Ava ruby's gleam.
Home!—Home!—Friends—health—repose,
What are Golconda's gems to those?

* Ceylon.

We would strike the lyre with bolder hand,
But when we woo its tone
To tell some tale of this far land,
It murmurs of our own
Sadly we lay it down again,
Or if its feeble chords
Can soothe an hour of grief or pain,
They linger on the words
Home! Home!—How sad—how dear,
Is that loved sound to the Exile's ear!

Fondly we gaze upon the west,
As sun set dies away,
For then—those lands we love the best
Smile in the noon's glad ray
While *there*—they hail the season's sire,
And bless his bounteous reign
We—tremble at the tyrant's ire,
Which withers heart and brain
Home! Home!—Oh for the breeze
That murmurs through thy summer trees!

Night comes—and the jackall's dreary yell
Salutes the rising moon,
The death fog creeps along the fell,
And cloaks the wide lagoon
Shuddering we turn from such a scene
To seek a fever'd sleep,
We dream of Home—and wake between
Those happy dreams—To weep

Home!—Home!—'Tis sweet to rove,
Though but in dreams, through scenes we love.

Perchance bright eyes may scan these tales,
Where the honeysuckle weaves
Cool bowers—while violet-scented gales
Play o'er our Indian leaves.
Then—where our flowers less sweetly bloom,
Our gems less brightly shine,
Think—Beauty—think—'tis Exile's gloom
Lies dark upon the line
Home! Home! there—there alone
The minstrel's harp gives all its tone.

THE LITERATI OF BRITISH INDIA.

A SKETCH

Literature in India is to Europeans an exotic It wants nearly all the conditions which make it thrive in the West It is not surprising, therefore, that it should rear its head but languidly, and that it should but partially and imperfectly flourish

In the first place, we have in India few such personages as men of letters—men who convert their abilities and acquirements into means of subsistence, or who, in familiar phraseology, live by their wits We have no unproductive labourers in our community every one has his place, his daily task, from which, if he cannot expect fortune, he is sure of support One great stimulus to ulterior exertion is therefore wanting, and as talent is proverbially indolent, it rests satisfied with its appointed duty, and shrinks from the efforts to which it is not compelled

In the second place a still more powerful excitement than even money,—Fame,—is wanting not perhaps the fame that never dies, but the fame that lives, that animates and rewards cotemporary merit Writers in India must expect little attention from their countrymen at home, and less from the companions of their expatriation With respect to the latter, it is, in some degree, their own fault, and were they more active or more united, they would not perhaps have to com-

plain of society Writers make readers, not merely by the wholesome or grateful food which they offer to intellectual appetite but by the creation of the appetite itself When a numerous and influential body, they give by their compositions, especially those of periodical appearance, and by their conversation, the tone to the community It becomes a mark of bad taste, or defective breeding, to partake not in the literary history of the day, to know not the individuals who are its chief characters, to have heard not of the latest publications, and not to be able to discuss their merits, either upon the strength of actual perusal, or the opinion of a popular review Here, the appearance of a new book is a secret between the author and the printer It rarely finds its way beyond the writer's personal friends, and as to himself, no curiosity is ever manifested to know, whether "he be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor"

It is nevertheless true, that there is no want of readers in India, and that books are in abundant demand But what books are they? With exception of some professional works necessary to different branches of the public service, the literature in request, consists, almost exclusively, of Reviews, Magazines, and Novels Annuals are also in vogue,—auspiciously, we trust, for our present undertaking But the works just named are all of English parentage, and are only in request in proportion to the recent date of their arrival in the country The predilection that exists for them, is natural enough, but their popularity is an additional obstacle to the growth of an indigenous literature, the early shoots of which are choked and overshadowed by the more favoured vegetation of a

foreign soil,—sometimes, it is true, lovely and magnificent, but much more frequently rank, worthless, and noxious

All these impediments will, no doubt, be removed with the obstructions to colonisation We may then expect an ingress of writers, who will make readers, agreeably to the tenet of the political economists, that supply generates consumption We shall also have readers, who, considering India as their home, will, with national partiality, bestow their preference on domestic talent, and discountenance, as far as in them lies, the preponderance of foreign importations The flowers of local genius will then no longer "blush unseen," but expand to full perfection beneath the refined taste and acute discrimination of an enlightened colonial population Until that happy consummation shall arrive, the present attempt offers an asylum for the destitute, and in expectation of a brighter future, we may turn to the contemplation of the past It may not be without use or interest, to recall to recollection the master spirits that have laboured to uphold the intellectual superiority of their country in the East, in despite of an ungenial clime, the drudgery of office, and the still more depressing influence of public neglect

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona" There were many men in India of literary propensities, before the foundation of the Asiatic Society, but they were too busy to indulge them When they did wield their pens, it was to vindicate the measures they had adopted for the safety or extension of the British power in the East, or to narrate the important events which they had witnessed, and of which they were a part Such were the writings of Verelst, Vansittart, Hastings, and Orme That the two latter lacked neither will, nor ability, to

cultivate the graces of literature, we have a few, a very few striking testimonials. Orme could indite a Sonnet to the Moon with no inferior taste, and Hastings paraphrase an ode of Horace with felicitous elegance.

The languages and literature of those regions in which lay the scene of action, necessarily attracted the attention of the earliest labourers. Some conversancy with them was soon found indispensable for public and political ends, but some *men there were, who cultivated Oriental letters for the purpose* of adding to their own knowledge, and to that of their countrymen. Of this order were Halhed, Gladwin, and above all, Wilkins: "Nestor ille studiorum Sanscritorum," as Schlegel styles him; the first European who beguiled the Brahmins of their fears, who mastered their classical dialect, who taught it to the scholars of the West, and who yet survives, in a green old age, to wear the wreath which his disciples, of every country in Europe, combine to place upon his brow. "Laudari a laudatis" is indeed his boast, and he must feel it a proud distinction to have merited, and received at the distance of half a century, the commendations of Warren Hastings and Augustus Schlegel.

Whatever may be the worth of Oriental Literature, its cultivation in India is enforced by obvious and weighty considerations. To say nothing of the influence it gives us over the natives, and of the power it invests us with to be at once lenient and just, it is recommended to us by the unoccupied field for exertion which it affords. With what prospect of success can we here compete with the talents of the West, in a career of a more lofty character, against the advantages which they derive from their number, collision, and combination; from

the facilities hourly within their reach, and from the excitement yielded by myriads of attentive and interested spectators Every avenue to literary reputation in Europe is crowded by competitors, whom it were hopeless to emulate, and with whom it would be madness to contend It is, therefore, but prudent to avail ourselves of such vantage ground as we possess, and seek for fame at sources to which our access is comparatively unobstructed and easy

Such has, no doubt, been one inducement to men of talents in India, to direct their attention, almost exclusively, to Oriental literature We have little else to offer in vindication of Indian claims to literary eminence—less even than might have been expected We do not recollect at this moment any prose work not professional, oriental, or partisan, which can boast of an Indian author, with exception of a volume of Essays on miscellaneous historical and philological topics, published in Calcutta about twelve years ago There have been a few Poetical publications of an original stamp, and in some instances of singular merit, but they have been of too fugitive and unpretending a description, to attract universal attention, or to ensure the gratitude of posterity This paucity of original composition, especially in plain prose, is scarcely to be explained by the want of local patronage, and it is remarkable enough, that not even a slight fabric of fiction should have been reared by an Indian architect Some things of the kind are manufactured in England occasionally, but they are beneath contempt We have had Journals of travels, of very various merit, in sufficient abundance, but they can scarcely be classed with productions purely literary, and when got up in London, it is not always certain who the author may

be. We have had also Historical compositions, although recently but few; but they are usually of a restricted purpose, being limited to some individual state, and no history on an expanded and comprehensive plan has yet been attempted in India. In searching, therefore, for names of local celebrity, we must recur to the lists of the Asiatic Society, in which they will mostly be found enrolled.

Amongst the signatures affixed to the letter addressed to Warren Hastings, in 1784, soliciting his patronage for the proposed institution, are those of Jones, Gladwin, Law, Wilkins, and Paterson. To Wilkins we have already alluded. Gladwin was an industrious labourer in Persian literature, and a zealous promoter of Oriental letters in general. He is the father of periodical writing in Bengal, having preceded the Researches by an Asiatic Miscellany, the first volumes of which are now rarely, if ever, to be met with The compilation contains a variety of amusing matter. Sir Wm. Jones's Hindu Odes first appeared in its pages; and they contain a curious attempt of his, to give a metrical form to the "Songs of Jayadeva." The version is not printed with his works, although they include the prose translation of the same Sanscrit poem, as published in the Researches. It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that a very competent master of poetical style and expression, should have rendered a poem very elegantly into prose, and very flatly into verse. The poetical translation is a total failure.

Of Sir Wm Jones, it is unnecessary here to speak, except to bear tribute to the greatest of all his merits, his disinterested love of literature. It may indeed be said, that he was not altogether disinterested, and that his object was fame:—be it

so, he toiled for, and deserved it His zeal may sometimes have outstripped his discretion, his enthusiasm may have occasionally misguided his judgment These are slight blemishes, the infirmities of a noble mind, or rather, they are beacons to eminence Nothing great will be achieved by a cold calculating spirit, and he that does not somewhat overprize his own exertions, will never accomplish any thing for the world to value

Law is little known beyond the life of Sir Wm Jones and Gladwin s Miscellany He was a contributor to the one, and a correspondent of the other His correspondence is at times in verse, and his contributions are chiefly poetical—translations from the Persian

Paterson contributed to the Asiatic Researches some learned and ingenious Essays on the Mythology and Music of the Hindus The Miscellany contains some of his writings of a more popular description, Odes to the Ragas, or personified modes of music, and other poems of sufficient merit to make it matter of regret that he wrote so little, but he was an eccentric character, and preferred his ease to his reputation He came to India highly gifted by nature, and cultivated by education, with talent and acquirements to have placed himself first amongst the foremost The wreath might have been his, but he could not put forth his arm to take it

The lights of later days are still more numerous, if not more splendid, than those which dawned upon the horizon when the day of literary enterprise first broke, and Harington, Wilford, Hunter, Colebrooke, and Leyden shone with a radiance more steady, or more continued, than their predecessors

The latter period of Harington s Indian life was so exclu-

sively devoted to high official duties, that he had forgotten he had ever amused himself with literature We recollect reminding him, with some difficulty, of his contributions to Gladwin's Miscellany—poetical versions chiefly from Persian and Hindustani executed with good taste and feeling He also edited the works of Sadi His further labours were of a professional tenor alone—Mohammedan jurisprudence and the regulations of the Government

Wilford was perhaps at first somewhat overrated latterly he has been too much undervalued He was of foreign origin, a Swiss we believe, and came to India as a private soldier in the Company's service He speedily obtained a commission in the engineers, for which he was much better qualified than most persons at the period of his arrival He was not ashamed of his early history an education of the first order showed he must have been brought up as a gentleman and his serving as a private soldier was connected with some story of a personal conflict which compelled him by its fatal consequences to quit his country Something of the kind is we believe alluded to in Polier's Memoirs, but we are not very precise in our recollections However this may have been, the commencement of his Indian career rests upon his own authority, for a constant companion of his studies at Benares was his Brown Bess to whom he introduced us—the firelock he had wielded some 50 years before It was a veteran like himself, and no more resembled a modern musket than he did a modern cadet He was above 70 infirm as well as aged, yet he persevered in his pursuits and devoted the whole day to study Nature, however, often failed to keep pace with zeal

and a couple of pillows crowned a pile of folios on which he occasionally reclined to compose and reclaim his scattered thoughts

Wilford, in spite of a classical and mathematical education, was to the last moment of his life highly imaginative Pope said of himself, after reading a work on Rome, that if he had not already gained some repute as a poet, he should have turned antiquarian The palpable obscure of ancient days, is the delight of antiquarian research, so much is to be conjectured, and from such slender hints, that the mind is ever at work on its own fancies, with the flattering unction, that it is toiling after truth Wilford was also credulous, a natural consequence of a lively fancy, anxious to believe in the reality of the phantoms it had created But it must be said in his praise, "Magis amica Veritas" He preferred truth to fame, and without waiting for a detection, which he had little cause to apprehend, the moment he found out that he had been made the medium of imposition, he told the whole story to the world The impositions, however, were of little moment comparatively, and chiefly affected coincidences, which resting upon etymological speculation alone, would have found ready acceptance with but few The greater part of what he had previously written was correct, and in all that he subsequently wrote, much the most extensive and valuable portion of his productions there is no room for doubt that is to say, as far as facts and authorities are concerned As to his fancies, they are very often poetical dreams, which those may credit who can His writings, upon the whole, contain a vast quantity of reading, and convey much

sound, singular, and valuable information on the subjects to which they relate, quite enough to justify Sir William Jones's application to him of the words of Bacon "He has preserved a venerable tablet from the shipwreck of time, a work *operose and painful to the author, but extremely delightful* to his readers, and highly deserving their grateful acknowledgments"

Hunter was a very different being from Wilford, equally laborious, but endowed with all the shrewdness and caution of the North He began his career with mechanical contrivances, and an improvement of the screw invented by him, was dignified by insertion in the Philosophical Transactions *Here he was known as an astronomer, mathematician, botanist,* and orientalist Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani were his studies, in the latter character he even versified, *with creditable success, some poetical compositions in those* tongues His chief fame was as a lexicographer, in which, it must be admitted, he reaped considerable advantage from *the labours of another* His Dictionary was in a great measure the work of Captain Joseph Taylor, but Hunter enlarged and edited it, and assigned the words to the sources from whence they sprang He went to Java, with the expedition, as a surgeon in chief, and died there

Of Leyden, it is almost as unnecessary to speak as of Sir Wm Jones His fame has not been left to accident, and worthy encomiasts have perpetuated his praise He has a high place *in English literature, as the associate of Walter Scott* in the Border Minstrelsy, the editor of the Complaynte of Scotland, and the author of Scenes of Infancy and of the

Miscellaneous Poems published by his Biographer To the literature of the East, he is now most familiar as the first translator of Baber s Commentaries In oriental literature he was but just beginning to reap the harvest of his preparatory labours His acquirements were more extensive than profound, but he had the talent of turning whatever he knew to good account—converting whatever he touched to gold Leyden never studied language for its own sake, never stooped to qualify, either as interpreter or pedagogue he acquired the oriental languages for their literature, and was rapidly familiarising himself with its essence, not merely its investing weed His application was intense, it never admitted cessation when we knew him, his official duties required his attendance from a very early hour in the morning until after mid day, from that time he studied till late in the night, or rather in the morning with slight intermissions for his meals, or the occasional interruption of *society* He was fond of society, of all and every kind, and where it was not of the best kind, liked to lord it over inferior beings Amongst his friends, however, and amongst men whom he held on a par with himself, in propensities at least, if not in acquirements, he was always agreeable and good humoured At the period above alluded to, he held an assemblage of "the wise men of the East at his own house, once a fortnight to dinner the guests were select. Leyden s spirits were inexhaustible, and symposia of more mind and cordiality, Calcutta has never witnessed

Leyden should have lived longer when age and experience had matured his knowledge, and pruned his exuberance, he would then have more than realised the expectations which

his early genius authorised us to entertain, and would have occupied a place of high elevation amongst those members of our society who have lived to be remembered

The last, but not the least of the names above mentioned is that of Colebrooke Notwithstanding a protracted residence in India, during which he held the highest official stations, having been finally Member of Council, he was little known and less appreciated here. His habits were retired, without being unsociable, and his manners to all, but persons whom he valued, cold without being unkind When he returned to Europe, he was pronounced by the Edinburgh Literati to be the most intellectual being they had ever seen from the East and they might well say so, for more varied and extraordinary attainments seldom fall to the lot of any individual The greatest Sanscrit scholar that ever cultivated the language, he applied his knowledge of it to the investigation of the grammar and prosody of the tongue, and to the investigation of Hindu poetry, law, mathematics, astronomy, metaphysicks, and religion His first task was a translation of a voluminous and abstracted code of law, to this succeeded the analysis of the immense collection of the Vedas, and his latest, is a view of various systems of philosophy, attempting, with whatever success, to trace the path "through nature up to nature's God To the subjects already enumerated, Colebrooke added botany, natural history, geology, and statistics, and in all his done well He has been distinguished, not merely in India, but in England, having been called to office in the communities of London, associated for such pursuits His mind leans to the useful, more than to the ornamental but there is rational taste in all he writes,

and his Essay on Sanscrit and Prakrit Prosody shews he was not insensible to the charms of feeling and fancy He lives, but we regret to learn, compelled to relinquish for a while,—we hope, but for a while—the companions and dearer portions of his existence,—letters and science His love for them is linked with his existence However calm his exterior, we know that he is an enthusiast, and that he has been animated, throughout his career, by the wish and the will to uphold the intellectual character of his country

The Asiatic Society has furnished us with these worthies, but we do not mean to confine the enumeration to their records To specify all who have distinguished themselves in a similar career, however, would extend this sketch to an inconvenient extent, and Scott, Baillie, Ross, Ellis, Franklin, Erskine, Roebuck, and Lumsden can only receive this passing notice We knew and highly esteemed the two latter, and never were individuals more worthy of esteem Roebuck's labours were of a less lofty character than Lumsden's, and he could claim little merit perhaps, beyond those of zeal, of perseverance, and assiduity Gilchrist was his "Magnus Apollo" His admiration has been repaid by the exclusion of his name, since his demise, from the title page of the English and Hindustani Dictionary, to the preparation and publication of which, in conjunction with the learned Doctor, he mainly contributed But the friendship of scholars is like that of beauties, and lasts but whilst they fear each other Lumsden, who is styled by Von Hammer a stupendous prop of the temple of Arabic and Persian lore, has wearied of his toils, disgusted with the little notice they secured for him, and is now enjoying the "dolce far niente" in Europe We can scarcely wonder

at it, although we admire most that strength of purpose which disdains the world s neglect, and either looks forward confid ingly to posthumous justice, or rests satisfied with the consci ousness of having endeavoured to perform well its appointed part

The persons to whom we have thus cursorily alluded, are dead, or gone from amongst us Of them, therefore, we may be supposed to speak without interest or partiality There are others equally lost to us, whose merits were of a scien tific, rather than a literary cast, and therefore fall not within our sketch such were Burrowes, Lambert, and above all, Voysey, who united strong literary taste with scientific fer vour, and who was cut off on the eve of gleaning the harvest for which he had successfully prepared

To living contemporaries it is not our purpose to advert, or an ample and grateful field would be found in the merits of Malcolm, Babington, Vans Kennedy, Macnaghten, and others There is, indeed, at this moment no want of both literary and scientific desert in India, and we trust they never will be wanting At the same time, we could wish that more encouragement were given to them, both by the Government and the Society It is disheartening to talent to feel itself neglected, and the neglect recoils upon the source whence it proceeds In the present constitution of the social body, a cultivated under standing forms the most universally recognised claim to reputa tion, and whatever our countrymen in India may think, they will be weighed throughout Europe, and even in their native land, not by the habits they carry home, not by the rank that they have held, not by the provinces they conquered, nor the

principalities they ruled, but by the proofs they may have afforded of their keeping pace with the intellectual champions of the West in the advancement of knowledge and progress of mind

LINES WRITTEN IN A BALL ROOM

Where are ye fled ye friends of yore,
Companions of revels vain?
Pour down pale drops of sorrow, pour,
For—thought of unmingled pain—
We never shall meet again!

Bright eyes, and melody are here,
And gorgeous gems that shine
On snowy necks, and smiles appear
On every face, and wine
Is sprinkled on pleasure's shrine

But I am strange in this gay scene,
For those who made mirth dear
Lie silent all—their graves are green
While a withered leaf and sere
I wave in the waning year

Where are ye fled, dear friends of yore,
Companions of revels vain?
Pour down pale drops of sorrow, pour,
For—thought of unmingled pain—
We never shall meet again!

THE SAGE AND THE NYMPH.

A TALE FROM THE SANSCRIT.

BY H. H. WILSON, Esq.

Beneath a fig tree's spreading shade,
A holy Sage his dwelling made!
Of twisted reeds and tendrils wove,
And grass and broad leaves strewed above,
The sultry noon to intercept,
Or noxious night dews as he slept.
But noon or eve, in cold or heat,
The tree's fantastic root his seat,
He pored upon the sacred book,
Or pondered how from fleshly nook
To weed away, as deadly sin
All *feeling of the man within,*
Or good or bad; the heart that chains
To this world's pleasures, or its pains!
That from such vile corruption free
His spirit far from earth should flee,
For ever from existence mounting
Back to its pure primæval fountain.

In no unkindliness to man,
Markanda's life austere began.
No deed of violence repented,
No hope deceived, no wrong resented;
Nor age, affecting to deplore
The follies it can share no more.

Scarce had he traversed half the span
That destiny has fixed for man,
Though lonely thoughts and hermit's fare,
Had done the work of time and care,
And on his furrow'd brow appears,
The vestige of declining years
Not distant from his cottage lay
A city, whence some few would pay
A visit to the Hermit's cell,
For council sage or magic spell,
And in requital carry there,
Milk, curds, or fruit, to aid his fare:
Whilst near at hand, a bubbling tide,
Meet beverage for his meals supplied

Once, as at dawn, upon his mat,
Before his hut, Markanda sat,
In meditation plunged profound
On man and life, a buzzing sound,
Of voices came—he raised his eyes
And marked with calm but deep surprise,
A female train that through the wood
Came hurrying, and before him stood
Of costlier garb, and prouder mien,
Two dames before the rest were seen,
The one of matron form and face,
The other rich with every grace
That beauty in its blossom heightens,
And youth with glow unfaded brightens
Her eyes upon the ground were cast
In modest mood, and pensive past

Across her cheek, a sober shade
Of thought, where smiles had fitter played
The features of the dame expressed,
Some stormy passion swelled her breast,
Which thus in sobbing accents broke,
As trembling, to the Sage she spoke —

"Most reverend Sir, if I have ever
The laws our faith instils received;
And a devout and firm believer,
In all our Brahmans teach, believed —

"If duly at the morning hour,
Mid noon, or at the sun's decline,
My humble offering, fruit, or flower,
Hath still been laid at holy shrine —

"If I have held the "gods of earth*",
In reverence like the gods of heaven,
And ever, at my widow'd hearth,
A hospitable welcome given —

"So may you listen to my prayers,
So to my earnest suit attend,
Or thence, at least, a mother's cares,
To hear with pity condescend

"This girl, has from her infant years,
Been cherished as my dearest treasure;
The object of my hopes and fears,
My only care, my only pleasure

* The Brahmans are so entitled.

" Confiding that maturity
Would a sure recompense confer,
And that her age would yield to me,
All that in youth I gave to her

" The gods had gracious done their part,
And crown d her days with health and beauty,
'Twas mine to see, that taste, and art,
And talent, should perform their duty.

" To read, to write, to paint, to dress,
To dance, to sing, to sound the lute,
And with the rolling eye express,
What hearts would say, when tongues are mute,

" All this, and use of varied speech,
And skill in various games, was taught her
All that to courtly maids they teach,
My anxious love secured my daughter—

" Secured in vain, for now she flies
This life s enjoyments with disdain
Her sole desire, in heavenly skies
To dwell, and ne er be born again

" And distant from the world s delusion,
Her graces and her charms to hide,
She seeks some thicket s dark seclusion
With bears and lions to abide —

"But tell, oh tell her thoughts of heaven
Should not in tender maids have birth,
Who, like the stars of night are given
To scatter light and love on earth!' —

"Woman, forbear," the Hermit cried,
"Nor what thou understandest not,
With impious vanity deride,
Or with the soil of censure blot
Thou canst not, steep'd in sordid care,
Thy daughter's aspiration share;
Since to this world, thy feelings cling,
Hers soar to heaven on daring wing
Two souls are yours and thus disjoin'd,
Are never more to be combined
For who would gems to pebbles wed,
Or precious gold to priceless lead,
Or charnel lights from funeral pyres
Commix with pure ethereal fires
Let her pursue her chosen way,
And from the brief and clouded day
Of fleeting life, forever free
Her spirit one with God shall be'

This said, he turned impatiently,
Towards his cell not sought reply,
When to his robe her hand the maid
Put forth, and his departure staved,
He paused to listen to her suit—
But long with eye declined, and mute

By his experience directed,
The damsels busily collected
The leaf, the grass, the pliant cane,
To rear a fence from sun and rain;
And deck with many a simple flower,
Deep in the grove, a graceful bower,
Where the fair Devotee might dwell
Short distance from the Hermit's cell
This done—with many a fond embrace
They leave her, and their steps retrace.

Now many a tranquil week had flown
Since youthful Lila, left alone,
Beneath Markanda's care had given,
Or seem'd to give, her heart to Heaven.
At dawn 'twas her's to tread the glade,
And from the venerable shade
Cull sticks and leaves, to feed the flame
That rose to the immortal name
Again at noon, the sacred rite
To tend, and once again ere night
Descending from the western mountain,
Enwrapp'd in shade, wood, vale, and fountain,
And many an interval between
She heard, attentive and serene,
Markanda learnedly dilate
On man and nature, time and fate
How destiny controuls our deeds;
How still from evil, ill proceeds,

How good from virtue how illusion
Beguiles mankind with deep delusion,
And weaves fantastic chains that bind
The struggling and immortal mind
In ignorance till knowledge burst
The bonds, and to the source, whence first
The spirit sprang, it wings its way,
Never again to mix with clay

On themes thus grave and lofty, long
The Sage, as with inspired tongue,
Declaim'd, and still the Maiden near,
Delighted lent a willing ear
But at the last, the sooth to say,
His pious fervour felt decay
New feelings o'er his bosom stole,
And strange distractions shook his soul.
He strove ashamed, but strove in vain,
By meditation to restrain
His erring mind—his musings brought
His Pupil ever to his thought.
No peace his restless spirit knew,
Save when the Nymph was in his view
He hailed her coming, as the light
Returning to his longing sight
He marked her going as the sun
Returning when his course is run;
And counted with impatient pain
The moments till she dawned again

In vain he bent his studious looks
As wont upon the sacred books
Before his eyes the page display'd,
No particle of sense convey'd.
Rebellious to his pious will,
One form alone pursued him still,
One only image still possess'd
Despotic all his troubled breast
'Twas she—*his Pupil, she alone*
His very being made her own,
And still triumphant in the strife,
Enchain'd him to the world and life
Then came tormenting doubts and fears,
His days retired, his lapsing years,
His sober mood, his sacred duty,
Were all unmeet for youth and beauty.

Should human feelings still remain,
Derision on his suit might wait
Should her high hopes the Maid retain,
What could he meet, but scorn or hate?

At length, despairing to restore
The calm that long had been his guest;
Whilst shame his features purpled o'er,
He told the conflicts of his breast.

"Daughter! I long in solitude,
Mistaken deem'd that I was wise,
And loved in proud and churlish mood,
My fellow mortals to despise

" But I am punish'd— and 'tis just—
I own myself as weak as they,
The strength in which I placed my trust
In flight from all allurement lay

" The charm is broken— thou hast wrought
A change in feelings idly cherish'd
I blush to speak my every thought
Of final liberation, perish'd

" My hopes are earthly, and like all
Of earth, I know that they are vain
Yet must it be—to earth I fall,
Never to heaven to rise again

" Thou art my heaven—from me as far,
As that to which I late aspired
As unattainable, as are
The glories former dreams inspired

" For in thy heart, it cannot be,
That passion such as mine should prey
I cannot deem thou feel'st for me,
The love that wears my life away

" Then leave me, Maiden—to the hearth
Domestic, be thy steps retraced,
Believe me, thou wast form'd for earth,
And human bliss to give and taste

" For there is bliss beneath the sun
 Too late I learn the lesson now
The lonely course that I have run,
 Was never meant for such as thou

" The fitter task is thine to plight
 Thy hand and faith where love has bound thee—
To give and to receive delight,
 A husband and thy children round thee

" For me, I quit this once loved spot,
 To sojourn to each sacred shrine,
To wear away my cheerless lot,
 In penance, and in tasks divine

" And when I feel the hour is nigh
 That Yama speaks his dread decree,
I'll drag me here, at last to die,
 Beneath this fond remembered tree,

" Where foolish phantasy I nursed,
 A sorrow I will part with never —
Where I beheld thy graces first—
 And where I left thee—and for ever

" And haply then, a sorrowing hand,
 Of thee and thine, my leafy pyre
May heap, and e'en that gentle hand
 May trembling light my funeral fire

"And thus thy tenderness shall pay,
Some kind requital of my love
Release me from these bonds of clay,
And waft me to the realms above"

He ceased, and over his features spread
The ashy paleness of the dead,
And a convulsive quivering came
Across his agitated frame
But soon subdued, he briefly pray'd
His parting blessing on the Maid,
And turn'd, as from her to depart,
With drooping brow, and broken heart

But Lila cried —"Markanda—hold!
Is this the guidance thou hast vow'd
And can thy purpose, stern and cold,
Consign me to the heartless crowd?

"To bitter gibes, that still from men
The change of resolution meets
No, never will I tread again,
Yon busy city's thronging streets

"Unless indeed thou guide me thither,
And seek yon haunt of man with me,
Or any other realm—for whither,
Thou goest, I will go with thee—

"But let us home—a mother's tears
Of joy, shall hail my penance done.
Nor less her rapture, when she hears,
That with her Daughter, comes a Son"

Scarcely believing what he heard,
Breathless, Markandı caught each word,
That fell from Lila's tongue—then flew,
And to his heart the Maiden drew;
And on her willing lips express'd,
The voiceless feelings of his breast.
Then hand in hand they sought the town,
With sacred rite their love to crown

Approaching to the populous track,
Whoever passed them, turned him back,
To marvel, what the Seer had led
To town, and so accompanied
Thus as they tranquil move along,
Around them draws a curious throng,
Who gazing, pointing, whispering, pressing,
Each to the other oft expressing,
In sign or speech, his wonderment,
And gathering numbers as they went,
Fast swarm'd, like clustering bees, around
The Sage abash'd, who wish'd the ground
Would ope, and seasonably swallow,
The rabble who his footsteps follow.

At last the Maid and Sage attain,
The portal of a stately fane,

With bastion vast, and turret high,
And banners fluttering to the sky
Before the gate a guard appears,
With maces arm'd, and shields and spears,
Who bar, in stern and sturdy mood,
The access of the multitude,
But courteous yield the gentle pair
A ready leave to enter there

They pass, and brisk the Damsel treads
Where each broad court successive spreads,
Where column'd porch, and long arcade,
Diffuse at noon profoundest shade,
And in the midst, the fountains play
That scatter freshness on the day
Above, from gilded jalousie,
Was many a bright and laughing eye,
Darting its sparkling looks between
The openings of the glittering screen
At length they come, where green and bright,
A garden opens to the sight,
And cheerily their way pursue
Through many a sheltering avenue,
Where fall, in bland and frequent shower,
From overhanging branch and bower,
The blossoms, which the zephyrs bear
Abroad in perfume through the air

And beauteous nymphs are roaming round,
The guardians of the smiling ground

And as they careless seem to range,
Expressive looks they interchange
With Lila ,—but though question sly,
Lurk in each broad and beaming eye,
They ask her not what brings her here,
With such unwont attendant near
Her errand needless 'twere to tell,
Their glances shew they know it well,
And why she brings a willing prize,
The Stranger, to their paradise
And one fair maid, their path who cross'd,
A wreath to Lila playful toss'd,
Who in like frolic humor cast
The garland o'er the Sage—as fast
To hold him with a flowery band,
A captive in her gentle hand
Meek as a lamb to slaughter sped,
The wilder d Hermit bow'd his head,
And silent follow d, where she led

Nor far their route extends, for now
Where many an intertwining bough,
With foliage dark, and clustering high,
Inweaves a verdant canopy,
A train of regal port and state,
Appears their nigh approach to wait

One man alone, whose garb and mien,
Display'd the marks of kingly pride,
Was seated , and who seem'd his queen,
Sat on a throne the prince beside —

Around them stood a beauteous troop
Of dames and nymphs—a brighter groupe
Within Patala s golden walls
And jewell d porches, never trod,
Nor smil d amidst the gorgeous halls
Of Swarga s king—of gods the god

Here Lila stopped, and homage paid
With heighten d charms, and smiling said —
" My lord, my lady, see tis done,
My prize is here, my wager won '
They bowed approval—from the crowd
Then burst the laugh, and plaudits loud,
And then the Sage too late perceived
His wisdom fool d—his hopes deceived

The prince, who saw their mirth had brought
Conviction to his sober d thought,
And pitying, mark'd the pangs that stole,
Sharp o er his self-accusing soul,
The laughter still d, and strove to heal,
The agony he seem'd to feel—

" Grave Sir —these giddy girls have dared
Your saintly quiet to molest,
Nor sanctity and wisdom spared
To gratify an idle jest

" Of fleeting youth and beauty proud,
They deemed that not a heart secure,
Should brave their power, and boastful vowed,
To spread for thee the fatal lure

"This nymph,—the fairest of the train,
The foster sister of our queen,—
Engaged her freedom, she'd enchain
Thy heart, and has successful been.

"Yet blush not if thy strength were frail,
Against the god that rules us all:
When Káma's flower tipped shafts assail,
The gods, not man alone, must fall.

"I need not tell thee how his dart
The great Creator's self could tame;
How Rudra's fierce relentless heart
Was taught to feel Love's scorching flame.

"Then let not what in sport was done,
Thy mind composed to anger move:
Forgive this silly Girl, and own
That Wisdom's self must bow to Love."

"Prince, thou hast said," the Sage replied,
Nor fear that I resentment cherish;
'Tis just, that man's mistaken pride
By female levity should perish.

"I own my error, and forgive
The fair disturber of my peace:
And hence with humbled thoughts shall live,
Till all the world's vain cares shall cease.

"Peace be with all—and might I leave
These nymphs one wish ere I depart?
They will not hold it sport to grieve,
Again, a fond and faithful heart."

He meekly bowed, and forth had gone,
But in brief whisper to the queen
Had Lila bent; and in low tone,
Speech passed the royal pair between.

Then thus the Prince —"A moment stay,
Ere thou re seek thy lonely cell,
And if thou couldst be tempted, say,
Once more amongst mankind to dwell.

"Thy councils I would glad retain,
To aid me in the toils of state;
And the first honours of my reign,
Upon thy future days shall wait.

"And if within thy bosom swelling,
No spark of indignation stir;
The guide that in thy saintly dwelling
Thou wast to Lila—be to her

"A dangerous pastime she pursues,
Who sports with love —and Lila now
The freedom that she won must lose,
And to her captive captive bow.

"I scarce dare venture to believe,
My suit thy grave resolve may bend
Yet be prevail d on, and receive,
A Wife in her—in me a Friend"—

Markanda, doubting fresh device
His passions might again entice,
Stood silent—and mistrustful eye
On Lila and the prince he threw
Alternate—till the Damsel nigh
With timid step, and blushing, drew,
Then closely to his bosom prest—
Conceal d her blushes on his breast,
And all his doubts and fears for ever charm'd to rest

Thus Wisdom learnt the power of Love to prove,
And thus from Wisdom, Beauty learnt to love

With blush more deep than what adorns the rose,
And calmer smile than that of dying saint,—
Reflected on the glowing mountain snows
In tints no artist's pen may ever paint,
Lovely, and lovelier still, as they become more faint?

They soften into twilight; and the peaks
Of high Himâleh mingle in the grey
Of evening,—till the slowly fading streaks
Of light, concentrate in one lingering ray,
Upon the broad horizon. Doth it stay
To promise, e'en as now it yields to night,
Another and another happy day?
Lo! it has fled;—that last, loved trace of light;
And darkness reigns alone, where all so late was bright!

Spreads the black shadow o'er a cheerless sky;
The dew drop on the leaf hangs like a tear;
The jackall wails, with wild and mournful cry,
O'er nature's gloom; and all is sad and drear:—
Until yon crescent, mounting in her sphere,
A bark of light on blue and waveless sea,
Sailing through the wide heaven, so pale, so clear,
Blesses the earth's deep slumbers, o'er which she
Loves unobserved to dwell in silver radiancy!

Rohilcund. RAVEN.

A HIGHLAND TALE

To the Editor of the Bengal Annual

My dear D L R

As an earnest of the sincerity with which I wish success to your new literary undertaking, I send you, as Winnifred Jenkins would say, 'a bit of nonsense to put under your liver' Lest, however, you should find more difficulty in prevailing upon yourself to admit so much 'perilous stuff' to weigh upon the heart of the first (and I heartily hope not the last) Indian Annual, it may be as well to say a word or two in explanation of the said bit of nonsense

With Annuals, as with other books, I conceive one leading principle to be 'Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli' The following sketch, or whatever it may be called, is an attempt to give the general reader a graphic idea of some of the characteristic traits and superstitions, of the N Western Islanders and Highlanders of Scotland Whatever relates to the manners of a peculiar people, cannot be indifferent to the philosopher or the philanthropist; more especially a people fast dwindling away, and of whom, not many years hence, no living trace will, perhaps, be found, save in the back settlements of North America

Mrs Grant's Essays on the superstitions of the Highlanders, are admirable as such and do equal credit to that excellent and celebrated woman's head and heart It strikes me, however, that many readers prefer the dramatic to the didactic form of treating a subject, particularly as furnishing an oppor

tunity of giving those minuter traits of character, the introduction of which would not harmonise so well with the latter

There are, no doubt, some to whom my sketch may appear extravagant or absurd—that I cannot help, but I can assure you, I have endeavoured throughout to keep true to nature Should the uncouth orthography or idiom appear grating to 'ears polite,' I beg again to remind the reader, that they are peculiarities of a peculiar people, without which the picture would not be genuine, and that I have used them as sparingly as I could, without injury to the subject. Begging to apologize for taking up so much of your valuable time, believe me,

Your sincere friend,

J GRANT

N' T' EAGCH UISK, OR, THE WATER HORSE

(A HIGHLAND TALE)

Some little time before the commencement of the reign of George III of worthy memory, about the hour of noon of a sultry midsummer day, a rider was seen pursuing his solitary way over one of those apparently interminable hill moors, which in these days of tourists and erratic amateurs of the picturesque, so often excite the irritability of the Southron traveller, whose destiny has sent him in an evil hour to wander over the Hebrides,—or the He-brides, as they are generally called by those adventurous descendants of Tubal Cain, who resort periodically from the shores of old Erin, to those of the Western Islands, on missions of domestic metallurgy, and whose matchless skill is attested by all the mended ket

tles, patched up tin jugs, and highly polished horn spoons, from the Butt of the Lewis to the Sound of Mull

We have hinted, that the person alluded to, was of the equestrian order, and we shall endeavour to set forth his legitimate claims to that distinction, although they may be doubted South of Lochaber

Mr Abraham Findlatter was mounted upon an individual of that genus of the 'Equus Caballus called in the Highlands *Gearran*, an animal of small stature, and of the colour of dirty iron rust, and exhibiting a hairiness, a shagginess, and an indomitability of gesture, that showed him to be but little acquainted with the luxuries or the restraints of the stable

No iron in mouth or on hoof had he On the contrary his honest and independent jaws were at perfect liberty (of which he not unfrequently availed himself) to graze, or more properly speaking to browse, as he went along His head was secured by the *taod*, or genuine Highland bridle, being a halter of horse hair, secured over the animal's nose and head in such a manner, that should he choose to run away, or rush doggedly on a forbidden point, an adroit slip might at once convert the halter into its more usual and legitimate purpose Of this, however, there was but little danger on the present occasion, as the creature proceeded at a pace sober even to sluggishness, although much entreated to a greater velocity of gestation, by the application of an ash stick, wielded by the right hand of his rider, and in the heart of which, there was concealed a long murderous small sword, innocent hitherto of blood The animal's hoofs were in a state of luxuriant nature, giving, at what we may be permitted to call the toes a curl upwards, as if proudly conscious that they trod their native



heath, and would never tread any other The rest of the *Ephippia corresponded with the bridle* Saddles at that time were *raræ aves* in the Western Highlands, save among the gentry, so that in fact they were considered as veritable marks of *Duin uas alism*, or gentility, as a long coat, boots, a round hat, and a watch Over the animal's back was thrown a housing of straw mat, and upon this was fixed a wooden pack saddle, called *straer*, which had two horns, if we may so call them This *straer* was fixed down by girths of straw rope, and was prevented from going too much forward on the animal's shoulders by an equally happy and antique kind of a crupper, consisting of a stick like a square sail yard passing under his tail, and properly braced at each extremity to the *straer*

He that sat upon this *gearran* was a tall looking personage of about thirty, of a very fair complexion, and with eyebrows, and hair, and two minute tufts of whiskers of the same colour He was a little freckled, with a somewhat cocked up nose, giving to his countenance an expression altogether of solemn primness and spruce importance His head was encased in a hat with a rather peaked crown and narrow brim, the rim of which bent up behind, from coming in contact with the sturdy collar of a voluminous drab great coat, which rather preposterously, considering the heat of the day, he wore over a coat of bottle green broad cloth, which in the Hebrides would be pronounced *fine* It had round skirts, and was garnished with silver gilt buttons in shape and size like young mushrooms, which were then the tip top of the fashion Under this was a striped yellow waistcoat, of a longitude that would in the present day be quite

scouted His nether extremities were enveloped in cordu roy shorts and rusty top boots, and round his neck he had nattily tied a light blue Bandana In front of him, from one claw or horn of the *sraer*, or wooden pack saddle, dangled his reserve wardrobe, wrapped up, like the Honor able Dick Dowlas's, in a red pocket handkerchief, and from the opposite, was suspended an anomalous bundle, tied up in a yellow handkerchief, containing, among other articles, a shav ing box of the size and shape of a muffin, a looking glass of duodecimo dimensions, cracked and radiated so ingeniously in the middle, that the admiring shaver might see his own visage, multiplied in it at least a hundred times, a pair of ra zors, the dull edge of which would have thrown the late Mr Packwood into the horrors; a glass flask cased in leather, con taining whiskey, and a copy of David's Psalms in metre, as also one of "Thomson's Seasons," which Mr Abraham Findlatter held in especial respect Along with these were various single ballads, and a small volume much bethumbed, which perhaps indicated the traveller's more particular pur suits, entitled 'Gauging made easy'

The scene, save to a Highland eye, was one of great wild ness; the moor, except where bounded by the cloudy horizon, or the blue stern looking hills,—presenting as it were one sea of waving heather, the purple tips of which were here and there variegated by patches of bright green, where the juniper in vain contended the mastery with the heather, and beds of the *cannach*, or mountain cotton, looking at a distance as if flights of snow white swans had alighted on the heath

Among the roots of the heather and juniper grew a num ber of harebells and creepers while in the more moist or

boggy spots, the *Roit*, or highland myrtle, scattered over the scene, perfumed the air* The only appearance of animal life was that of a dragon fly, occasionally wheeling lazily about, the wail of a distant plover, frightened perhaps by the viper, or the cry of the eagle poised high in air, to spy if some wandering lamb or unprotected kid might be pounced upon while some *wee birdie* would hop chirpingly above its little nest in the moss

'The horseman had evidently lost his way, and saw in the scene around him, nothing but weariness and monotony "Dash the old woman!" he muttered 'She has properly puzzled me I have, as she directed gone streight West and then turned due North, but not a bit of a Cairn can I see, and as for a burnie fringed with bushes, that is quite out of the question, not a thing can I see but heather, and sky, and I am like to be lost in this savage moor but here is a cow and a calf lying at their ease —well, human habitations cannot be very far distant While communing thus with himself in his perplexity,—the *gearran* started, and by the suddenness of the movement, almost dismounted his rider who on pulling hard at the halter had nearly run over a figure that lay extended at full length amongst the heather On further observation, he found the apparition to be a young native of those wilds, who indolently leant upon his left hand, while with the right he leisurely picked the blæberries that grew plentifully around, and with eating which his carmine lips had became 'one *blue*

* And even from bogs with chilling moisture drown'd
Our hardy myrtle scattered fragrance round — *Mrs Grant, Laggan*

Ehmun or Edmund (for that was the young mountaineer's name) beholding thus suddenly come upon him what he considered a *Duine uasal*, started instantly to his feet, and while with one hand he smoothed his *fheilibeg* of mottled native wove stuff, surmounted by a *coth gearr*, or short coat of the same, with the other he grasped one of his own dark brown forelocks, as if it had been a chapeau, (for no head dress had he) and throwing back his right leg, and bringing forward the left, with a bolt of his head upon his breast, Ehmun considered that he had conscientiously achieved, that to him, formidable feat—a *bow*, and then pronounced in Gaelic his '*Cia mar a tha sibh*,' or 'How d ye do?'

Our equestrian stared a moment at the bare legged, bare footed, bare headed lad before him, and after a stiff recognition of his Hyperborean courtesy, asked him how far it was to Glen doun? The other looked up with an air of honest puzzlement into the face of the enquirer, and answered with a shake of the head, *Chan eil Bearla agum*, or 'I cannot speak English'

It is surprising however, what people placed in desperate circumstances will do It is very true the Highland *gillie* could not speak English, nor the lowland stranger Gaelic Modesty on both sides forbade any gratuitous display — Necessity however is a rigid task master They could not get on without some interchange of idiom True, the young *Gael* was not in the habit of moulding his mountain tongue to any other sounds save those of his native valley, but modesty at the moment almost made him forget, that he might venture, upon the strength of some five or six months schooling with the Reverend Mr Tasgair, (a student of di

vinity for six months of the year, and a school master for the remainder) to attempt something in the way of question and answer Venture, however, at length he did, and necessity also forced the traveller to confess, that between the point of Galloway, and the Cullen hills, it *did* require a man to exercise another vernacular besides that of the South —Accordingly Ehmun, and the *Duine uasal* managed at length to foregather together, as they say in the North, and it shall be our endeavour, as honest historians, faithfully to record how they communed as they went along

'Is it to Glen doun then, by your leave, you would wish to go?' enquired the pedestrian

'Yes—It is to that same place, I tell you; I am anxious to proceed,' responded the equestrian

'And may be the *Duine-uasal* is going to remain at Glen doun for some time?' proposed the first, scratching one bare knee with his tolerably sharp nails as he spoke

'And what is it to you, friend, whether my stay there is to be long or short? I have told you I want the way to Glen-doun

'And whence came ye, Sir?' enquired the other, with an air of respectful deference, strangely inconsistent with the apparent bluntness of the question

'Free and easy, faith, muttered he of the *gearran*— who then added more audibly,—'What matters it to thee, friend? is it necessary for your simply pointing out my road, that I should relate to thee my whole history?

'May be ye came from the change house of Loch Easkin,' pursued the other, without appearing to notice the rebuke of the stranger's reply

'May be I did, rejoined the last dryly, giving a hard pelt to the *gearran*, which just then took a larger bite than usual of such edibles as grew in his pathway

'*Beannachd-libh*, or 'Good bye, Sir, said the young man, pulling his forelock, and repeating his hill bow as before

'Methinks, friend, you are in a greater hurry to be off than is quite necessary, or even hospitable

'I am in no hurry, Sir, for here I am doing my duty, looking after my mother's cow and calf, answered the lad, again lying down at a little distance among the heather, and beginning to pick his blæberries as before, 'but (he added) I am fearful of giving offence to the Dune-uasul

'Offence, man! for what? I am sure I have taken no offence

'Haven't you, Sir,' exclaimed the other, starting up again, 'I ask your pardon, Sir, but I thought, Sir, you wanted assistance of some kind, and I wished to know how I could assist you, but when I began to ask, Sir, ye did not just seem to half like it, and so for fear of giving a Dune uasul offence, I said no more, but turned to my own conserns

'Honest friend,' answered he of the Equus Caballus solemnly,—'Customs I see differ considerably in different places, for what might be ill manners on the causeway at Dumfries, may be very different on a highland moor, but in truth, friend, I need your assistance, for I believe I have lost my way

'And ye wish me, Sir, to point it out to ye?'

'You have guessed it, friend.'

'Then you must precisely say, Sir, where you wish to be going.'

'I told thee, friend, to Glen-doun'

'But how am I, Sir, to know, that yourself and your *gearran* can work it out before nightfall; for unless you tell me *whence or how far you have come, how can I tell whether you* are fit before the going down of the sun to get through the journey or not?'

"'*There's some reason in that,*' *said the stranger*; 'and yet,' he muttered, 'it is a sufficiently sly way of demonstrating all his impertinent questions to be necessary.'

It is a peculiarity of the poor Gael, that he considers the onus of conversation to rest with himself, when he comes in *contact with a stranger. It is this partly that renders him so* inquisitive, for he conceives it a point of honour to say something, and without the most distant idea of giving offence, falls more into the Socratic vein of dialogue than is always agreeable to those who are not aware of this point of his character, or the causes of his inquisitiveness.

A lull had taken place in the conversation, as the stranger, led by his Highland guide, pursued his way over the moor, when the latter, thinking himself bound to say something, began with—

'I suppose ye're a stranger in these parts, Sir?'

'I think you may say that, man: and pray what kind of a place is this same Glen-doun, to which we are going?'

'Hitherto, Sir, it has been a pleasant, and a hospitable place, and no want of what is right, and the mountain dew suitable. We have indeed all lived happily together; but I

didst with less taste than familiarity phrase it, who am appointed by my King and country to watch over the interests of the revenue in this most outlandish corner. Heaven help me withal! Now, friend bare-legs, understand me, I will do my duty without fear, favour, or affection;—yea', he continued, rising into energy as he spoke, and to Ehmun's undubitable consternation, drawing his sword out of its baculine sheath, and flourishing it over head, 'Yea, I will do so even unto death;—but,' he added after a pause, 'I am no Philistine hunter after unguarded information, and God forbid the poor should not have their Christmas drop, because I am in the parish But friend bare-legs, be more discreet in future in what thou sayest of Soirle-Dhu, and all and sundry other barbarians and their whiskey; for assuredly I must do my duty, and grasp, sieze, capture, and retain unlawful liquor and implements of its manufacture, whenever I find them; for I am sworn to do this: but'—he concluded with a bow to his packsaddle bow, 'I will always strive to do my duty like a gentleman.'

The Gael's emotions, during this oration, were of a 'mingled yarn' At first pure shame was uppermost, of having, as he unwittingly discovered he had done, insulted a Duine uasul. Accordingly an honest blush spread over his face, up to the roots of the hair on his forehead, and he hung down his head. Then came concern for having, as he apprehended, betrayed the private affairs of his uncle, and Soirle-Dhu to the hands of the spoiler. When the stranger flourished his cane sword again, he thought that it was all over with him; but when he heard the conclusion of the speech, which he made shift to tolerably comprehend, it was with a feeling of great respect; and he replied, repeating his peculiar bow,

'I knowed you for a Duine-uasul, Sir, from the very first; and I beg pardon a thousand times, for foolish words spoke without thocht—and which I could cut my own tongue off, for having uttered.'

'Friend, that would not be proper; no man has a right to maim himself,' said the Gauger, as he pulled out of an enormous side pocket of his great-coat, a box that looked like a large flute case, which he opened, and to the admiration of his guide, took out of it, first, the stock, and then the tube of a short single barrelled fowling piece, which after duly joining together, he went through the process of priming and loading These hostile preparations were apparently caused by the imprudence of a curlew, which alighted at some distance, but which, as if aware that evil was not far away, resumed its flight, and soon disappeared.

'That's a very pretty gun indeed, Sir,' began the Gael, anxious to renew the conversation; 'By your leave may I ask where you got it?'—'Got it,' said the other, 'why I made it, man. In my country we think nothing of making a gun before breakfast.' As this was said with an air of great gravity, Ehmun was considerably staggered by it; for a Highlander is naturally credulous, because, intending none, he suspects no deception in others. If there is a hoax put upon him, however, and he finds it out, he is sure to repay it with interest; and in the end, the biter is keenly bit.

'One before breakfast, Sir; a gun like this made before breakfast!' he repeated, looking anxiously into the other's face; 'surely the thing is just unpossible?'

'No friend,' rejoined the other, internally chuckling at finding the Donald so ductile; 'I tell you, I frequently make one of a morning.'

'Then,' said the guide, 'I suppose, Sir, you're come to the Highlands to drive a good trade in the article?'

'May be, may be, friend bare legs I dare say there are not many such in this country, but what would still more surprise you, is to hear by whom I was taught the art of making them'

'By whom then, Sir?'

'By Luno, the son of Leven, who made Fingal's famous sword, which went by his name, and every stroke of which was mortal'

'Ah yes, Sir,' exclaimed Ehmun, his eyes sparkling, 'ye mean Mac-an Lunn *that* was the sword of swords, that shone in the darkest night like unto a torch of pine waived on the mountains, and it was made by that wonderful Smith of Lochlin, who lived in his mysterious cave of the rock, the strong gate of which no mortal strength could open after he had once shut it, no, not even the arm of Gaul, the son of Morni and the sound of his anvils, they say, even to this day, is sometimes heard in the silence of mid night, by the wanderer of Lochlin, and his well known grunt, yet giant form, they say, is at times seen crossing the heath, clad in its dark mantle of hide, with apron of the same, and the face of the apparition as dark as the mantle, and frowning fiercely, while with staff in hand, he bounds along on one leg, with the fleetness of a roe, his black mantle flap flapping for an instant, and then vanishing, as with a few bounds, black Luno enters his unapproachable cave!'

'Friend, he has left his cave in Scandinavia, and has set up a goodly smithy in the South, and glad he is at the exchange, for I fear he had not much work in the times of

the Fingalians, but now he makes guns enough to provide his Majesty's army'

'Belike, Sir, belike, although I never heard of his making guns before, I always understood he confined himself to sword making, and an adept he must have been at his trade,' taking Fingal's sword Mac an Luinn* as an example'—said the guide, who now perceived that the other was quizzing him

'But are there any hereabout, who know how to use such a *thing as this*? *asked the Gauger, putting the piece to* his eye

'Ooh aye, Sir, there is Gillespie Shalager can hit a fox, an otter, or a *Sealgh*, at a hundred yards with ease'

'I am not discoursing,' said the Gauger, with an air of sovereign contempt, 'of otters, and foxes, and such low vermin, I ask you, man, as to shooting of game?

'Aye, Sir, a good deal of that too There is old Kenneth Matheson, who is a famous hand for picking off a buck.'

'Pshaw! man, cannot you get your ideas above coarse four footed beasts, great sprawling objects that there is no merit in hitting'

The Gael scratched his head, at a loss what to answer next, but at length, with the air of one who thinks he has made a discovery, exclaimed, 'Ye must mean the wild goose, Sir!

'You're a wild goose yourself, friend bare legs I mean no such thing I am asking ye, man about grouse, red grouse'

The guide was as puzzled as if he had heard Hebrew, but just then, as if to relieve his embarrassment, there arose a 'Ca' ca!' kind of sound among the heather 'These be the

* Or 'the son of Luno,'—as Fingal's sword was called

moorhens, Sir, we're near upon a covey; perhaps you would like to have a shot at them.'

'Moorhens, what's that, lad?' but further explanation was unnecessary, for the eye of the traveller caught the very red-grouse he had appeared so anxious to fall in with. The sight seemed to have a very agitating effect upon him, for he instantly stopped progress, and dismounted from his nag, which he gave to the keeping of his companion; he then crept forward a few paces, his heart panting with the greatness of the occasion. At length, when he had got closer to the birds, than more speculative sportsmen might deem quite gallant or necessary, he knelt on one knee, and took a most deliberate rifle-man like aim On placing his finger on the trigger, his face was turned a little to one side, perhaps to avoid the expected smoke. He at length pulled the trigger, but instead of a report there was merely a snap in the pan. At this, the eldest, apparently, of the birds gave a 'Ca, ca,' and peered about to see what was the matter; and to avoid being seen, the sportsman sunk down amongst the heather. Tying the gearran to a juniper root, the guide now crept up cautiously to the sportsman, and enquired in a whisper, 'Has she refused, Sir?'

'Huish!' sibilated the other, shaking his hand for silence, 'has *who* refused?'

'I mean, Sir,' again whispered the guide, 'has the gun refused?—'which I suppose,' responded the other, 'is as much as to say, has it missed fire?—Yes, certainly it has: did you not hear the snap in the pan?'

'Yes, Sir, but there was no flash; see if it be not the fault of the flint?'

'Pish, no, there is not a better flint on this side of Dumfries'

'But the powther Sir?'

'No better powther in the world, unless it has been damped by your horrid Highland mist'

'There has been no mist to day, Sir,' answered Ehmum, looking quietly down at the gun lock, and discovering, for the first time, that there was no flint at all He smiled aside, and then turning to the sportsman, who was kneeling for another attempt, pointed out the circumstance to him The latter, on seeing it, stared, and then added, apparently recollecting himself,'Dash it; neither is there! I now recollect, here it is I put it into my waistcoat pocket this morning, having taken it out while cleaning the gun, and forgetting to fix it again' So saying, he screwed it tight into its proper place, and kneeling as before, gave a second snap in the pan

'The primin fell out the first refusal, Sir, and ye forgot to put in another'

'And ye Gouck, could st thou not have mentioned that sooner? whispered the sportsman wrathfully, but recovering his arms again, to complete his arrangements This time, however, he was quite successful, for his destructive volley levelled the cock leader, and two of his seraglio, while the remainder took screamingly to flight

'Our traveller was so eager to pick up the trophies of his valour and skill, that he left his piece on the ground, and soon returned with an air of conquest not unworthy of Hercules after the slaughter of the Lernean Hydra, and consigned his dead into the bundle containing the shaving apparatus, and other miscellaneous articles

'I dare say, friend bare-legs,' he said, addressing his guide, whom he had now put down in his tablets, as a regular built astute savage, 'I dare say you do not often see such shots as that in these quarters!'

'Indeed, Sir, I cannot say I do,' answered the other, with a look and manner somewhat equivocal

'In sooth friend, I suppose no one hereabouts knows any thing of grouse shooting, but for myself, as I have already said, give me but the birds within tolerable reach, and I am sure to hit them'

'Na doot, Sir, *especially if ye always make it a custom to* shoot them sitting'

'And have ye any hereabouts that can shoot them, any *other gait callafit?*

'May be, Sir, the young laird,—and the minister's son, —and the major,—and——

'Weel, Sir, *and pray how does the young laird find out* the game? has he any pointers?

'Pointers, Sir, what's that?' enquired his companion, affecting ignorance

'You fool, and do you not know what a pointer is! Precious country I am come to, and perhaps to lay my bones in —not to know what a pointer is!'

'And d'ye ken, Sir, what a *Bocham* is?

'Not I, friend bare-legs, nor do I care'

'My name, Sir, is LINTON, and you see, Sir, there are some things that folks who are very knowing do not know A *Bocham*, Sir, is what I believe in *Beaurle* ye call *Hobgoblin*'

'I see your drift, man, I see your drift, and care not what a *Bocham* or a fiddlestick means, but a pointer is a dog of

right Spanish breed, which has such strange virtue in him, that he immediately smells out the birds, and that too, without seeing them, so that when he has got one in a covey within range of his nose, he holds up his leg, and stands stock still, until his master comes up and bleezes away at them' —

'Sitting, Sir?' asked his companion with a roguish look

'Aye, man, sitting, or standing, 'tis all the same'

'You may require such dogs, Sir, in the Lowlands, but in the Highlands they are not needed Here, Sir, continued the Highlander, remembering the hoax about Luno, and gun-making,—'Here, Sir, the virtue you talk of is to be found in the noses of many of the people'

'What's that ye say, man? D'ye think of clishma claverng me wi' any of your big Heeland lees?'

'Do you wish me, Sir, to smell out any game for you?'

'Smell out game! Smell out your grandmother! D'ye think to deceive me with such havers?'

'Do you think you would have hit these innocents, sitting too, and at twelve paces distance, unless I had first smelt them out for ye, Sir?'

'Faith, friend, you're no blate,—smell out quotha!—and prythee callant can ye smell out any more o' them?'

'I begin to think, Sir, it is not a very thankful office'

'And do you often amuse yourself with nosing it in this way over these vile moors, through which I am even now so heartily tired of trudging it?

'Whenever the lurd, Sir goes out after the moorhens, I go with him as his principal game smeller'

'Weel, man, convince me of the bare fack,—smell out another covey, and then I will no "gainsay your gift"'

The guide, shrugging up his shoulders, and scratching his head, affected to make some difficulty;—said the wind had lulled, and that the scent was dull. The rogue, however, having an exceedingly acute ear, continued walking over bog and heather with long strides, until at length, at a considerable distance, and a little to one side of the track, he thought he heard the 'Ca-ca'' of a bird He then turned to his companion, and repeating his characteristic bow said,

'If I should smell out a covey for ye, Sir, will ye allow me a *shot at them*?'

'Give you a shot! weel, but that passes a'. I dinna ken what you might make with a Claibhmor, as ye ca' a braid-sword; but a *gun is another sort of thing* altogether. What, Donald, would you hit a peatstack, man?'

My name's *Ehmun*, Sir, and as to shooting a peatstack I dinna ken; but if ye like, I'll try.'

'Weel Donald, or Ehmun, or whatever your name is, I don't care if I indulge thee—so there's the gun. But mind, when you aim, you turn the barrel away, and the stock to yourself Now you may bleeze awa at any thing, but me and the powney.'

The guide, having by this time a shrewd guess where the birds were to be found, went on several paces cautiously, and *pretending to scent something*. At length he made a stand still, cocking up one leg, while he beckoned to the stranger, who was some little distance in the rear, to dismount and come up The latter accordingly did so, and there were the birds, sure enough. The stranger, whose less practised eye and ear were not aware of the trick, now not doubting the truth of the *Gillie's* gift, uttered his admiration in whispers: 'Weel,

'And friend, ye believe a this?'

'Tis true as faith, Sir, true as the gospel, and I believe it as true I am now, Sir, telling ye nothing but what is sacred truth, and may the God above forgive me, I hope it was not for joking you about smelling out the birds that this judgment has came upon me, but as ye jeered me, Sir, about making guns with Luno after sich strange fashion, I thought it no harm but it is not good, Sir, to jest about the gifts of the Lord to any of his creatures'

'And that was all a sham, about your pointing at the birds?'

'It was so, Sir'

'But ye dinna suppose me sic a fule, as to think I believed you?'

'I cannot tell, Sir, replied the other, a smile stealing over his lips though he would fain prevent it

'Hout, man,' said the gauger, not without a *leetle* twinge of conscience, 'I saw through the trick the whole time, but I had a mind to humour you, just to see how far you would go But friend Emun, was it that foolish believe in havers, about viper s bursting, and a' that sort of stuff, that sent you scouring awa to the burn s side in sic haste?

'True, Sir, it was for my life, when I felt myself mortally stung by the baiste'

'Hoot toot, man, but ye need na have taken my gun with you, *that* had na been stung and would na have bursted, had the beast, as ye ignorantly nomenclatur it, drank a the water in Loch Lomond'

'Ah, Sir, I forgot I had the gun at all, I was in sich a mortal fright but that race saved my life, for see, Sir, the *nathair* is quite dead!

Yes, man, but not bursted'

But he will burst, Sir, by and bye, and that with a report ud as your gun, as I heard folk tell, for I cannot say I myself seen it'

Weel, weel, friend Emu or Emir, or whatever your e may be, I ll believe a' the rest of your story when the ile bursts, but not till then As for the creatur s death, aur to say you gave it a clout over the head with the , which you had then in your hand, for it does not take h, I believe, to kill them'

I did no such thing, Sir, that I recolleck of,' said the r, 'and may be, if I had attempted it, matters would have ed out worse for me, if not for yourself too'

How so, man?'

I might in my confusion have struck him on the tail, ead of the head, Sir, and in that case the *nathair* would e instantly leaped to an enormous height into the air, and ne down again much more scatheful and deadly than be e Ye need no shake your head, Sir, 'tis true, for though baiste naturally creeps on his belly through the heather, the slightest touch on the tip of the tail would enable the atur to spring up into the clouds, like those fiery *nathairs*, Minister says, the Jews met in the wilderness —but we uld no tarry here any longer, Sir, for we have yet a long y to go before we reach Glen doun I must first, however, one thing'

So saying, the lad pulled from an inside pocket of his it a clasp-knife, or, as it is called, a *gully*, which open g, he proceeded with great deliberation to cut off the head the viper, after which, he divided it into five equal pieces

'I doot, muttered the Gauger, with a look of disgust, 'I doot if the lad be no a cannibal, for he seems to me preparing to devour the reptile without waiting to cook it I have heard that some tribes of Indians eat snakes, but then they always dress them And the Heelanders are, I fear, little better than the Anthropophagi, as described in Daniel de Foe's admirable history of Robinson Crusoe, but see the Heeland savage wi characteristic hospitality is dividing the mess fairly between himsel and me, I wonder to whose share he means to leave the head? Ugh, it's quite awfu'!

The honest Abraham Findlatter's apprehensions were, however, somewhat premature, for after hewing the reptile to pieces, as stated, Ehmun with his *gully* cut out six round holes in the turf, into each of which he put a bit, and filling up the holes with earth, stamped down these little viperine graves with his heel

His companion felt much relieved, that instead of consigning the pieces to his own maxillaries, the savage, as he had determined him in his own mind to be, delivered them over to the jaws of Mother Earth

'Deed, friend, he observed, 'methinks you have been taking a good deal of unnecessary trouble, in giving that reptile christian burial'

'Say not so,' answered the other, 'I have some consideration for the health and lives of others'

'And what can your hacking away at yon reptile, have to do with the lives of others, friend Donald?

'I *tell ye again, Sir, my name's no Donald, but Ehmun* As for your question, it is no surprising ye suld be unknowing on this point, Dunè uasul though ye be, for the South

rons are often ignorant of things full well known to the poor Gael, because they despise the mysteries of nature'

'And prythee excellent Emu or Hœmus, what particular mystery is there in your wasting good twenty minutes in *hanging, drawing and quartering, and then burying a snake*?

'As you're a stranger, Sir, said his guide, while he succeeded now in catching the traveller's nag for him the which the other mounted, and trotted on in the path pointed out by the former, 'as you're a stranger, Sir, it behoves me to be mannerly, and just to explain, by your leave, if it be not presumption to say so, any thing that you will be so good as to show me, ye are not over and above well acquainted with You must know then, Sir, that if ye cut not a *nathair* into five pieces, exclusive of the head, it will certainly come to *life again, aye, and stronger* and larger than it was *before* and if you leave the bits above ground, they creep to each other and unite, and join quite reglar Now and then, indeed, the head joins where the tail should be, and the tail where the head should be in that case, the baiste becomes much more terrible than it was before But it's *no* for that reason only, that we beury them in this country If the pieces are left above ground, in the summer sun and the moonlight, they go into a most unheard-of state of corruption, and breed *large fearful dark green and yellow flies*, spotted like a *nathair* and of such a poisonous quality, that wherever they alight on man or beast, a cancer begets, which no art of the healer can cure, aye, even of the celebrated FERRACHUR LEEICH himself'

The Gauger turned sharply round on the Highlander, to give him 'a lick with the rough side of his tongue,' as judge

Jeffreys would say, but on seeing the look of perfect conviction with which he spoke, the man of kegs, after raising his eyes to heaven, and then resting them with a piteous side look upon the guide, that seemed to say, 'The man's cracked, fairly cracked!' condescended to address him a question

'And who was this Farquhar Lick, whom you accuse of having been so celebrated, but who, I suppose, is perfectly innocent of the charge, since in the whole course of my life, I never recollect to have heard of his abominable name before'

'Really, Sir,' said the Gael, bridling, and snorting in a most indignant style,—such, in short, as is only to be seen in a genuine specimen of the Highlander, 'Really, Sir, ye might be a little more ceevil when speaking, and reflecting, and commenting on the name of my relation for though we have no been very long together, I have endeavoured to behave ceevil like, and mannerly till you'

'I hae been brooing mischief, I doot,' said the man of excise, 'I 'm sure I hae but *how* I canna exactly say but some how, I hae given offence to this guileless barbarian, for such I begin to think him, and the mair especially, since he has na invited me to eat my share of that fearsome dish I thought he was preparing I am at his mercy too in this infernal moor, and yet, though I have offered naething to the puir laddie, he gangs on very confidently and civilly with me, I must say that for the callant' All this gentle reader, was said *sotto-voce* It was a kind of a *'thinks I to myself, tho* sort of a monologue But the man of kegs now, with a good natured solemnity, addressed himself aloud to his somewhat offended companion

'Really, friend Emu, or Emmaus, or whatsoever is thy patronymick, I say, my friend, I beg thy pardon most egregiously for thus committing myself, in respect to any of thy most esteemed progenitors, relatives, and connexions, more especially the *illustrious* Farquhar Lick, of whom, depend upon it, while I live, not a disparaging word shall ever escape from my lips again

'I am obleeged to your kindness, Sir, it is all like a real Duine-uasul no that Ferrachur Leeich, (not Farkur Lik, as ye call him, Sir, by your leave,) was a *near* relative of mine, for he existed time out of mind before my great——

'*Dinna proceed, dinna proceed, for gude sake*, said the man of excise, 'for when ye Heelanders get on your great grandfathers, there is no getting ye off again I ken, friend Hœmus, as weel as if ye'd sworn me on it, that this Farquhar Lick was a Scotch cousin of yours, so go on, for *that* includes every thing

'Ah, Sir! replied his guide, *'tis he that was the powerful* Leech and could cure your disease for you in the shutting of a *Taisher's** eye, and am no quite a cousin, Sir, as ye have speculated, but I am descended from *Ferrachur Leeich* myself, Sir, by the mother's side, and *she*, Sir, has inherited his skill in erbs, and sanative decoctions, and cataplasms, for *he* was indeed wondrous skilful in the knowledge of plants *from* the Debeo † and Lusmore ‡ to the Shirmag§ and Brogue-na Cuhaig‖'

'And where, enquired the stranger, with a particular emphasis upon the first part of the dissyllable such as those who

* Seer's † Hemlock ‡ Foxglove § Wild field trefoil
‖ Literally *the cuckoo's shoe* or the violet

may have ever heard that excellent man, and profitable minister of the Northern Church, the late Sir Henry Moncrief, preach or pray, will immediately recognise as a very general mode of pronouncing some years ago in Scotland,—'And where, said the excise officer, 'got Farquhar Lick, this same *Cno* ledge?

'A good, deal Sir, among his native glens, but much more in forren parts more especially a place called Mount Paler, a place in High Spain'

'High, fiddlesticks, man! ye mean Mount Pellier, in France!

'In France, Sir, shouted the Highlander indignantly, 'No, no, Sir, none of my kith or kin were ever in France, or had any thing to do with Frenchmen, or the wicked tricks of them.'

'*Lick*, is certainly not very like a French name,' added the Gauger with a smile

'By your leave, Sir,' represented the Gael, 'the name s no *Lick*, but Leeich—LEEICH, Sir,'—and here the guide, gave a most gutteral emphasis to the name, which, however, defied the more southern organs of speech of the traveller;—'Leeich, Sir, meaning HEALER, but that was his name only from the occupation he took up, as in my country a man is known by his trade, as John *Smith*, Neil *Wright*, Alexander *Webster*, but Ferrichur Leeich s own surname was Beaton'

'Beaton, that is, Bethune, lad Then originally he must in all likelihood, have come frie France, notwithstanding your extraordinar antipathy to that country Not only that, but he s likely been a cadet of the great Baron de Rosni, Duc de Sully'

'I know nothing, Sir,' replied the guide with great gravity, and scarce knowing whether he ought to be offended or otherwise, at what had just been observed—not one word of which, it may safely be said, he thoroughly understood, 'I know nothing, Sir, about the Barrel-de Rosin Duck de silly 'No, Sir,' he added, thinking he began to see his way more clearly before him through the mist of what he considered the hard words that had been used, 'No, Sir' I know nothing about the Barrel-de Rosin, nor any of his rampaging race, for such it must have been, seeing that he was a Frenchman, but as to such mysteries of learning Mr Rory, the minister, down yonder, will be able to certify you entirely I have heard him myself declare, for he is a great scholler, that Ferrachur Leech was profoundly acquainted with all erbs, and beasts, and birds

'As the minister himself discoursed, he knew them all from the Cider of Ebony, to the High sop of the wall, aye from the aspen tree which formed the holy cross, and which has continued to tremble ever since, and will tremble for ever, conscious of that dread crime, to the nettle that cleanseth the blood, though it is to be plucked with impunity only by the brave, aye, Sir, much more he knew of many a flower, and erb, and shrub, and root, and creature but there was still something more than all that!'

'And what was that, friend Emmans?'

'He had that gift, Sir,' said the other, lowering his voice solemnly, 'that gift, which since the fall of man, it has pleased the GREAT MASTER to bestow upon very few he could understand the language of the birds of heaven'

witch of Gled cleugh had something to do with it, for she crossed the path of the men that morning, immediately after they found a dead dormouse lying in the path, which is always, by your leave, an omen of speedy death Be that as it may, night came on dark, dreary, and stormy, and the house of John MacJohn MacKenneth was cheerless for they that had gone forth in the morning had not returned The desolate wife and mother slept not, but sat on a three-legged stool over the embers of the dying fire, weeping bitterly "as one that had no hope," while the three empty stools for the absent stood opposite to her on the door side At her feet lay the house dog, a poor, plain, but faithful collie, who seemed to sympathise deeply with, and to understand the reason of his mistress's affliction, and when her sobs became more audibly convulsive, he would raise a low whine It was now near midnight, and the fire almost out, there being just enough of it left to distinguish objects immediately near it. At length the poor woman exclaimed, "Oh this fearful suspense, it is worse than the worst reality would to God, I were certain whether they are alive or dead' She had scarce ceased speaking, when she heard a whispering like sound, the dog growled, and crept trembling close to her, she looked up, and before her on the stools that were previously empty, sat three dim looking shivering figures, drooping, wet, and in their faces was the ghastly fearful impress of death and as she gazed at them 'harrowed with fear and wonder, she stretched out her arms to embrace them, her affection overcoming every other feeling, but the figures with a soundless tread eluded her grasp, and vanished, while she recognized these words pronounced in a plaintive voice—

"Cha tille, cha tille, cha-tille, sin tuille,"

"We return, return, return no more'

Overwrought nature could not bear up further, and the lone woman fell forward near the doorway, in a swoon, where she was found in the morning by a neighbour, with her faithful collie moaning by her.'

'That certainly, *friend Emir, is a strange story*'

'Aye, Sir, and many equally strange are told of Ferrachur Leeich, for instance, being once called away to the assistance of the Dume uasul of Knockow, who was seized with a strange and sudden stitch in his chest, as he was wandering one evening late near some rocks, where the fairies from time immemorial were known to dwell, (it is said he was struck by *an elf bolt, which there can be little doubt of, as one was* picked up near the spot the next day,) Ferrachur continued travelling all night, for the house of the sick man was very far from his An hour before dawn, the gour-aer* was heard high over head Ferrachur stopped short, and said to the messenger, "We have good five miles to travel yet, before we come to Knockow, but as my assistance is required elsewhere, I must go where it is needed your master at Knockow no longer wants it, for the *silver cord is loosed*, and the golden bowl is broken" And so he turned on his heel, and when the servant arrived at Knockow, he found his master a corpse, and on enquiry, it appears, that he had given up the ghost at the moment Ferrachur had spoken Then, Sir, he would fall at times into strange trances, in which he beheld things unearthly, and terribly beautiful Once,

* Literally 'air-goat,' a Highland name for the snipe, whose night cry is not unlike the distant bleating of that animal

seemed now a corpse, but the other held him back, whispering earnestly, "For your life, move not, speak not, touch not" and then and there, upon the instant, there issued forth out of the mouth of the man that lay in that deadly sleep, a tiny, tiny, wee, weed form, as of a butterfly of the most matchless beauty, that ravished the sight to behold It seemed as if a moony dew drop had made to itself wings from the petals of a violet, and as that ineffable insect like thing floated by in its spangly glory The nephew, enraptured at the sight of it, made as if to catch it, but the other held him back with a look of horror, and whispered, "Madman! Murderer! for your very life touch not that thing, for in it there is an awful yet beautiful mystery Oh touch it not!" As he yet spoke, that tiny, tiny thing,—that living diamond with wings of sapphire,—glided like a thought away, vanishing as it seemed, in the dark recesses of the cairn

'The sun had well nigh sunk behind the western hills, and the mavis was about to commence his even song, before he that slept gave the slightest sign of life, or consciousness, and the young men longed, with an impression of mingled pain and awe, for the issue, when a sound was heard like the gentlest sigh of the breeze breathing on the strings of a harp and presently that tiny, tiny, beautiful thing was seen coming from the cairn, and it again entered the mouth of the sleeping man, who, drawing his breath long and deeply, gave a sneeze three times, and taking up his staff, said, "Tis well! let's on, let's on,' but spoke not another word for upwards of an hour, although once he was heard to say, as if speaking to himself, *Eternal! Eternal! Eternal!*

'And what was thought of all this?"

why what would folks say? By my faith its nae canny. They would say the viper, or the *beast*, as the poor kind weel meaning creatur used to call it, they would say 'twas all a hum; and how fearfu sma are the marks left by the fangs of the reptill, just like a wee scratch of the heather. If larger, 'twere better · gude safe us; no one will ever believe *that* could have occasioned a stout grown lad's death; it's no possible. Then how swelled, and black and green the whole limb is till half way up the thigh; tis fearsome; would to heaven I were weel *out o' the scrape*, or had never entered the vile country !' Here, however, a bright idea struck the worthy Gauger, who immediately ran to his Bucephalus. Luckily, as if comprehending the urgency of the case, that sagacious animal did not on this occasion betake himself to his usual truant courses; on the contrary, he stood still, with a gravity, and composure of demeanour, every way in keeping with the circumstances. Going at once to the *miscellaneous* bundle suspended from the right horn of the *strae*r, Abraham Findlatter took out of it the whiskey flask, of which honourable mention has already been made, and uncorking it, inserted the nozzle of the vessel within the teeth of the recumbent and apparently inanimate Ehmun

He poured in with right good will, and a hand shaking with alarm lest the remedy might come too late, a good portion of the liquor, the stimulus of which, in that 'antre wild' proved fearfully reviving; for the fainting—or more properly speaking, fainted—man, in spite of himself, gave a desperate gulp, and it being the nature of fluids to find their level, one portion of the very potent drug, to the great cherishment of Ehmun's Archæus, entered its proper canal; unfortunately, however, the other portion entered a channel where there is no

and no wonder, if that, as some suppose, be the seat of the soul Ehmun in the interim held by the man of ankers with an Antæan grasp 'Hush! Hush!' coaxed the frighted Gauger 'Sheo! Sheo!' said Ehmun The nag heeded neither the one nor the other, but kept kicking, and prancing, and rearing with a zeal and energy that might make one imagine he had been bribed to the task If the animal had confined himself to one kind of movement, it had been possible to have withstood, but as if priding himself in the versatility of his gymnastic exercises it was difficult to say whether he reared forwards or backwards most Indeed a metempsychosis appeared to have taken place between his fore and hind quarters, his posteriors becoming in some measure his anteriors, and *vice versa* This terrific commotion at length ended by the Gauger and his bundles rolling over the animal's head with great velocity, in one of those violent pitches from stem to stern

The *gearran*, although according to the Gauger 'instigated by the devil,' on seeing his rider, and his bundles, prostrate under his very nose, either struck with remorse at his own rebellious conduct, or generously content with the *statu quo ante bellum*, magnanimously forbore galloping over the Gauger and his goods and chattels.*

Ehmun, who began to think that he had carried the joke too far, dismounted, and seeing the discomfited Southron lying at his length without movement, became frightened in his turn He remembered at that trying moment, the powers of that genial specific which had resuscitated himself He accordingly had no trouble to search for the flask, as it had rolled out of the bundle on the heath He was just go-

ing to pour in a part of its contents, *per fas aut nefas*, but the smell proved sufficiently restorative, and the Gauger, who had only been a little confused, sprung to his legs again, but nothing would induce him to remount the recusant *gearran*, and so of necessity Ehmun became his equestrian substitute, while he himself stalked away with long strides, cordially vituperating the country, and its moors, and its *gearrans*, and its whiskey—in short, an objurgation *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*

At length, as the shades of evening began to lengthen, the scene gradually changed its character, the moor becoming more rushy and grassy, and the travellers came at length to a rocky ridge, below which lay an undulating surface of arable land, with patches of cultivation, consisting chiefly of rigs of barley, oats, and potatoes, while here and there a cow grazing, or a horse tethered, indicated that they were not far from human habitations, and after advancing a little further they beheld in the distance the great smoke ascending from the hamlet of Glen-doun

There is a bird called the rail, or corn-crake, which is to be seen in the Highlands only during the months of summer and autumn In Gaelic it is called the *Treanh ri Treanh* As our travellers jogged on, the peculiar note of this bird, hence not unaptly called the corn *crake*, came repeatedly upon the ear Now it so happens, that with the Gael, this, like almost every other periodical bird, is considered *sacred* By this expression, gentle reader, do not understand that this bird, like the Ea-oo afooah of Otaheite, is worshipped No, but it is sacred from wanton attacks of any kind, and the boy who would recklessly knock a wild duck

or a plover on the head, would shudder at the idea of hunting a *Trianh ri Trianh* Whether it was that the Gauger was heated and irritated, and therefore determined to revenge his disasters on such animal life, as did not manifestly came under the protective influence of the sixth commandment, we cannot determine, but on hearing the *Crak! Crak!* cry of the bird alluded to, there is no question that he handled his gun lock in a manner that evinced sanguinary designs

The guide beheld these preparations with great uneasiness, and as the only bird that gave intimation of being come-atable in the corn fields was the said *Trianh ri Trianh*, and as the Gauger was now upon the edge of the corn fields, and his finger on the trigger of his ready gun, and the voice of the sacred bird fearfully near, Ehmun could contain himself no longer

'Surely,' he began, 'surely, Sir, and ye're no just going to shoot her?'

'And why not, friend Emmaus?'

'What, Sir! shoot a *Trianh ri Trianh*! It is quite awful to think of it'

'And what, friend Emir, is the great harm of shooting such a blathering craiking thing?

'The harm, Sir!' why, Sir, it is a sacred bird, and I would as soon, Sir, think of hunting the cuckoo itself, as do it any harm The *Trianh ri Trianh*, Sir, is different from all other birds, and when he cries, he lies on his back, with his feet lifted up above him towards the heavens, which otherwise would fall, were he not to observe that precaution—at least so the bird devoutly believes

'Who told you, friend Emu? But I need not ask, you are descended from Farquhar Lick, and of course *he* understood all these things

'I have been told, Sir, that he does lie on his back with his feet upwards when he cries or craiks'

'Yes, he *lies* with a witness, for look there, friend Hæmus, how fast the long legged thing is running among those barley shoots But I must have a shot at him, even if the firmament were to come about our ears in consequence'

So saying, the man of ankers took his usual kneeling shot, while the bird continued trotting on with his long legs For some time the sportsman kept aiming and recovering his piece, till at length he got a good and near level, when he fired, and a handful of flying feathers from the bird evinced the complete success of the shot The sportsman ran to the spot, and Ehmun on the nag trotted after him, but on coming up there was no bird, and no evidence of the shot s having taken effect.

The Gael stood suddenly aghast —'What can the Gommeril be staring at?' enquired the other

'Ah, Sir,' groaned the Gael, in great agitation, 'the *Tahusk*, Sir, the *Tahusk!*

'The what? your dumbfoundered idiot?'

'I tell ye, Sir,' said the other with great solemnity, the Tahusk, the bird of Death, the never failing omen, 'tis awfu, tis awfu!'

'Weel, confound me,' said honest Abraham Tindlatter, who was now tired and heated, and panting with his exercise, 'confound me if I can make out the creatur He's no just wanting in gumption either, but what headless and tailless

superstition havers he has got in his noddle, things equally extraordinar, and unintelligible! At length he addressed his companion more directly, 'Weel, friend, I hae listened patiently to you, that ye canna deny Now, I ask you honestly, will you in mercy, and in plainer and more intelligible terms than hae yet issued out of that Tophet o cacophony and nonsense, thy mouth,—will ye, I ask ye, by *your leave*, as you say, explicate to me like a reasonable man and a Christian, what ye absolutely and *bon seedy* mean by your drumed Trian ri Trian and Tahusk?

To this the other answered nothing for a few seconds, but dismounting, he hobbled up the best way he could to the very spot where the bird had stood, when shot at, and took up in his hands, the few feathers that had been started, which he considered with a look expressive of an anxiety bordering almost on horror He then went up to his companion, and replied in a low voice broken by agitation, 'I thought, Sir, all the world knew that the Tahusk is a spectral bird, that appears to a man just on the eve of death It comes under different forms to different people To old Jan Gillies the fisherman he appeared under the form of a grey gull, and that very night the poor man took to his bed, and never rose again To Mary Mac Allan, the prettiest maid of the glen on the other hand the Tahusk appeared in the shape of a white dove, and she knew by that her hour was near, and went home and had her death shift made, and soon indeed did she wear it! The Tahusk, Sir, generally appears in the gloamin, and flies low and gliding like, without sound or seugh of wing or feather, but if you fire at it, you only get a small handful of feathers.

At other times, he passes through the air at the dead of night, with a cry exactly like into that of the person whose death he portends' The guide paused a moment, and looked at the feathers he held in his hand, and then in the face of the Gauger, saying piteously, 'I doot, Sir, that your latter end is no near at hand, for your Tahusk, I am afraid, is come in shape of a *Trianh ri Trianh*, just, Sir, such a long legged Tahusk as I could hae imagined for a Dunne nasal like you Ah! Sir, indeed I am very sorry for ye!

'Look to yourself, friend Emmuns!' said the Gauger in reply 'You say it is my Tahusk, as you call it in your barbarian dialect Now, friend, I do not just see that ye have made that out quite logically If C being a Corn crake may be a Tahusk to A, I dunna see why he should not be so to B too Why then, friend, should not this Tausk, as ye call it, be yeer ain Tahusk, and no body else s Tausk? answer me that, man?'

'Mine!' exclaimed the guide 'God forbid, Sir' 'No, no, Sir,' he continued shrinkingly, 'my hands are free of the guilt of killing it in cold blood I shot not at it, Sir I after warning given, did not go and kneel down to have a better slap at it No, no, Sir. He that attacks, makes the bird his *own* Tahusk yes, Sir, his, *own, own,* and no body else s Besides, Sir, it is a *Dunne-nasal s Tahusk*, a long legged Southron bird, that only comes among us like Southrons at certain times, and then only speaks a *crank, crank* kind of a language, not Gaelic certainly, for that the mavis and the blackbird speak every summer s evening A poor lad like me, Sir, could not expect such a grand Tahusk as that Oh! no, Sir, a crow or a duck or a *Biggen** were more befitting the like of me!

* Sparrow

The Gauger, seeing the intense anxiety of the other to decline the honor of the Tahusk, meant to rally him without mercy on the subject, but his intentions were completely frustrated by seeing the heavens all at once becoming perfectly dark; in a word, that uncommon phœnomenon in the Highlands, a storm of rain, was just about to exhibit its delectable effects In an instant they were drenched to the skin. Ehmun did not appear to care about it, but the other complained of it bitterly. At length, in about an hour and a half, after a complete shower bath, they arrived, when it became quite dark, at the Hamlet of Glen-doun, and the 'draggle-tail, dreary-dun' pair groped their way to the Hostelrie of Soirle Dhu, which being translated signifies Black Samuel. Nor are we sorry that they arrived at night, since, as Puff says in *the Critic*, 'it saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the Eastern hemisphere.' The host received his guests very civilly at the door, with his hands in his breeches' pockets. Not that the honest man meant any thing rude by the attitude:—far from it: the fact is, that like many who are better off in the world, and hold their heads higher than poor Samuel, you might as well have amputated his hands at once, as have forbidden his putting them in his breeches' pockets; for, to tell the truth, he knew not otherwise *what* to do with them. Soirle Dhu was a very ordinary, not to say ugly personage. His face was marked, or rather trenched with the small pox, and he had a pair of formidable black shaggy eyebrows over his cavern-like orbits, from which peered two small ogles of the same colour. In height he stood about five feet nine, and notwithstanding that nature's journeyman appeared to have had

the task of moulding him entirely to himself, 'and not made him well,' he was still, in the main, a kind and well meaning man. Within the doorway also, stood his wife, as good looking as her spouse was the reverse. She dropped a low courtesy, and offered a 'falth' or welcome to the stranger, while her husband gave an improved edition of Ehmun's bow. The Gauger immediately ordered a room for himself. Ehmun in the interim stood modestly at the door, till desired by the host to show, what by courtesy he called the Duine-uasul's horse, into what, by a greater sketch of courtesy, he denominated a stable. The lad however felt too ill to enable him to do so, and on telling the host how he had *been stung by the viper, honest Soirle evinced more feeling* than could have been imagined. Seeing the lad almost sinking, he snatched him up in his arms, and seating him by the kitchen fire, ran for the usual universal elixir, the whiskey bottle, out of which he poured out a bumper, which he drank off *himself* to the lad's health, handing him another, which notwithstanding his feeble condition he managed to dispose of Soirle Dhu then ordered the affected limb to be rubbed with the liquor before the fire, while he dispatched a messenger for his mother, to see what her botanic lore would effect in the case

The stranger, on calling for a room, was shewn upstairs, as it was metaphorically called, but which literally meant his ascending a high perpendicular ladder at the risk of his neck, to a kind of loft The Duine uasul on getting up, by the rueful look he cast down again, evinced his sense of the peril of the adventure. The chamber in question was close under the beams or couples of the roof, which had no ceiling; at

one end of the apartment was the fire place, over the mantle-piece of which, was suspended a smoke-dimmed drawing in water colours, 'of the profligate son' in his destitution, and round him the swine feeding The furniture of the room consisted of what the landlord called an excellent box bed, that masquerad ed in the day time as a chest of drawers, near it stood one ante diluvian chair, with preposterously high back, carved legs, and ferocious claws, such as may be seen engraved in old editi ons of Gil Blas The horse hair bottom and back of this preciously cherished piece of antique grandeur, were protect ed from dust and collision by a faded chintz, on which *had* been represented the arms of Scotland in deep yellow and brown, on a white ground, but all that now remained was a bilious looking unicorn s head poking here and there, as if to frighten any rash intruder from sitting down The only other article of furniture in the room, was a short bench or form near the fire-place, on which the Gauger placing his goods and chattels, was about to order dinner, when the host, who had just entered with his own peculiar bottle, asked Mr Findlatter if he would not take a glass of bitters, as he denominated a compound of whiskey and camomile flowers, (or *daisies* as the man called them,) and coriander seeds held in said bottle Tired, wet, and shivering, this cour teous offer the other was glad to accept, after which he proceeded to put on dry clothes, being obliged to borrow a hat from Mr Sorle Dhu on purpose

a few minutes, the shrieks of an unfortunate fowl testi h dinner was in preparation, and in due course the land tered to announce it It consisted of said fowl, roasted, the grouse, and some slices of mutton ham, with

fried eggs, and plenty of potatoes and oat-cakes. The landlady apologized for not having any kail, but she was afraid of keeping the Duine-uasul too long without his dinner in preparing it. Mr. Abraham Findlatter conscientiously informed her, that the dinner was excellent as it stood; for in his secret soul there was nothing the worthy Gauger held in more cordial abomination than the very article of dietetics, the absence of which from the table the landlady appeared to regret so much.

The stranger ate very little; on the contrary, he felt feverish and restless, and was anxious to get to bed. Previous to adventuring up stairs again, however, he took a shilling sterling of the coin of the realm out of his pocket, for the purpose of handing it himself to the guide, with his thanks, as an honorarium for his trouble and attention in piloting himself, Abraham Findlatter, through so many dangers to his then secure haven. The bare-legged worthy, however, was gone. In the kitchin he had produced feelings of profound awe by his story of the Tahusk, so that every one in the house now looked upon the poor Gauger as doomed. Shortly afterwards his mother, hearing of his accident, came in great anxiety and took Ehmun home, where she did all that she considered worthy of a descendant of Ferrachur Leeich in such a case. Finding that his guide had departed, Mr. Findlatter delivered the honorarium into the landlord's hand, with strict injunctions that it should be sent in the morning to the lad, as it honestly was; and amazed was the youth at finding himself in possession of so much unexpected wealth.

The Gauger retired to bed, but not to sleep; all night he tossed to and fro, and did not close an eye until near dawn,

when he fell into a disturbed and feverish slumber The events of the preceding day still haunted him in his dreams, but with those exaggerated proportions, and fantastic features, which characterise uneasy dreams He was now mounted again on the nag, which all at once ran away with him with supernatural speed, while the Gael, mounted behind, grasped him with hands of steel round the body then arose the figure of the snake, horrible and gigantic, and writhing round his neck, almost strangling him, but instead of hissing, it opened its dreadful jaws, giving forth the 'Crak, crak!' of the Trian-ri Trian At length, bursting the bonds of sleep, he awoke, and beheld the mild light of dawn breaking in at the sky-light The influence of his dream, however, apparently still affected his throat, which felt painful and stiff to such a degree, that to swallow was an exertion In a word, the Granger was so feverish and ill, that he could not get up to breakfast. At the end of three days, the stranger was seriously ill, the wetting, after the heat and fatigue of his journey, having brought on a quinsy, or inflammation in the throat On the fourth day, surprised that his guide had never called to see him, he enquired the reason, and was told, that the lad could not be aware of his illness, as he had been absent for the two previous days at a village ten miles off, whither he had gone to lay out his '*splendid shilling*' in sundry purchases, such as a few *spots* of pins, for a certain young maiden, for whom Ehmun had, what is called, a sneaking kindness, shirt buttons, needles, and a pair of braces, or as he called them, gallowses, for Ehmun had certain intentions of admiring his habiliments the very first opportunity, by exchanging his fhellibeg for trowsers, nay, he had soaring thoughts

of encasing his head in a hat, which he thought would give a grace to his bow, that the mere grasping of his forelock, under present circumstances, rendered hopeless.

The Gauger's case was considered as desperate. The *Tahusk* had predicted too true. Nothing could exceed the concern of his host and hostess, or their attention to him. They *had*, they said, sent for the doctor, but he was absent some where else. On the fourth day of Mr. Findlatter's illness, Soirle-Dhu, approaching his bed-side with an air of great solemnity, seated himself in the old high-backed chair, and without further circumlocution, addressed the sick man thus: 'Sir, we must all die, 'tis but a change, and every Christian is of course prepared for the long journey. Noo, Sir, I am come to do to you as I would be done by; for sore, sore, would it be to me to think my remains were not consigned to the grave of my father in Kilmuir. Pray, Sir, by your leave, where would ye like to be beuried?'

'Buried!' exclaimed the Gauger aghast, sitting up in his bed, and staring at his host. 'Buried! not so bad as that surely?'

'Folk,' continued his host, taking no notice of his emotion, 'folk have different customs in different countries; but ye may depend upon it, Sir, it's no my father's son that would suffer the corpse of a Duine-nasul not to be treated in every way most honourably; ye'll be properly washed and streaked, that ye may depend upon, and ye shall not want for the dead shirt, for by my faith and I'll do as I promise:' and here honest Soirle-Dhu considered himself as really conferring a most liberal and generous favour. 'I'll do as I promise, Sir, and you shall, before you are streaked, be clothed in my own

dead shirt, which my wife made with her own hands three years ago, and of beautiful linen, and admirably sewed it is' The poor Gauger all this time listened as pale as death, and hearing such cool preparations made for the disposal of his body, felt it was all over with him, and listened with the apathy of hopelessness to Sorle's dismal arrangements

'And we'll keep you, Sir, for the usual time, seven days and nights, and I shall get Jan-Saor to make you as genteel a chest* as ever came from his hands, with brass headed nails shining like gold all round the base, the rim, and the lid,—and handles of wrought iron, glittering like silver, and this room shall be hanged with white linen, and ye shall lie in your chest like a Duine uasal, with two large candles at your head, and two at your feet, and a plateful of snow white salt upon your breast, and—'

Here the Gauger, appalled by the anticipatory circumstantial pomp of death (*his own* death!) described by the well meaning Sorle, groaned in spirit

'What—ye're may be thinking that the *Alree* or death feast will not be properly attended to I tell ye,' said Sorle Dhu, grasping the sick man's unresisting hand, 'that there will be plenty of whiskey and meat I'll mix the punch myself, and my wife will make the pies'

'That will I, that will I,' said the hostess coming in, and raising the corner of her apron to her moistened eyes, as she sobbed, 'Alas! Alas! the poor mother of him, little does she dream to night of her darling's fate Oh, ho, ho!'

'But woman,' said the considerate Sorle, 'consider the comfort she will have on hearing of his having such a decent

* *Coffin*, to wit

beurial 'Yes, Sir,' he continued soothingly, 'ye may depend upon *that*, Sir, and ye shall be put into my own grandfather s grave, which lies at the head of my father s and mother s, that ye shall, Sir, and its what I would not do to many; but in truth, Sir, I am anxious to shew ye every kindness, the more especially, God bless you, though ye are a Gauger, that you are a stranger, and a Duine uasul far from those whom it would be most natural for you to wish at your streaking' Here the host rubbed the back of his swarthy hand over his eyes, to brush away the moisture that, in spite of him, gathered there, for strange and barbarous as his mode of giving consolation might appear to those not aware of the peculiarities of his country, the worthy host never doubted but he had afford ed the dying man the most lively satisfaction, which under such circumstances he was capable of receiving, for were he himself in his place, such a speech as he had made to the sick man, would have yielded him the most cordial consolation, for an intense anxiety about the proper disposal of his remains, and the complete fulfilling of all the customary decencies of death, is a characteristic trait of the poor Highlander Sorle Dhu, therefore, never dreamed that every word he had uttered fell not like dew, but like withering deadly blight, on the soul of the stranger

At length Elmun, who had lingered longer on his mercantile expedition than he had expected, returned to Glen doun It was the seventh day of Mr Findlatter s illness The moment the lad heard of it, he ran over to Sorle-Dhu s hostel, and climbed up to the sick man s room By this time the poor Gauger could scarcely speak, swallowing was entirely out of the question, he lay deadly pale and languid, the

restless dark eyes, under their shaggy penthouse like shelter of sable silvered brows, appeared to glance every where In the hand of this apparition, was a long yellow cane with a brass head, which passed for gold, and he stalked towards the bed of the sick man with an air of fate He sat him down with the utmost solemnity in that ancient chair which has already been respectfully alluded to, and when seated in it, one could not but feel that nature and art had surely intended that great formidable high peaked foot clawed grim chair, and that forbidding personage for each other The very unicorn heads upon the faded chintz seemed to put on a more complacent look, as Doctor Mac Booroogaid sat down

After a grave examination into the case, the Doctor at length gave two awful and ominous hems, and then addressed the following oration to the sick man, in a singularly harsh and grating voice, which was enhanced by a peculiar burr, or hard way he had of aspirating, or rather multiplying the power of the letter R 'You see, Sirr, you arr at prresent labouring under what is commonly called a Quinsy, but which professionally we denominate *Cynanche*, to which may be added in your case the adjective noun *maligna* As Celsus says, Sirr, *bona signa sunt, somnum capere, facile spirare, siti non confici*, and so forth, for certes no one who has studied the human economy can doubt, *quantum curatio efficiat, quantum aut sperare, aut timeri debeat, ex quibusdam signis intelligi potest* I regrret, however, to say that your case is exceedingly desperate, for *Eadem mors denunciatur, ubi æger supinus cubat, eique genua contracta sunt ubi brachia et crura nudat*, and so forrth. Had I been able earlier to see you, I should have followed Celsus excellent ad-

vice, *neque assumendum quidquam, præter aquam calidam, est alvus quoque ducenda est gargarizandum ex fico et mulso illinendum mel cum omphacio intrinsecus admovendus, sed aliquanto diutius, vapor calidus, donec ea sup purent*'

Here the Doctor paused, while the audience remained hushed in a breathless silence of awful admiration at his astonishing learning 'But he resumed, 'I am sorry to say that the Celsian treatment is now entirely out of the question There can now be no doubt that the opening into the trra chea, (laying a particular emphasis on *Tra*,) 'is very nearly closed entirely up by the phlegmon or inflammation, when death by asphyxia must ensue There is here, then, but one course, for I explain all these things to you, not to appall you with a representation of your desperate state, but to demonstrate to you the absolute necessity of following that one course Here,' (taking a small rusty looking case of instruments out of his pocket), 'here you see is a fine sharp pointed knife or scalpel, with which an incision being made into your trra-chea, I shall then insert into it a small tube, it ought to be a silver one, but seeing I have lost that, we can soon make a wooden one for the occasion This tube being inserted into the trra chea, is left there, so as to keep up the communication between the atmosphere and the lungs, to obviate what would otherwise be the fatal closing of the glottis' With that, the Doctor arranged his instruments on the bed side, and was preparing to operate instanter, when at length a dim sense of his intentions began to break in upon the minds of the spectators 'And where do you mean to cut, Sir? asked Sorle Dhu, first breaking silence 'Here,

your insolence in a manner you may little dream of, before you arr many days older'

Just as the doctor was about to quit the apartment, who should walk in but Ehmun s mother, with a whole apron full of herbs and charms The descendant of Ferrachur Leeich curtsied very respectfully to the doctor as she entered, who, however, received her salutation very ungraciously Indeed it was whispered that there was a jealousy on the part of the man of science, of his sister practitioner in Nature's school, on account of some cases wherein she had effected cures after his prescriptions had failed, be this as it may, the doctor s retreat down the ladder, was much more expeditious than could have been pre-supposed, and the clattering of his departing horse's hoofs was soon heard, to the manifest satisfaction of Ehmun, who most profanely muttered something about the Dhioule going with him!

The descendant of Ferrachur Leeich then went up to the sick man, and examined the outside of his throat, and as far as she could the inside of his mouth with great tenderness She then immediately called for an iron pot and boiling water, into which she cast several herbs, and boiled them on the fire This decoction she ordered to be applied on flannels, as hot as he could bear it, to the sick man s throat, while he inhaled the hot steam of the same from the spout of a tea pot The good woman then called for a skellet, into which she measured two or three cups full of water, into which she then cast what appeared to be dried herbs, and fresh roots, when the mixture got heated, it threw up a green scum, which she carefully skimmed off, preventing, however, the liquor from coming to the boiling point She then poured

out of the potion into a tumbler, and approaching the patient, said in Gaelic, 'Try, my dear, and swallow this I know it is very painful for you to make the attempt, but life is precious, and for your mother's sake, if you have one, make the attempt' The sick man, on her wishes being explained to him, grasped the tumbler, apparently not only aware of what was at stake but confiding, if not in the skill, at least in the good will of the prescriber, with great difficulty, slowly and painfully, and often as it seemed, at the risk of suffocation itself he managed at length to swallow the nauseous potion In the course of half an hour after swallowing it, the sick man's face became of a still more ghastly hue, and from a dull pale, changed to a wan green He stretched himself out at his full length, his pulse seemed to fail, he heaved deep sighs, and at length began to retch violently The struggle apparently, brought life to the very verge of death, the woman who had just administered the potent potion, held his head the while, and at length after retching hard several times, the imposthume burst, and the poor man swooned away The other spectators thought all was over, not so the descendant of Ferruchur Leech she crept behind the fainting man, and kept his head in a proper position, while she with another hand chafed his temples 'Throw cold water in his face,' she said, 'and Flimun get a burnt feather, will you, or a glass of whiskey, and hold it under his nose, and you, Sorle, if you have a bottle of red wine in the house, bring a glass of it he will come to presently, for thank God, I believe all danger is now over!' All these orders were speedily obeyed, and at length the sick man opened his eyes, which at first wandered vacantly about He came to a dis

tinct recollection of his situation, and in perfectly articulate terms of fervent gratitude thanked all around him, and especially the worthy descendant of Ferrachur Leeich, for the sudden and great relief he had experienced. The good woman then pressed him to swallow the wine, which he did with comparative facility; but being much exhausted by the exertions and events of the last few hours, he at length fell back in the first refreshing and sweet slumber he had had for upwards of a *long and dismal week. Till near morning the next day, the* worthy Gauger continued to dose. It was manifest, however, that he was improving fast. In consequence of having slept so much latterly, and his tongue having been tied up so long, he got somewhat garrulous, notwithstanding the strict injunctions of his female physician. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, after swallowing a spoonful or two of some nourishing custard, flavoured with wine, made by his hostess's own *fair hands, that his medical adviser told him he must go to* sleep, and not talk, for fear of bringing on a renewal of the inflammation. Whether it was that she was aware of the soporifick consequences, or whether she considered that any plan that might prevent his talking, likely to prove beneficial, she begged of Soirle Dhu, as he could speak more *Beaurle*, to tell a *Skialacht* * to the Dume-uasul.

Soirle Dhu, at this proposal, took a large pinch of snuff, and on turning to the Gauger asked him, 'if ever he had heard of the *Eagch Uisk?*'

'No,' answered the invalid, 'what is that?'

'Not heard of the water horse, Sir?'

* *Tale.*

'Never, I have only heard of a horse that goes on four feet on *terra firma*?'

Here the descendant of Ferrachur Leeich whispered to Sorle, that he must not talk with him, but if possible, lull him to sleep some how or other

'Oh, ho!' said Sorle, 'that is what you want, is it?' He then ruminated for a moment, as if recollecting what he was to say next, and then began as follows —

'When I was a little boy, my grandfather's foster brother used to tell many wild legends of a winter's night near the kitchen fire, several of which were about the 'Eagch Uisk,' and there was not a rock, a loch, or a fell, but he had some tale about

'There is a deep, long lake called Loch Dorch, that sleeps sullen and black at one end of Glen Ewr Open to the glen, and the hamlet of † Clachan na-cno to the south, the lake at its northern extremity is hemmed in by a bight of rocks, the highest point of which is Raven Peak, the frowning precipice of which is cleft, as if by the sword of an enchanter, to afford a channel to Rowan linn, that bursts foamingly through its wild wood screen of those scarlet berry bearing trees, that give it its name, intermingled with junipers and aspens, near whose tangled roots, refreshed in the summer heats by the spray of the torrent, the mavis loves to build her nest If you stand at the top of the precipice, advance not too near the edge, however temptingly the cowslips may lure you on to pluck them, the beautiful deceit planted there, as if tempting man to his doom! If you look down the roaring tor

† Or literally, the hamlet of nuts

rent, into the bosom of Loch Dorch, that like a huge coffin yawns below, you may be rendered dizzy as I was, and be seized with a strange and strong desire (Heaven guard us!) to hurl yourself down into the darkly lowering chasm.

As you look from Raven Peak, you see some three or four miles up Glen-Eur, the smoke of the cottages of Clachan-na-cno, stealing in small blue wreathes over the hamlet, and losing itself among the Hazel Shawes. Not far from where you stand, or within a hundred yards of Rowan-linn, in the midst of a thin clump of stunted firs, stand the ruins of a cottage. The roof long ago has disappeared, while the nettle and the tansey, wave, as in triumph, over the walls; and the lapwing now nestles where once the hearth of Lachlan the cow-herd blazed cheerily.

It is very well known to many, that the Eagch-Uisk has from time immemorial dwelt in the watery chambers of Loch-Dorch, for there live those even who had a fearful glimpse of him, as of an evening, long after sun set, his awful head of ebon black rose for an instant above the surface of the lake, and then was seen no more!

But there are more appalling proofs of his existence than that still recorded in Clachan na-cno; for there is no question that the Eagch-Uisk destroyed Caitrine, the bonny daughter of Duncan the weaver, who, from her beauty was called the Swan of the Clachan. It was on a Halloween night, that she went out to dip her sleeve in the burn, as maidens do, who wish to be certain about their true sweethearts; but alas! she returned not ever; and as the youths and the maidens were *barning their nuts at her father's fire-side, there was* heard one wailing shriek as of a *tahusk*, and all were aghast; and

several of the lads went out in search of her, but in vain Next morning her mantle and Praisth * hanging on it were found amongst the reeds that fringe the water side of Loch Dorch, and near it, in the clay, the mark of an unearthly hoof Allen Mac Haemish too, as he was returning at a late hour from hunting the deer, was absolutely pursued by the Eagch Uisk, but Allen, when he heard a strange tramping behind him, and saw dimly through the obscure of gloamin, the fearful shape hovering on his track, recommended his soul to heaven and the saints, and well knowing that bullets of lead or iron, hurt not evil spirits or witches, he put into his gun a small crooked coin of silver, that blessed metal, from a cup of which our Saviour drank his last supper draught on earth 'The cross be betwixt me and thee!' said Allen, levelling, while the cold sweat ran down his face, and firing his petronel The Demon Steed gave one yelling neigh, so shrill, so dismal and unearthly, that the cattle which had lain down to repose on the dewy heath started up in terror, the dogs of the hamlet heard it, and ceasing to bay, ran cowering and trembling to the fire side, the roosted cock heard it and essayed to crow, but gave only a scream, and the wife of Jan Oag hearing it, was instantly and untimely taken in childbirth travail Never will those who heard that terrific cry forgèt it, but it had scarcely ceased ere the Demon Steed had sprung into the midst of Loch Dorch, and as the booming waters close dover him, a sound, as of a sarcastic laugh, was heard from the middle of the loch, and then all was silent!

* A singular kind of antique fashioned, very large circular brooch of silver or copper, as the case may be, worn by Highland maidens as a clasp for the mantle

Yet notwithstanding all this, Lachlan the cow herd, who was a reckless fellow as ever drained a shell of whiskey in old Janet Gilchrist's change house, despised the stories he heard about the Eagch Uisk, saying that Allen had been frightened by some *gearran* broke loose from his tether, and bragging that though he had lived for some years near Raven Peak, close to the haunt of the Eagch Uisk, *he* had never seen him 'And would ye wish to see him? asked Janet Gilchrist as he sat at her own fireside one evening, 'would ye really wish to see that fearsome thing, Lachlan?' said Janet, as if afraid of the sound of her own voice 'May I never swallow oatcake or whiskey again', said Lachlan impetuously, 'but I wish to see the beast, and the sooner the better But perhaps it had been as well for Lachlan the cow herd not to have so profanely bragged or spoken, for it is not canny so to boast, especially when we know, that at the judgment that befell the spirits that rebelled and fell into Lefrun*, they were permitted to assume various forms and shapes, and to make their habitations in lakes, and rocks, and moors, and forests, and caverns of the ocean, whence they issue to tempt man at his unguarded hours, and ever will continue to do so until the archangel's trump shall call all of us to the final reckoning when they will be chained in the pit for ever!

It was a gusty rainy autumn night, when Lachlan the cow herd finished his simple supper of bread and fish, and though he sat solitary in his bothie near Rowan linn he felt it most pleasant to listen to the sound of the torrent as it dashed over the rocks, or to hear the pattering of the heavy rain, and the seughs of the North west wind, moaning

* Celtice Hell

through the firs, while his bonny peat fire burnt cosily before him in the middle of the floor Featly twisting his oat straw sheeuman*, he hummed to himself the odds and ends of various ditties and ballads, the subject of most of which was light enough, and to keep himself from getting drowsy, took occasionally a large *sneeshen* out of a ram's horn mull He began, for instance, a kind of sentimental lumnag, but only got to the end of one verse

"She is my dear, my Morag†,
And sweeter than the Sobrag‡,
To which the mavis steereth
His morning flight to kiss her lips,
As from her bud she peereth,
And hangs her fragrant dewy tips
Like one that rudeness feareth!"

He then changed abruptly to the following catch —

"Twas gloaming—the ||Saggart kept talking of Lent,
The Saggart kept talking of Lent,
But his *rogueish eye—kept leering sly*
At Effy—while talking of Lent—of Lent,
At Effy while talking of Lent.

* Or rope of straw or rush, making which, is a common fireside occupation of the Highland peasant after the labours of the day are over, while the females are equally busy with the distaff The rope so manufactured, is used for sundry domestic purposes, as thatching &c.

† Diminutive for Marrion

‡ The primrose

|| Priest.

"And Effy is gone with her cog to the well,
Where the maid by her mother is sent,—
But close at her heels, through the fern-cover'd dell,
The Saggart is trotting—and Lent—of Lent,
The Saggart kept talking of Lent

"And Effy is come from the well with her cog —
Has the Maiden return'd as she went?
Go ask of the Saggart, that homeward does jog,
But talketh no longer of Lent—of Lent,
But talketh no longer of Lent"

Lachlan had scarcely concluded his catch when he heard a feeble voice entreating for admittance 'Who art thou, he enquired, 'that seeketh admittance at this unseasonable hour?' 'Alas!' replied a voice, 'I am a poor feeble old woman, benighted thus stormy and rainy time O let me in, or I must perish ere I can reach Clachan-na cno' Lachlan muttered execrations on the old body's head for thus disturbing him, for he had a particular objection to old women 'Bad luck to her, were it a young one, or even an old man, I should not care, he grumbled 'but an old hag to come sorning on me, as I was about to step into my quiet bed' He then said aloud 'Peace, Carlin, I'll be with you presently, as well to wind up my Sheuman first though Dhoule take you, and have more patience, and don't keep croaking there with your ill-omened voice, he continued, unfastening the latch 'there enter now, and be hanged Lachlan, with all his roughness, was a kind as well as a brave man, and checked his further grumblings at being put out

of his way, nay, he thought with some remorse, of his own churl like words, when he saw stepping in, a poor wretched little old woman, bent double with age and misery, she wore a dun cloak brought tight about her, with a kind of red hood attached to it, and drawn over head, on which were marked strange characters She gave no salutation whatever, wishing her host neither good evening nor a blessing, and not even offering thanks for being admitted to the comforts of a Christian habitation on such a cheerless rainy night, and as she stepped or rather crawled up to the fire, it emitted one vivid spark, which hissed as it alighted, and was extinguished on the dripping clothes of the old woman, a hen that was on the roost crowed discordantly, and a little mouse put its head out of a hole in the wall and squeaked loudly

The Carlin, at this, gave a kind of laugh, so grating in its sound, that Lachlan turned quickly round to look at her, but she met his gaze sharply, and with a peculiarity of expression that was extraordinary, and which, in a way he was at a loss to account for to himself, was unpleasant to him But Lachlan bethought him, that the poor old creature must be almost famished with hunger. 'Old woman,' he said, 'will you have any thing to eat? 'No,' she gruffly replied 'There is a little remaining of the bread and fish, I had to supper' 'I have always plenty of fish,' she replied sharply 'Perhaps you like flesh better then,' said he 'Yes' she replied in the same sharp uncivil manner, but with a strange sneering kind of smile flickering round her lips 'Will you have any thing to drink then? continued Lachlan 'NO,' abruptly answered the Carlin as before 'What, woman, no-

thing to eat or to drink! then I suppose you have already supped, but it must have been with the *Shee-ach un**, for I warrant you could have no other hosts between this and *Ben-ard*, and which since you did not come the way of Clachan na cno, is good twelve miles distant' 'Perhaps!' muttered the Carlin 'Perhaps *what?* old woman,' questioned Lachlan, and after a pause, finding she gave no answer, continued, 'perhaps I think you will catch cold, unless you throw off these wet duds, for though I have no woman's geer in my cottage, my great coat may comfort you, and I can spare you a blanket besides' 'I need none of your coats or blankets, answered the Carlin in the same ungracious tones as before, for water hurts not *me*' 'Leeze me on the bag,' said Lachlan to himself, 'but she is easily maintained at any rate, and yet I could prefer a more expensive and social guest.'

The fire began to wane, and Lachlan, as he occasionally glanced at the old woman sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, could not help thinking that there was something repulsive, if not uncanny about her altogether There was a strange restlessness in her manner, her hard dark eye seemed to look every where, and no where at the same time, while she sat, rocking backwards and forwards over the ashes, and her long crooked fingers twitched about her dun cloak in an odd and unpleasant way Lachlan stirred up the fire with his staff, and by the reviving light, he thought the Carlin's eye had acquired a wilder and sterner expression, while a grim smile played round the corners of her leathery mouth Nay, he rubbed his eyes to see if she had not really grown somewhat larger in stature, and more erect

* Fairies

since he had first greeted her Rallying his feelings, however, he prepared to retire to his heather bed, and laughed inwardly at what he considered the fantastic idea of his own mind, yawning he gave another poke to the fire, and casting off his coat and shoes and stockings, threw himself on the bed which was within a pace or two of the turf seat he had occupied

Lachlan, however, could not sleep, more especially as he did not observe the Carlin making any preparations for repose, although a heather couch lay close behind her He turned from one side to another alternately, looking now and then at the old woman, who sat where he had left her, rocking backwards and forwards over the smouldering embers Anon, with something akin to dread, he beheld the Carlin sitting more and more erect, and rubbing his eyes, as if he felt that he was under the influence of a dream, he was exceedingly startled to find that it was no delusion, but that the hag was really growing as it were, rapidly larger and sterner, under his very eyes 'Hout! Carlin, he exclaimed, raising himself on his elbow, 'You are waxing large!' To which she replied in a hollow voice,

'*Itomies and Atomies—expanding to the warmth!*'

Getting very drowsy, Lachlan again lay down to sleep, but presently was disturbed by the mouse running out of its hole in the wall, and running and squeaking across his bed, almost touching his chin He again raised himself on his elbow, and was exceedingly struck with the increased proportions of the stranger, and again exclaimed,

'Hout, Carlin! you are waxing large? To which she replied, but in a louder and harsher tone than before,

'Atomies and Atomies—expanding to the warmth!'

The fire now began to get very dim, a pall of ashes gradually enveloping the living embers Lachlan became more and more drowsy, and began to snore gently, although previously to dropping into the sweet insensibility of slumber, he still felt a consciousness of being nearer the realms of waking consciousness than those of sleep His eyelids were in fact about to be entirely sealed for the night, when a most vivid spark flew out of the fire, lighting smartingly on his face Irritated by the stinging sensation he started, and opened his eyes, but became thoroughly roused by hearing again the old hen on the roost give a most discordant crow, although the cock uttered not a sound He sat upright in his bed, and in the gloom beheld dimly, the stranger's figure extended to fearfully gigantic proportions, while her eyes no longer retained a trace of human expression, but glared upon him with preternatural brilliance and malignity It was now with a feeling as if his blood were ice, as if his flesh had been turned into creeping and crawling things, and his hair into clammy snakes, each hissing and standing erect, or twisting on its own particular root, that Lachlan, in a tone scarce audible from harrowing fear, said for the third time,

'Indeed, and indeed Carlin, but you have waxed very large!!

'Atomies and Atomies—expanding to the warmth!!!'

Shrieked the Demon in a voice of appalling shrillness, as if it issued from lips of brass, and which rung so wildly on the night breeze, as to disturb the raven from his perch on the neighbouring scaur, his hoarse croak sounding unnaturally 'on night's dull ear'

'Itomies and Atomies—expanding to the warmth'

And the fearful Carlin stood erect, and there was a hard laugh, such as might burst out of the bowels of an anvil, metallic, and clangorous, there was a laugh, a snort and a neigh of terrific sound, and the features of the Hag underwent a still more appalling and instantaneous change The dark gray locks that had peeped from under her red hood waved a snaky mane, that shone upon her arched and ebon neck like the waves of the dark sea at deep midnight, disturbed by the fisherman's oar, as he speeds his skiff past some haunted cave On the forehead of the monster was a star like mark of bright scarlet, quivering like burning fire the nostrils breathed, as it were flame, whilst the eyes flashed like lightning on Lachlan His joints became loosened, and his knees smote with terror Strange lights appeared to flicker before him, and fantastic noises to sound in his ears, and he saw that his hour was come, and that the fearful thing, the idea of whose existence he had laughed to scorn, now stood before him, withering his being He felt that at last he indeed beheld the Eagch Uisk!

Quicker than thought Lachlan felt himself snatched up in the jaws of the monster The door flew open of itself, and at one bound the steed of Eefrin was on the top of the dizzy precipice of Raven Peak. At another he dashed down the torrent fall of Rowan Linn, and it was the cold spray of the cascade on his face that recalled Lachlan to consciousness, and as the Demon steed gave one gigantic rear, previous to the fatal spring that was to engulph him with his victim in the unfathomable depths of Loch Dorch Lachlan remembered and pronounced aloud the NAME OF NAMES, that was engraven on

the breast plate of the High Priest of Israel. Then crew the cock in his own cottage, and his Claran was also heard in Clachan-na-cno. The Demon had no longer power to retain his hold of his victim, but gave a mighty shudder, and a neighing yell, and instantly plunged into the Loch, the waters of which, for some time after his going down, boiled and boomed like a huntsman's kettle when he dresseth the haunch of the red deer in the Corrie.

Some peasants passing that way early in the morning, found Lachlan, bruised and insensible, at the bottom of Raven Peak, on a shelf of the rock at the very edge of the water of Loch Dorch. After a short time he opened his eyes, sat up, and said, 'Where am I?' Recollecting every thing, he then said, 'Blessed be *his* name: safe, safe.'

They carried him to Clachan-na-cno, where he lived afterwards many a day, a better and a wiser man; but he never heard the Eagch Uisk mentioned without crossing himself devoutly, and neither he, nor any one else, has ever ventured to slepp since in his cottage near Rowan-linn.

LIFE

BY D L RICHARDSON.

Alas! what mystic changes mark
 Our pilgrimage below!
As fitful as the fire fly's spark
 The gleams of pleasure glow,
And leave the startled spirit dark
 Beneath the night of woe!

We learn not why the lustre dies,
 Nor why the darkness spreads,
For oft on Penury's wintry skies
 The soul its sun light sheds,
While wreaths that Fortune's votaries prize
 Are placed on aching heads.

And e en fair Virtue's holy spell
 Not always here avails,
Full many a noble heart may tell
 How oft her magic fails,
When throngs of restless thoughts rebel,
 And rayless gloom prevails

And what we hear, or what we see,
 And what we think, or feel,
As dream like as the clouds may be
 That through the twilight steal!—
Oh, God! each mortal mystery,
 THOU only canst reveal!

TO ———

BY CAPTAIN McNAGHTEN.

Turn, Oh! turn those eyes away,
Let them hence some other warm;
Me, their soft and dangerous ray,
Not without a crime can charm
I have lov'd their gaze too well,
But there is a holier vow
O'er my heart, to ward their spell,—
I must not love thee now!

Hide, Oh! hide that witching smile,
Ere it wins my soul again;
Once its sweetness might beguile,
Nor cause another's bosom pain:
But the time, the time hath flown,
When we might our lips allow
To breathe in passion's wildest tone,—
I cannot love thee now!

Hush, Oh! hush that melting voice,
Other sounds must thrill my ear;
It *has* been my fondest choice,
But must be no longer dear.
There is ONE as sweet and fair,
ONE who doats as much as thou;
None with her my faith may share,—
I will not love thee now!

Take, Oh! take that hand from mine,
Lest its trembling should awake
Thoughts, that must no more be thine,
Pledges, it were sin to make —
Yet a moment let it rest
On my flush'd and fever'd brow,
But no more must it be press'd,—
I may not love thee now!

Check, Oh! check those heart fed sighs,
Ne'er with mine to mingle more,
Thy soft voice, and lips, and eyes,
Henceforth I must not adore,
In thy place another stands,
Equal gifts her form endow,
Join'd to her by sacred bands,—
I would not love thee now!

Fly, Oh! fly,—our love hath given
Joys, albeit its joys have pass'd;
But its ties have all been riven,
And its hour hath come at last.
Fate hath doom'd my thralled heart
Before another shrine to bow,
Fly, then, dearest! we *must* part,—
I *dare* not love thee now!

Sep 1. 1829

THE MINSTREL

A BALLAD

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS

A minstrel stood disconsolate
Beside a castle wall,
He entered not the lofty gate,
Nor sought the stately hall
His harp hung silent at his knee,
Save when some zephyr's wings,
Stole through each crevice whisperingly,
Or sigh'd amid the strings

Then, as the wooing gale awoke
The music sleeping there,
The minstrel his deep silence broke,
And murmur'd in despair,
'Oh! woman's love is light and vain'
And still through vale and grove,
All softly stole the broken strain,
'Oh! light is woman's love'

Now presently each battlement
Was filled with damsels gay,
And as their heads they listening bent,
They craved another lay
'O! minstrel,' cried the laughing throng,
'Thy sweetest music raise,
And prythee let a gentler song,
Be hymn'd in woman's praise'

The minstrel answered not a word,
But ever as the gale,
In fitful moods the harp strings stirr'd,
He breathed the self same tale,
'Oh! woman's love is light and vain'
And still each vale and grove,
Gave back the plaintive sounds again,
'Oh! light is woman's love.'

Then from the damsels' scornful eyes
Flash'd many an angry look;
'Thy taunts,' they cried, 'though we despise,
Our lovers will not brook.
So hie thee hence, nor tempt the fate
Due to thy slanderous tongue;
Nor dare approach the castle gate
With thy discordant song'

The minstrel sought the deepest nook
Within the forest glade,
Where flowingly a limpid brook,
Its murmuring music made.
The wild bee floated on the breeze
With ever tuneful wing,
And all the forest's symphonies
The vagrant zephyrs bring.

Yet mid this tranquil solitude
Marring its sweet repose,
With sorrowful inquietude,
The minstrel's chaunt arose:

'Oh! woman's love is light and vain
All lighter things above'
The waving boughs the notes retain,
'Oh! light is woman's love'

And now a merry bugle sang
O er hill, and brook, and dale,
And soon the hunter's cheerful clang
Resounded through the vale
They spied the minstrel as he lay
Beneath the green wood tree,
Wiling the summer hours away
With pensive melody

'Arise,' they cried, 'and let us hear
Some token of thine art,
Awake a roundel that shall cheer
The jolly hunter's heart.
Thy lips are parched, come drain this flask
Of rich and sparkling wine,
And whatsoever thou shalt ask
As guerdon shall be thine"

Yet still no word the minstrel spoke,
No gentle answer gave,
But underneath the forest oak
Idly was heard to rave,
'Oh! woman's love is light and vain'
The murmurs of each grove,
In mournful sounds repeat again,
'Oh! light is woman's love!

The merry troop laughed out —'Avaunt!
They cried, 'nor dare profane
The echoes of this sylvan haunt
With thy uncourteous strain
Evanish swiftly from this place
For lovers lutes designed,
We dare not follow up the chase
When woman is malign'd

The minstrel left the green wood shade
While bright the sun beam shone,
And silently his homage paid,
And breathed his orison,
Where a small chapel in the dell
Mid tufts of towering pine,
Reared its sequestered pinnacle —
'Our Lady's honoured shrine

The tall grass crown'd each moss-grown grave
With weeds and thistles hung,
And hemlock tufts were seen to wave
Where the dark ivy clung
'Oh! woman's love is light and vain'
Where can his footsteps rove?
The stricken mourner chaunts again,
'Oh! light is woman's love!'

And while he sang, there prancing came
A splendid cavalcade,
And many a fair and high born dame
Her jewell'd robes displayed

And there rode gallant knight and squire,
And serving man and page—
All shining forth in gay attire,
To this lone hermitage.

The minstrel looked across the plain,
And marked, mid pomp and pride,
The centre of the sparkling train,
The young and lovely bride
Her robe was starred with pearl and gold,
And hemmed with jewels round,
And there a black veil's sable fold,
Descended to the ground.

The minstrel gazed with deep surprize
Upon that mourning veil,
But—interrupted by his sigh—
Repeated still the tale,
'Oh! woman's love is light and vain'
While with his grief he strove,
The struggling words revealed his pain,
'Oh! light is woman's love!'

Then spoke the bridesmen:—"Harper rude,
We marvel much to see,
A caitiff wretch like thee intrude
Upon our revelry.
Our true loves' gifts we proudly wear
Above each crested helm,
And by these coronets we swear
To drive thee from the realm."

The minstrel turn'd him not aside,
But follow'd to the porch,
And with the bridesmaid and the bride
Stepp'd boldly to the church
'Oh! woman's love is light and vain'
His lips were seen to move,
He could not from the law refrain,
'Oh! light is woman's love!'

But treading through a pillar'd aisle
With marble richly blent,
The minstrel paused, and gazed a while
Upon a monument
In graceful effigy a knight
Was sculptured on the tomb,
And angels clothed in robes of white
Wept his untimely doom

Above, a shield, and coat of mail,
With sword and burnish'd spear,
All garlanded with flowrets pale
In bright array appear
A mournful legend told beneath
In many a fair wrought line,
How this brave knight had met his death
In fields of Palestine

It said—the lady of his love,
In unfeigned tenderness
Had reared this costly tomb to prove
Her fond heart's deep distress.

And thus a [illegible]
That to her [illegible]
A veil of sable [illegible]
Her glittering [illegible]

And though she might, [illegible]
Another's bride become,
The world and all its [illegible]
Lay buried in the tomb;
And none her maiden [illegible]
From him she had [illegible],
Her true devoted [illegible],
Who fell by Passion [illegible]

The [illegible]
In sight of all the [illegible],
A belted knight in mail of [illegible]
The minstrel stood [illegible];
His sword has flash'd [illegible]
Of those who gazed around,
And on the floor the bridegroom lay
Pierced by a ghastly wound

'Behold!' exulting in the deed,
The stern avenger said,
'The dastard traitor's well earned meed,
Who his best friend betrayed
He left me in a dungeon chain'd
My ransom to demand:
And my broad lands he has retain'd,
And sought my true love's hand'

'And I have wander'd far and near,
A melancholy wight,
Nor ever hoped again to bear
The armour of a knight.
And Oh! can I the thought sustain?
While thus condemn'd to rove,
My harp's most rude ungentle strain
Has slander'd woman's love?

'But here atonement I will make,
And wash away the taint,
For love's and for "our Lady's" sake
To every virgin saint.
I'll rear an altar where each gem
That's pluck'd from India's mine,
With reliques from Jerusalem,
Shall deck the hallow'd shrine

'A sweeter note I will attain
And each harsh lay improve,
For neither fickle, light nor vain
Is gentle woman's love
Then Oh! forgive, my beauteous bride,
My sorrow's deep despite,
And cast that sable veil aside,
'And greet your faithful knight

The lady's shrouding veil was thrown
Amid the bridal train,
And like a rose that freshly blows,
Her fair cheek bloom'd again

Then richly swell'd the nuptial song,
And through each vale and grove,
The choral hymn was borne along,
'Oh! deep is woman's love!'

SONG.

BY *H. L. V. DEROZIO.*

As waits a watcher of the skies
For some expected star,
Upon his anxious ken to rise,
Like joy or hope afar:

So waited I thy coming, sweet!
Thine eyes' diviñest light,
And hoped the music of thy feet
Would charm the ear of night.

As sinks the seaman's heavy heart,
When hurries not the sun
To bid the night-born storm depart,
From work destructive done:

So fell my spirit worn and sad,
When thine expected light
Arose nót from its home, to glad
My bosom's starless night.

That he who views them not with freedom's glance,
That he who treads them not with freedom's foot,
Who lives to see their bright unsullied snows
Trampled and blacken'd by a conqueror's host,
Or their pure gales sigh sad beneath the folds
Of tyranny's dark banner—is not worthy,
To view their glory or their majesty,—
Glory and majesty, which would but blight
The eyes of the base slave whose heart or hand
Could fail his country in her hour of need
Thus, Bertha, taught *my* Father—thus will I,
So keep me Heaven! teach our lovely boy.

SCENE II

'And then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school'.

A Summer Morning in the Country.

Enter ALFRED—*lazily*

Alfred

Heigh ho!—the buttercups have not open'd their eyes, and the daisies are all fast asleep,—the violets are nestling amongst the dew—and the primroses hide their pale heads under the broad cool dock leaf—I seem to be the only thing awake, and I am sure I am hardly that. One, two, three, four five!—I wonder the old tower clock is not asleep too, but it has awakened the rooks in the church yard elms—or is it the blush of the sun, who is ashamed to be

such a lie-abed—how they are cawing and fluttering—and that single skylark is singing down to them, Arise! Arise! Well, they are all very foolish, I think, to get up so early, for I don t suppose *they* are going to school —I wonder if Harry Pearce will play me if I give him five—Ha! that was the plash of a large trout in the smooth of the mill dam, I will look after him next half holiday The old otter coming in from his night prowl has frightened him, or he jumps at the blue and gold dragon flies as they trim their wings over the black eddy by the willows—There again! the fish are all alive, and spring to welcome the fine day that is now casting his grey cloak, and coming forth like the gay gallants at the hall in crimson and purple, and gold.—Heigh ho! how happy they must be!—I wonder if they ever go to school *Exit slowly*

SCENE III

" And then the lover,
' Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
" Made to his mistress eye brow '

St Mark s Place at Venice —Leon and Ferdinand

Leon

Mad yes I am, but not yet quite so mad
As to deny my madness, and for you—

Ferdinand

Well?

Leon

You are surely madder far than I,

Scarce worth so much attention as one gives
To the fleet shadow of a passing cloud,
But—still—

Ferdinand

You'd read it—well, man! never blush,
Nor fidget with your points, nor change your legs,
Like Bruin on hot plates, nor play with your hilt,
As if the matter threatened more than ears
Why, I have stood by a knife grinder's wheel
The best part of an hour, have endured
The music of a saw-yard, and not flinched

Leon.

Tush—Ferdinand, you speak as if I wish'd,
As if you thought I—when—but that I think
You are a judge indifferently good
I had not hinted—

Ferdinand

Nay, man, pray go on,
I know what thou wouldst say, and do beseech,
And beg, and pray, as ever Cavalier,
Pray'd for a ringlet—that you will give relief
To my impatience But prithee Leon, tell me
Is thine a song of grief, or doth it claim
Smiling applause and jocund approbation?
For I would wear a face conformable,
Prepare my kerchief or my smile, or both—

Leon

Nay now—but judge yourself—To—to—

Ferdinand.

To what?

Leon

No matter, there is nothing in a title

Ferdinand

Nay, but there is, tis like the rosy light
That tips the mountain tops before the sun
Clothes them in gold, or the thick mustering clouds
That form the tempests vanguard—both foresliowing
That which will follow

Leon

Well then, if I must
It is "A Sonnet to my Mistress Eye brow"

Ferdinand

Thy mistress' *eye-brow!!* prithee man, go on

Leon—(reads)

"Two bows adorn the fair cæruhan sky,
'One, of all lovely colours sweetly blent,
'As twere a glittering bridge to bear from high
'Some angel on an earthly mission sent
'The other Dian s, which, when its soft gleams
'*With their young lustre chasten the rich west,*
'To the deep musing lover s fancy seems
'An isle where he might dwell with her loved best
'Surpassing beautiful they are but I
'Have seen a lovelier heaven where two bows
'Shade two sweet stars, so bright that phantasy
'Of poet never feign d such—lady! those
'Twin stars are thy soft eyes, each brow a bow,
'Thy face the heaven which man ne er saw till now'

Ferdinand

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
'Thy face the heaven which *man ne er* saw till now'

(runs off) laughing

SCENE IV

"Then the soldier, full of strange oaths.

The interior of a half ruined Cottage—PRINCE OTTACER, *and several Officers armed and in rich uniforms sitting round the table on which provisions are spread—Cuirassiers seen on guard, and lounging outside of the door—The clang of arms and ringing of bridles—trumpet and bugle calls—near and distant drums heard at intervals—mingling with the noise of troops marching, the trampling of horse, and the heavy sound of artillery in motion.*

Ottacer, (*rising*)—Come gentlemen—our last pledge—To victory!—and to the brave who live or fall to gain it. Had not our men been somewhat overworn with a hot march, it had been given earlier—*(all drink the pledge)* But we have five hours day, and when that's past a glorious harvest moon

1*st Officer*—By the powers my lord, a pretty light—a pretty light—and a cool, as any soldado of honor might wish to fight by

2*nd Officer*—Spirit of thunder! it will glitter on the harness of my Rhein reitters as they lead the chase like the sun on our own Johannisberg

3*rd Officer*.—Your Rhein reitters! My Hessians or Furstenburg's hussars you mean

2*nd Officer*—By the schwart Jager I mean no such thing

Ottacer—You will soon be able to decide that point, my

1st Officer—And my brigade will be t
bate up the game for you

4th Officer—Aye—yours, and some o
mayne Boar hound has fangs as well as the

1st Officer—I have seen too many good
German blades to gainsay it, but for heart
of iron—soldadoes who shall win their wa
line of battle, at point of sword and pus
shall confront a battery all day, or carry it
would not change my own command for the
no, by the thrice holy shirt of St. Patrick

Ottaver—My brave friends, we shall so
best, where none will do less than well Ha

1st Officer—It seems a very sufficient
a pretty pattering of pistolet and harquebu
wish to hear of a summer s afternoon Some
it, I'll swear to their fire amidst a thousand
noble general—and good day to you all my
We'll, may be, meet to-morrow at breakfast,
as are left—and the rest will be after breakfa
and immortality, and the similar, like brave

Enter an Aid de Camp

Aid—My Lord, Cohenstein is hard press
back unless reenforced

Ottaver—Tis as I wished—let him fall
on the right of Count O Reilly (*Exit*
Ride, Kleist, to Fursteuburgh—tell him t
stein s retreat with his hussars—but not to
an Officer) Tis as I wished—they are

men, to horse—hold your ground—let them dash themselves to pieces against our lines—but not one step forward without orders—positive orders

Officer —My Lord, if—

Ottacer —I fall, you would say, Holstein knows my intentions—and has instructions [*Exeunt officers*]

Ottacer, (musing) The stream that brawls past our right, does not it cross the glen? No! it runs from east to west—it must rise in the nearest range of heights—no no stream crosses the glen—that range of heights then hides the western bank of the hollow way, which I now remember me was lower than the eastern—*that* has deceived me—*(goes to the window)* aye there it is *(cannonade increasing,)* the woody height comes round—round—there—and then it sinks—and is lost in the forest—too much in our rear—will they dare to attempt it? [*Enter Adhorf, conducting two Peasants*] Oh!—stand forward one of you—Adhorf, keep the other out of hearing

Young Peasant —*(Falling on his knees)* Oh your royal Mightiness, spare me

Ottacer —Peace, fool—drink this and then answer—*(gives him wine)* now then—canst think?—canst speak?

Y Peasant —Yes please your worship

Ottacer —What call you the glen behind those heights?

Y Peasant —The glen, your Majesty?

Ottacer —Aye—nay, hurry not—think, take time—what call you the glen? the glen beyond those heights? *(restraining his impatience)*

Y Peasant.—Alack! those sounds your gloryfulness, I can scarcely recollect my own name, and I am sure I can't

Ottacer —Take time, good fellow, 'sdeath he will drive me mad Well,—now,—now

Y Peasant —Oh your grace!

Ottacer —Psha —never mind my grace, but speak out, as if you were speaking to your comrade,—well, the glen?

Y Peasant —Oh,—aye,—my—that is, comrade,—we call it Herman s Hollow, because—

Ottacer —Ah,—that is it,—that *is* the name,—does a stream cross it?—quick, villain

Y Peasant —No

Ottacer —The stream runs from those hills

Y Peasant —I do believe your worship knows every—

Ottacer —Enough—where does the glen end?

Y Peasant —In the wood —Alas! what shall I do!

Ottacer —Where in the wood, fool?—near the high road? —speak quick!

Y Peasant —Yes, Sir,—my Lord,—within a hundred yards

Ottacer —Adhorf, bring the other,—and ride to Cohenstein —no stay

(*Continued cannonade*) *Enter Adhorf with the elder peasant*

Ad The fire gets warm, my Lord

Ottacer, (*To the elder peasant*) You know Herman's Hollow?

Old Peasant —Oh great Sir! have pity upon a poor ruined wretched old man, my cottage was burned this morning, my cattle driven away, and Oh! worse than all, my daughter!—

Ottacer —Peace, old man I do pity, and perchance may help thee, but that I may do so, I must win this day—here's

gold for thee,—and here,—drain this cup, for thou look'st but wretchedly, then answer me—now—you know Herman's Hollow?

Old Man—Alas! My daughter tended our flock there

Ottacer—Pry thee, old man peace, I would not add to thy griefs, but my time brooks nought save direct answers,—knowest thou Herman's Hollow?

Old Man—Alas! I do

Ottacer—Is't crossed by a stream?

Old Man—No, no, my poor child—

Ottacer—Can horsemen pass through it now, or are the trees too close?

Old Man—When I went down to meet my poor girl there—Alack! Alack! I shall never meet her more

Ottacer—Sdeath—and—poor, poor old man!—well, good fellow—well?

Old Man—I saw naught, but the short green sward and great shady trees—thirty—aye fifty yards asunder—there used to sit my child

Ottacer—And no marsh—a carriage might drive through?

Old Man—Aye Sir, the Emperor and all his court

Ottacer—And where ends it?

Old Man—Close to the blackened ruins of my once happy home—Oh *how* happy!—but His will be done—

Ottacer—Yet, we see not the entrance from the high road?

Old Man—No, mighty Sir—the year I married my poor Teckla's mother—woe's me! the Margrave, to preserve his game, planted a thick belt of trees across the mouth of the glen

Ottacer —Ride—Adhorf—order —*(A ball shatters the wall of the cottage, a cry of men wounded without,—a second strikes the roof—the two peasants exhibit signs of great terror)*—Order Cohenstein to give you his own brigade and the black Cuirassiers—conduct them to the spot this old man has described, the southern entrance of the glen, he must guide you,—and then, poor fellow! send him in safety to the rear tell Cohenstein to hasten here

Old man —My gracious Lord, for the sake of pity!—

Ottacer —Away,—away,—old man —*(Exeunt Adhorf and old man)* Terrible trade, where, to do our duty, we must so often stifle the voice of feeling and subdue the impulses of pity! Mansfeldt

Mans —My Lord

Ottacer —Ride to the reserve,—tell Holstein to give you ten of his guns,—lead them along the high road and halt by the mill,—when Cohenstein's brigade passes, let the guns join it,—you return to me *(Exit Mansfeldt)* Come gentlemen, to horse,—to horse,—or they will win the fight without us

(Exeunt Ottacer and his suite)

SCENE II

An eminence overlooking the field of battle,—a heavy column of infantry near the summit, just sheltered by the brow of the hill, and resting on their arms.—More in front is a battery of cannon keeping up a constant heavy fire upon the opposite heights, which are covered by a dense cloud of smoke, ceaselessly illuminated by the flash

of great guns —Heavy fire of musquetry, the sound of trumpets and rolling of drums heard on all sides —As Ottacer *and his splendid suite ride in, the troops set up a loud shout—"* Long live our valiant general '—long live the brave Ottacer '—long life and victory to the Protestant hero ' —

Ottacer, (dismounting and looking on the field) Why has O Reilly advanced?—by the splendour of heaven I ll shoot him like a dog, if he dishonours my orders thus —Ride, Sterm, tell him to fall back as he values his head —if he heeds you not, pistol him—fools ! they play as rashly and heedlessly for the best cause that ever it honoured a soldier to bleed for, as if it were a match at balloon —

Enter an Aid-de Camp

Aid-de Camp —General Rainer commends him to your Excellence,—he has beat back three attacks of the Imperial foot, but they are about to make a fresh assault thrice as heavy as the worst we have baffled

Ottacer.—They threaten my whole left—eh ?

Aid —They do, my Lord, with foot and horse.

Ottacer —I thought so,—how many columns do you count ?

Aid —Four, my Lord

Ottacer —Are you sure ?—do you see the entire columns ?

Aid No, my Lord only one entire column, but the heads of the others are visible over the heights

Ottacer — Tis as I thought,—do you suffer much ?

Aid Too much, my Lord, from their guns,—if your Excellence will permit—

Enter Sterm

Sterm —O'Reilly's down, my Lord

Ottacer —A shrewd loss,—Munro commands?—

Sterm —And has fallen back, as your Excellency ordered

Ottacer —*(To Aid-de Camp)* Well Sir?

Aid de Camp —General Rainer would storm two of the batteries which annoy us most.

Ottacer —He is a brave heart,—tell him I love him well, but he must be patient for a little space —he need not fear, psha! I mean not that,—he need not heed the threatened attack,—let him hold his ground and not advance a step —away Sir —*(Exit Aid-de Camp)* Sterm, take Werner's Horse and my own Cuirassiers,—push at the Imperialists centre,—feel its strength and give me your report Stay, let half a dozen of the officers know your orders, that if you go down, some one may come back with the intelligence I want *(Exit Sterm)* I would Cohenstein were here —*(Walks about, stopping occasionally to survey the field)* Well done the Piccolominis —Ha! that is a shrewd charge, by heavens they'll break!—my horse here—no,—they fight like their own bull dogs—they form again—brave hearts!—brave Munro! the Cuirassiers recoil like a spent wave!—a deadly volley faith!—good for a hundred empty saddles—there up goes the Island hurra!—away gallop the Piccolominis!—honor to the three martial saints!—but had Max or Pappenheim been alive, it might have gone worse —*(Enter Cohenstein)* Ah Cohenstein —I've waited for you

Cohen —My horse was shot by the way

Ottacer —Take Saldin,—he is a horse for a brave soldier I beseech you let me make him yours—nay deny not your

friend,—and now comprehend me shortly I have a hot ser vice for you—By the way that Gallas fights this field, I feel assured that I have not in my front more than two thirds of the Imperial army He shews false columns and would occu py my attention by a rambling cannonade, skirmishing *charges feints, and such blinds, while the rest of his forces* are marching to fall upon our rear by a ravine whose south ern termination I knew not of

Cohen —Upon what information?

Ottacer —Upon none, information has often misled me, but my own judgment never,—you Cohenstein, must, with what men I can spare, keep them from breaking out of the ravine —and then let Gallas look to himself—It is a fiery service, but one so glorious that I envy any man who has the doing of it, and therefore I give it, old and true friend, to you —Embrace me and away,—you will find that your brig ade, reinforced with guns and cavalry, has fallen back upon the high road,—Adhorf is with it, and has a guide,—you will have a deep woody belt and ruined farm to hold, and being the man I know you are, cannot fail to keep the post, tho' the devil himself come at the head of his imperial friends —God be with ye—*(Exit Cohenstein)* Now Gallas—thou or I'— (*Stands gazing on the field*)

An old Soldier of the column —There he stands, a true German heart —the flower of the Captains of the Evangile— the soldier s true friend, God bless him!

Another —I have seen him in seven-pitched fields—he minds bullets no more than boys do the acorns they shake from an oak

Another —I saw him bring off the rear guard at Hens

kirch,—with his helmet cleft, his horse wounded, and a dragoon's sword in his hand,—but by the spirit of thunder there was not an Austrian of them all dared venture to bide a buffet with him —There! Spiller's down

1st Soldier—Both legs off by—See how the general stands looking at the field, as quietly as a *Dutch* burgomaster would look over his flower garden

2nd Soldier—Aye, but he's thunder and lightning when's blood's up Oh *(falls)* mercy! heaven! mercy—oh—mercy!

1st Soldier—Hollo, Hendrick! by the Hartz demon he's down—

Officer—He's not quite dead, carry him to the rear *(a cry of many men wounded)* Hah! that six gun battery has found us out

Ottacer—*(turns and comes to the head of the column)* This is teasing work, my children, but patience—it will be our turn soon.—Who will give me a draught from his canteen?

Several Soldiers—I, general, I, I, I

A wounded man—Take mine, general

Ottacer—No, my poor fellow, not yours, were the taste of it to make me an emperor—here *(to a page)* take my scarf and bind his side—Quick, Sir, quick, and know, young man, that a noble German cannot be more nobly employed than in alleviating the pain of a fellow soldier

Wounded man—*(Feebly)* Long life to my noble general

Soldiers—Count Ottacer for ever

Ottacer—*(drinks from a soldier's canteen)* Glory to my gallant comrades!

Enter an Officer severely wounded

Ottacer—Where s Sterm?

Officer—Killed, Sir

Ottacer—You drove the Austrians?

Officer—*(Feebly)* Back on their own line of infantry

Ottacer—And that—is it weak or strong?

Officer—Very weak, *(sinking)*

Ottacer—One word—are the columns which shew themselves above the brow of the height—(Support him)—are they deep or but?

Officer—*(dying)* Two only are complete columns—the rest—Oh—*(dies)*

Ottacer—Tis as I thought—*(Enter Adhorf)*—Well Adhorf?

Adhorf—My Lord—*(he is struck by a cannon ball and falls from his horse)* my mother!—Oh my poor mother!—Maria! never—oh! *(dies)*

Ottacer—A most unlucky chance—Mansfeldt—

Officer—My Lord he has not returned

Ottacer—Unfortunate *(To a page)* Ride, Sir, to Colenstein—know ye the road?

Page—I ll find it, my Lord, if it lies thro the middle of the Austrian lines

Ottacer—Hah! what call they you?

Master of the Pages—Albert Daitrick, and to say the truth, your Excellence, a greater—

Ottacer—Ride, Albert, to Cohenstein—*(looking toward the rear)*—ha by my hopes—the smoke rises from his position like a thunder-cloud—it thickens—it thickens—fifty

cannons are playing there—now, thank God—Muller *(to the Colonel at the head of the column of infantry)*, lead my guards down the hill—Children *(to the soldiers)*, march to victory—I shall be amongst you—Albert, gallop to Munro—bid him charge, if he loves the honor of his valiant father land—Rupert, away to Holstein—let him push on with the reserve and support Munro—the Austrian left must be beat at any price—my horse here—Max Bruner, fly to Rainer—now, now, he may advance—Brand, Kleist, George Sculenburg, away to the heavy cavalry—let them all charge when and where they see best—Ah Mansfeldt—*(enter Mansfeldt, his arm in a sling)* welcome—by my honour I thought you had fought your last field, but away man, away, again victory holds out her hand to us, ride along the line—every soul must on the Imperialists and crush them, tell Furstenburg, as you pass by, to keep his Hussars together, and to move slowly on in the rear of Thurnberg's division—he shall have work enough before sun set, for man, horse, and sword—my horse here, my horse—tell my brave soldiers that I am at their head, and that the hour is come to die like brave men, or to win the freedom of Germany—away—away

(Gallops off down the hill, attended by his suite)

SCENE III

Another part of the field of battle—the Imperial position which has been carried—groupes of captive Austrians—colours abandoned—guns—ammunition waggons over turned—dead and wounded men, broken drums and

SCENE V

'Next the Justice'

Sir Anthony Heavyhead, Master Coddle, Capt Waggerblade, and Master Simon Silvernib, discovered seated round a table abundantly furnished with bottles and glasses

Coddle —By treacle and two penny, and as sure as Sunday, your worship came over the rogues roundly

Waggerblade —May the resplendent visage of magnanimous Mars ever be hidden from me, but I had rather stood by the knight in the ouslought than have carried away another horse tail from the Graff at Tripoli, where some dozens of pretty fellows and myself—

Sir Anthony —Why aye, my masters—Waggerblade, thy glass is full of day light—qualify thy sunshine with canaries, man—ha—ha—ha!

Omnes —Ha—ha—ha!

Coddle —La you there now—by nouns a rare conceit and a merry—'qualify thy sunshine with canaries, quotha'—sniggers, I would I were a man of parts

Waggerblade —I take it upon my honorable salvation, that it is a sufficient good jest—aye, upon the word of a poor gentleman

Sir A —Marry a toy—a poor toy, sirs, but I could have made a keen thing once—eh Silvernib?

Silvernib —Of a verity, your worship hath committed many merriments—I will attest the same upon affidavit

Sir A.—There was the jest of Hob Miller

Silvernib.—He! he! he!

Sir A.—And that other of the three tinkers

Silvernib.—In sooth was there—and the great barn, and Gammer Gibson's Pig—eh—eh—eh!

Sir A.—Hoh—hoh—hoh—hast thou me there, Sir Knave Well, my masters let not the bottle go to sleep—how like you that fresh stoup?

Waggerblade.—I take it upon my exact reprobation, that better liquor, more excellently flavorous, and flavorously excellent, sparkles not betwixt Cologne and Mayence—it is liquid topaz, Knight, as I am a poor gentleman

Coddle.—Aye—ods sniggers—so it is, as I am a poor gentleman

Sir A.—Where was I—aye—I bind my rogues, and I bring them to the hall here—but what think ye was the upshot?

Waggerblade.—The strappado, or suspension per hemp

Sir A.—Why, I did but confine them upon bread and water for a week in the stove room up at the old keep yonder, to induce the humour confession, before I sent them to county jail—and down comes a letter from the council, rating me as if I were a collier's cur

Waggerblade.—Diavolo! rate *thee*, my knight! rate thee, my lad of acres!

Coddle.—Marry come up—rate my goddaddy

Sir A.—Aye my masters, as I am a poor knight and unworthy justice of His Majesty's peace, beshrew me, Sirs, they used brave words—marvellous fine words but by cock and pye, I wot of a man they could not hold a candle to, with all their trickery.—Marry, what says my jackanapes of a Se-

cretary?—(fill your glasses, boys,)—why—that I, and some others by carrying it with an over high hand towards the Commons, and a murrain to them—now that Markbrunner shall be good, I say—did give the King's enemies an advantage—and then there gets me up in the house a cuckoldy varlet Cornwall, or Cromwell, or some such name, a brewer of indifferent single beer, and cries out that I had broken the great charter—By Jupiter, an I had been near him, I had broken his great thick head

Waggerblade —Knight, I pledge thee—I say nothing—by Buff and Bilboa—if I come anigh that Cornmill or what ever you call him, I will lay my poor rapier across his pate, —for I do love thee, knight, indifferent well,—and some people can cry,' draw for a friend,' who like cold steel no better than a pullet and truffles,—but let it pass,—he kisses my hilt by the significancy of the eternal illumitors!

Coddle —Aye,—and mine too, goddadd, by cock and pye!

Silvernib —Your worship will recollect, that I did some what advise you of statute seventeen, year three, of Phillip and Mary—capital

Sir A —Tush—tush—Mr Clerk,—what doest thou know of the rules and policies of government, which pretermits the observance of statues and acts and so forth, in times of need and peril

Waggerblade —True, most worthy justice and just worthy The stoup of Rhenish, an it please you, master Coddle—I pledge you from the inmost depths of my midriff,—for as an honorable and complete soldado—being the Baron Wrangel—said to me,

Sir A —Peter, bring another flask—a flask of 1594

Waggerblade —Says Wrangel to me, Captain—

Sir A —Tell Robin Cook to send up some powdered meats and nicknacks to flavour our wine withal, Peter

Waggerblade —Says Wrangel to me, Captain—

Sir A —Well Sirs, two of the rogues pretended at Size to have caught the rheumatiz which cost them the use of their limbs—(a pize on them)—in the stone room—when all the world knows, that the stone room is almost as dry as my wine cellar—and that the knaves were halt from their birth—and then—Ah! here is a flask of supernaculum—where be the powdered meats, Peter? and hark ye! a rein-deer tongue or so—and some of the Muscovite Caviare—and a pickled herring—and Peter, a slice or two of the Westphalian brawn, and a morcel of that kipper d salmon from Rotterdam—Hah! that s right, Peter—give me the flask, knave—zooks! I would not have any man draw it but myself for twenty rose nobles Augh! a very nosegay—perfumed of the grape as ever my fields are of new hay in June

Waggerblade —By the immaculate Jupiter! a delicious dilectability to the nostrils—a most odorous dainty and dainty odour—mounting like the flavor of ambrosia to the sensorium, and driving thence the crude foggy lumpish vapours of mortal earth and earthly mortality, as I am a poor gentleman and soldier

Coddle —Fore dad, those be brave words—most sweet parlance—I prithee, Captain, how may one be possessed with the like excellencies? By Pop and Perrywinkle, I would I could hit the manner of it—Goddad give me another slice of brawn, and Peter, a cup of that same savory smelling wine

Sir A—Well, Sirs, as I said, this is all the thanks I get for labouring night and day for the public weal—and the jury acquit me my rogues, when at the very least I looked that they should all have been hanged No man knows, my masters, what I have suffered for the good of the county I have thought for it—I have toiled for it—I have spared no charges—I have given up my sleep, yea, and my very dinner—I say my very dinner—for it—and to be so scurvily treated after all Thou knowest, Silvernib, and mightst speak to it, rather than sit there as dumb as a pig's head with an orange in its mouth—thou knowest, I say—by this light, that Hockheimer trickles down one's throat as fresh and fragrant as may-dew down a lily bell (Godson Coddle, the lesser end of that reindeer's tongue, and put some kippered salmon on the Captain's platter,)—thou knowest, Silvernib, and canst tell—(Peter, another flask of 1594,)—what I have suffered in mind, body, and estate for the good of the county

Silvernib—Of a verity I will lift up my voice in attestation thereof

Sir A—There was the draining of Coulterham pond, which thereafter made a pleasant pasture for the town bull

Silvernib—Besides three heifers and a brood mare of your worship's Yea, and the thirteen shillings your worship gave from your own peculiar to the tanner's men for laying hands on Black George Slitpurse

Sir A—A murrain on the villian—he stole every peach on my garden wall last Michaelmas was a twelvemonth—gently, Peter, give the flask to me, Peter—and did I not in my own proper person head the posse which lay in wait at Gosling common three good hours of a March night for

matching Dick of Hounslow, the flying Grazier, and north road Tom?

Silvernib —Marry did your worship, and by yea and nay, the rogues were but lost rogues, had they not galloped past before we could betake us to our weapons.

Waggerblade —I dubitate not by my hilts, that it was a sufficient ambuscado, and very worthily discharged—odds daggers, Knight—I would I had been there—by the effulgent Diomedes, you had seen a poor gentleman of foot confront those mounted roysterers in a fashion of indifferent hardihood, and perchance beheld some slight toy in the way of proof of valour, and light escaramouch, as should be indicatively perspicuous, and perspicuously indicative of the fashion in which we martialists manage such dependencies—here's to thee, my noble justicio—my master of meadows—and to thee, Coddle—not forgetting thee, master Clerk—ah, auhgh! The very Uttar—as your Ottomite hath it—the very Uttar of the grape—pah,—the perfume of Paradise

Coddle—(*to Silvernib*) Think you not that he is a tall man?

Silvernib —By yea and nay a marvellous proper gentleman—a swash buckler, I se warrant

Coddle.—Alack—alack—would that I were a man of parts Zookers I'll try—goddad—goddad, I say, by my bilboes, this pickled herring is the perfumery of Paradise, as I am a poor gentleman

Sir A —Anan!

Waggerblade —Good, Coddle, thou coddlest, parle superlative, and loquation luminous is only usable in encounters

of fancy, and attaints of wit amongst men of worship like the Knight thy gossip here, or other honorable cavaliers, as soldierly courtiers, courtly soldadoes, and the like—stick thou to thy all unimaginable vulgate.

Coddle.—By toddles I thought there was no harm in trying—Grandam said that I had a head as well as my neighbours.

Sir A.—Go to—Godson—thine head! why thine head is like a calf's—yea, and that only when it is stuck upon a pole—ugly without and empty within—to frighten away the crows. Ha! ha! ha!

Waggerblade.—Ho! ho! ho! a marvellous merry conceit—ho! ho! Knight, thou bringest salt water into mine eyes, which seventeen bullet wounds; eleven stabs with single rapier, athgan, poniard, and pike; besides three captivities, have not done—I love thee, Knight—do me reason in this bright juice of the veritable Bacchus. Do I not love the good Knight? Speak thou, Silvernib, who sittest there swallowing liquid sunshine, with no more good fellowship in thy dolorous visage than there is in a dish of salt fish and parsnips; speak, thou yard and a half of underboiled tripe—love I not the good Knight—eh?

Silvernib.—By yea and nay I do believe that your honorable valour loves him heartily, for it has pleased you to dine with his worship any day these five years

Coddle.—Aye, and by fidderkins to borrow thirty-five pounds, three pair of trunk hose, and one sad coloured riding cloak, barred down with lace conformable

Waggerblade.—Right, man of clods and kine, proof potential by the cærulian thunder, that I do much affect my Knight!

for I do *borrow* from friends alone—from strangers I *exact* at point of fox.

Enter Peter with lights.

Sir A.—Right, Peter—tho' by're lady I noted not that it was twilight—I, rather took Waggerblade's face for the setting sun, and those beakers of Hockheimer for his rays. Ha! ha! ha!

Omnes.—Ha! ha! ha!

Silvernib.—A sweet jest, was it not, Peter?

Peter—He! he! he! Marry there is one below lacks speech of your worship

Sir A.—Eh? what? gad a mercy, man! no more justice business, I hope—cannot I enjoy my poor meals in quiet?

Peter.—It is Betty Hales, your worship. She has lost her child.

Sir A.—What a murrain is that to me? does she think I've got her child in my pocket. Give her a cup of ale and a groat, and let her go about her business

Peter—But she says, and please your worship, that it was last seen, and there be two below to swear to it, with Brown Martha the Gipsey.

Sir A.—Zookers! then her child should not have kept such bad company—tell her that I am not made of iron or stone—that I must have food and rest as well as others—by the same token fill your glasses, boys—so let them come again to morrow morning.

Waggerblade—Aye, by the interminable splendour of Plutus, King of Tartary, let them troop off—or Bilboa will be wagging. Zounds, would they starve my Knight? would they labour the best man in seven counties, as if he was a hawker's jackass? via! let them decamp prestissimo.

Silvernib —If it may please your worship, there be certain provisions anent child stealing, wherein it is provided that on complaint being laid—

Sir A —Tush, tush, come not over me with your musty statutes—take you me to be one of those ass justices who are beridden by their understrapper, like a nose by a pair of barnacles? Go to, Master Clerk—drink thy potion, man—besides, my masters, to be private with you, I know no good that a man gets by meddling with those Bohemians—they can cast your calves, or mildew your corn, or make your chimney smoke—a murrain on them, with any witch of them all Zookers! were I to sign warrant against one to night, I might find myself swinging by my heels amongst the rook's nests, or sitting astride on the weathercock, when I awaked in the morning No—no, so go to, Master Clerk—and Waggerblade—give us a roundelay

Coddle —Aye do, Captain, and while thou whettest thy pipe, I will give you a preludio

(*Sings*)

There was clumpetty Cuddy of Crayfoot fen,
And ruddy faced Dolly, and Molly, and Ben,
Sing hey for the yellow moonshine, Oh!
Went out in the morning, when cockcrow gave warning,
All for to milk the kine, Oh!—
When they come to the stile—

Sir A —Hollo—hollo! cease thy howling, thou foul mouthed brach, or I'll break thy ill favour'd visnomy with my tobacco stopper

Waggerblade —Coddle, rein up When I twirl my moustache thus "*caracco*," I can be dangerous—Basta—I say basta

Coddle —I m sure I meant no harm The song was a very pretty song of granny's, and—

Waggerblade —Basta— I say Basta—I will give you a slight chansom martial or song belligerent, which it was my hap to rehearse to eleven honorable cavaliers the night before the storming of Spandau Marry, Sirs, nine were killed in the onslought next morning, but the rest of us did win our way into the town at push of pike and point of rapier, maugre crow foot and mangostern, sakers and falconets, the fire of harquebus, pistolet, musquetoon, and carbine on the part of our opposites, the thundering bullets of which bore a jovial burthen to the canzonetto which we three surviving martialists did continue to sing in chorus, to the admiration of the adversary and our own immortal honour Charge your breakers, my masters—Hem—a hem!

(Sings)

Who fears fire and steel, boys?
Who fears fire and steel?
The soldier s delight, boys,
Is in the thick fight, boys,
Where balls fly and hot squadrons reel,
My brave boys

Chorus, my masters

Omnes —Where balls fly and hot squadrons reel,
My brave boys!

Wag —Who fears gun and blade, boys?
Who fears gun and blade?
The soldier had rather, boys,
As dinner see either, boys,
For fighting is ever his trade,
My brave boys.

Omnes —For fighting is ever his trade,
My brave boys
Who fears the very—

Enter Peter, (hastily)

Sir A —Eh! what's the matter abroad now? any more children to be looked for in my pocket? Beshrew me, I shall neither have rest night or day anon

Peter —Oh Sir!—Oh your worship!

Sir A —Zookers! nothing the matter with the brindled two year old, I hope?

Peter —Oh no, your worship—but they've broken the Church

Coddle —Not the steeple, I trust, for it was the prettiest thing in these parts

Peter —Oh your worship! here's the Bedral and Martin Sexton below, and they say that Get grace any day Gibbs, Brand snatched from-the-burning Timkins, with a hugeous multitude, have come to parish church, to pull down what they call the Halter of Dragon

Beadle —(*entering*) —Yea, may it please your right honorable justice ship, and they threaten to hang the great ones and the wise ones of the land as high as Ham

Sir A —Then Moses have mercy upon me!

Coddle —Not forgetting me, goddaddy

Silvernib —Alack! Alack! my poor wife and eight little ones.—I know there's a special statute against hanging Justice's clerks

Sir A —What shall I do? what shall I do? Peter, get me a cup of strong waters Oh it goes hard with the digestion when one's bowels are flammered and flurried in this way after meals What shall we do, my masters? Baby Coddle—

Silvernib Captain, help me at this pinch will none of you tell me what to do?

Coddle —By cock and pye, goddaddy, the Captain is as sound asleep as a watchman, he snores like a valiant man

Peter —Here be the strong waters, your worship

Sir A —Thank ye, Peter, alack aday! another cup, Peter—Oh Peter, Peter, what shall we do to keep out these bloodthirsty murderers?

Peter —Marry your worship I know not, unless it be to lock door and bar window

Sir A —True, true, good Peter, I thought not of that. Call all your fellows—here Robin Cook, Lawrance, Timothy, Molly, house-kitchen wench, where are you all? Draw bolt and bar, bolt and bar I say, knaves, wenches, if you lose me, you'll never get such another master—Alack! Alack!

Coddle —A makes me weep, a makes me weep—Oh! Oh! Oh!

Silvernib —Yea of a verity and me too—oh! oh!

Sir A —Waggerblade, my friend, awake, I beseech you, help me in this streight I pray you be not somnolent

Coddle —Captain, Captain, tall man, I say

Silvernib —Up and be a-doing, noble Captain

Waggerblade —(Pretending to awake) Yaw, yaw, augh! set a stand of pikes over against the wood—blow me those raggamuffin Croations into chopped parsley! pulverise the firmament! eh zounds, my masters—what's the onslought? what's the dependance? Caracco! one gets no more rest than a French drummer

Sir A —Oh my friend, we are sore beset, the Commons are in the humour of flat rebellion to church and state

Coddle.—Yea, and by troggins and ginger, going to hang both—as well as all gentleman of worship—Alack! Alack! would I were safe with Grandam at Coddle Hall

Waggerblade—Look you, Sir Anthony, and you my worthy masters, ye all know me to be a man lacking neither the power or the will to use rapier and dagger, single rapier, backsword, broadsword, or case of faulchions—what the plague is that noise? Oh Peter, barring the hall door?—but thus it stands with me, marry I have made a vow never to cross sword or stand in opposition bellicose to any man under the degree of honorable cavaliero, or gentleman martialist

Sir A—A vow, Captain? a vow?

Waggerblade—Aye, Justicio, by my hilts, and as I am a poor gentleman—and vows, my masters, must be—eh! didn't I hear a shouting?

Coddle—It were the cawing of the rooks going to bed Alack! my poor Grandam

Waggerblade—Vows must be unloosed even to the giving up of that which we most affect, as your Eremite hath been said to give up wine, and a sufficient soldado like myself is compelled to give up doing battle, which is by desperate Erebus the very breath of my nostrils, but to confront and bandy blows with base villagios, churl Paysanos, and shirtless bisognios, via! the thing may not be

Sir A—But Waggerblade, but Captain—

Waggerblade—Good Knight, wound me not to the diaphragm By fire and thunder I grieve from the very depths of my midriff that I cannot fight knee deep in blood in this thy present dependance, but vows are holy and honorable

things—mercy upon us! I m certain I heard a noise there, yes, there, there

Silvernib —It is the wind amongst—Oh my poor babes!

Coddle —Lack a daisy! it is a pity that your honorable valour is bound by this vow, for I am sure by my certies that if it were not for that, you are no wise afeard

Waggerblade —Afeard! Death and ten thousand furies! afeard! mongrel dog fish, thou hast said the word—afeard! I who have fought in eight and twenty pitched fields, and led nineteen forlorn hopes—afeard! I to whom an escara mouche is sweeter than minced collops and a battle better than gran festa? Coddle, for that base thought thou diest, tho' thou wert twenty Coddles all in one—afeard! Death shall inhale the exhalation Coddle, grave gapes and rapier thirsts for thee—basta!

Sir A —But Captain, Captain

Waggerblade —Thrice inestimable friend I pray your excellent pardon, but I cannot without loss of honor, which is dearer to a poor soldado than life itself Peter, bar not the back door, as you love me—bar it not for mercy s sake I cannot, I say, tarry any longer in this presence, for by the inexpressible Ajax, I should not be able to constrain myself from falling foul, thereby violating the sacred respect d ie to roofs of worship—therefore—by Harry, there s a noise now I give yõ i a good den—Baso los manos de usted I pray you let me not —by the veritable Erebus, I hear them—Peter —Peter, shut not the back door till I get out, for the love of heaven, Peter—(*exit running*)

Sir A —Captain—Waggerblade, tarry, tarry—he heeds me not—alack upon my sins! I am but a castaway justice

and undone knight—for zookers! I am too scant of breath to run or ride for it.

Silvermb —My poor babes! my poor babes!

Coddle.—My poor grandam! my poor grandam! for if the Commons hang me not to-night, the Captain will stick me through with his rapier to-morrow morning Oh, would that I were at Coddle Hall, once more—(*all fall on their knees*)

Enter Beadle hastily.

Beadle.—Joy, your reverence, joy—Simcox the gamekeeper and two others have seized upon nine of the murderous villains, and brought them to your right honorable justiceship They are in the court, and bound.

Sir A —Let them but spare my life, and I'll give them forty silver crowns, besides as much double ale as—

Coddle —What? bound!—goddaddy, you apprehend not this matter. Certain true men have seized upon the mob, and brought it hither. *By twiggles, but I am as glad as two* pence.

Sir A.—Eh—what, who's bound?

(*Enter Peter and other servants.*)

Peter.—Hurra! Hurra! The multitude, and please your worship, who were for pulling down Dragon and hanging up Ham.

Sir A —Eh? what? bound? brought in? Oh! and say you so in sooth (*rises*) in very sooth—praise be blest! zookers! say you *bound?* mark ye there now, my masters—such is ever the reward of constant courage and courageous constancy. Had I taken the flight, as most had done in my place, instead of confronting so awful a danger with that resolute

dignity and dignified resolution which men have ever noted in me, it is untellable what damage to church and state had come of it—Peter, a cup of strong waters—Master Silvernib, indite instanter to worshipful master Secretary, praying him to possess the Council with this furious rebellion, and how it has been my hap, albeit unworthy of such high fortune, to quell and dissipate the same Master Beadle, lead our insurrectioners into my library, where I will examine them instanter, but look well to their bonds first, I pray you And do thou, Timothy, tell Robin Cook to send hither some trifle of larded pullet or so, with a little diet cake, and such toys as are readiest come by, for by our Lady I am somewhat o erworn and toiled with this passage, tho think not, Sirs, that I grudge either labour or danger in the King's service Come, my masters, let us to this gear—Lawrance, tap a barrel of double ale for our friends, and Peter, bring me another bottle of 1594 [*Exeunt omnes*]

SCENE VI

The Grandfather.

A handsome apartment in the mansion of a wealthy English country gentleman The time, sun set.—A view from the windows of an extensive rural landscape In the foreground the park filled with clumps of venerable trees

MAY AND SIR MARMADUKE

May

'Tis a sweet evening—will you not walk forth,
Dear grandfather? The bright and burning day

Has left his crimson shadow in the west
Outspreading wide, as yesterday I read
The eastern monarchs spread their silken walls
To curtain in the tents where beauty dwelt
And see! the uplands, rich with waving corn,
Form a magnificent fringe of living gold,
Fit for the gorgeous drapery which they edge
Yet not *all* gold, for tremulous silver gleams,
Shot from the broad disc of the yellow moon,
Which rises clear behind the church yard elms,
Pale here and there, and mellow softly down
The ruddy glow of the ripe harvest field
And hearken! as the shadowy evening steals
With cool and dewy steps o'er hill and dale,
And with her fresh wing winnows the burnt brow
Of the worn reaper, how his grateful song
Rises and floats through twilight,—mingled now
With the glad chorus of his harvest mates,
Now heard alone and sweet, but almost drown'd
Amidst the cheerful clang of the rookery
Will you not forth, dear Sir?

Sir Marmaduke

I pray thee why?
All these I see and hear, my pretty maid,
With no more labour than to sit at ease,
And look and listen in mine elbow chair

May

Nay, dearest grandfather, but sure 'tis sweet
To saunter through the dim and dewy lane,
Where the soft breeze creeps up a natural aisle,

Roof'd o'er by rustling boughs, there to inhale
The delicate perfume of closing flowers,
To hear the murmur of the summer stream,
Whose shallow course is hidden from the eye
By docks, and flags, and broad leaved water plants,
Or listen pausing to the low soft note
Of some sweet bird, trilled in his dreams perchance,
Which, from the yellow gorse or woodbine hedge,
Starts unrepeated

Sir Marmaduke

Yes, and better still,
To meet young Vernon—eh girl, is t not so?

May

Dear grandfather!

Sir Marmaduke

Nay—tho' upon my nose,
Their wonted seat, my spectacles recline not,
Yet can I see into thy little heart
Tho' somewhat deaf, I *hear* thy blushes, girl,
E en in that tremulous 'Dear grandfather'

May

And are you not dear?

Sir Marmaduke

Aye, a little perhaps,
Since I have caused young master smile and sigh there,
Get rid of the few brains that nature gave him,
Because I let a goosecap like himself
Say Yes, when she had better have said Nay

May

Nay, Sir?

Sir Marmaduke

Why, girl, the boy's a very unthrift
Did I not see him but the Christmas past
With a good beaver, yet a week ago
He meets me with another on his head
Of freshest block, with band of goldsmith's work,
And feathers floating on the sunny air
Like pennons from an admiral's mast head
When I *first* saw his worship, I, whose eyes
Are somewhat worse for seventy years of wear,
Mistook him for some ostrich just broke loose
From the travelling showman's gilded caravan,
But when he nearer came, and my dim sight
Distinguished something of a form humane,
I thought, I do protest, that 'twas the man
Who guards our orchard—the stout man of straw,
Flying from's duty by the sail like aid
Of a broad parasol, which some mad wag
Had fastened to his worship's gabardine

May

Dear Sir! it is the fashion of the times
Which makes young gentlemen to go thus brave,
Not Vernon's costliness of inclination

Sir Marmaduke

Tush, girl! a hat's a hat, and that's the best
Which is the cheapest—the imperial crown
Is not a warmer covering for the head
Than George the thresher's cap of grizzled felt,
And by my faith not oftentimes so easy
Young gentlemen, quoth a, why, girl, when I

Was young, my honored father,—rest his soul,—
Gave me six pounds a year to find my raiment,
And such small braveries and slight adornments
As youth affects;—why now I'd wage a groat
That thrice the sum clothes not that fellow Lalon,
His worship's page, as he calls him, who, with two
Belaced and crimson coated swash bucklers,
Ride after him on nags that almost shame
His own gay sorrel—

May.

'Tis his quality,
Dear grandfather, and fortune in the county,
That thus exacts observances which, credit me,
Do but run counter to his modest will.

Sir Marmaduke.

His quality! his fortune!—good excuses,
Good words to lacquer over wasteful deeds.
Why I had quality, and by the thrift
Of my good forefathers some fortune too;
But then I spent it as a country knight
Who loves to hear the roar of his hall fire,
And see the smoke rise from the chimney tops
Of his vast kitchen, like the cloud that hovers
O'er Stromboli, or Etna, or Vesuve.
My serving men were clothed in single serge—
But what of that? They were well lined within
With mighty double ale. No brave device
Of broidery or lace was on their coats.
But there, wide open, stood the buttery door;

Its shelves embroider'd with the vast sirloin,
The chine, the boar's head, and the great goose pye;
On which they carved devices at their will —
I went not up to the black smoky town,
Where men gulph charcoal and breathe pestilence;
Nor ever was a dangler at the court,
Though then the Lion Queen ruled gloriously,—
But instead, I woke the misty morning
With the glad bayings of my cheerful pack,
And shook the night dew from the opening leaves
By the sweet echoes of our mellow horns
Ringing through the woodlands —Ah! those *were* days
And then at night,—how the black rafters rung
In this old hall to the loud cheery clang
Of platters and of beakers, mixt withal
With the half laugh, half shout that greets a jest,
Not for itself, but from exuberance
Of life and mounting spirits in the laughers
And still, whenever the not frequent pause
Occurred in jibe or quip, and the merry din
For a brief moment ceased to shake the hall,
High rung the harpings of the wandering bards,
Full of the deity of humming ale,
And stammering broken carols to its praise
Ah! *those* indeed were days —Well, they are gone,
And here I sit a withered weak old man,
Like a sear trembling leaf on the top bough
Of an autumn tree, awaiting but the breath
Of the first breeze to lay me with the dust.

May

Dear grandfather, I pray thee talk not so,
Pray do not tell me rather how it happ'd,
That when the great Queen made her progress here,
None were so rich or brave in their adornments,
So gallant in array and in device,
As the retainers of Sir Marmaduke Grey

Sir Marmaduke

Ah wench! in sooth art thou amused of that?
And how? Your mother certes could not tell you
She, when the Queen did honor my poor house,
Being a babe in arms Who told thee, chuck?

May

I think, Sir,—I believe that it was Vernon,
Who had it from his father, with a caution
Against extravagance.

Sir Marmaduke

Go to, silly one!
But twas a mad prank Aye, I see it now,
As tho the pageant passed but yesterday,
There were the old elms in the avenue
All twined about with roses red and white,
While rich festoons and garlands of the same,
Mix'd like the tints on healthful beauty's cheeks,
In heavy draperies hung from tree to tree,
Impeding the soft air until they gave
Some portion of their perfume to its breath
Beneath, upon the emeraldine sward,
Flowers were scattered, thick and beautiful

As stars of a frosty night Overhead,
Mingled with the boughs of the full leaved elms,
Which rustled gaily in the southern breeze,
Were canopies of white and azure silks,
Tassell d and fringed with silver, to shade off
The too great brightness of the summer sun

May

And the queen?

Sir Marmaduke

Her grace came up the avenue
Surrounded by her gay and gallant court,
And as they passed some openings in the trees,
Or where through thinner branches the sun s rays
Stole in, their dazzling lustre rivalled his,
For all the group was gorgeous as the morn
Is in the bright and sultry tropics,—there
Glanced silks and velvets,—tissues,—cloths of gold,
Plumes,—jewels,—ermines,—mingled with the light
Of the blue steel from some stout yeoman s axe,
Or breastplates rich of knights and gentlemen,
Who formed a guard of honor to the Queen
Far round, and loud, the joyous yeomanry
Mingled their glad shouts with the merry peal
That rock d the village spire, and flung on high
Their caps amidst the smoke of the culverins,
Whose thundering voices, warlike welcome gave
To the great hearted, wise Elizabeth.
'Twas a mad day!

Maj

And then what said the queen, Sir?

Sir Marmaduke

Marry, her grace swore a round oath or two,
And looking round upon the joyous crowd,
Then on this antient hall, its verdant park
Well filled with flourishing oaks,—the meadows rich
With the sleek cattle —and the corn clad hills,
Said ' S death, Sir Marmaduke ! let Phillip rail,
' And Parma threaten , for a land like this,
' *With such a gentry, and with such a people,*
' I would, by stout Saint George ! do mortal fight,
' Woman as I am, not against *them* alone,
' But against Europe—aye against the world,
' Right and a good cause being on our side '
Then did her grace call for a cup of wine,
And drank to the princely nobles,—noble gentry,
And valiant *commons of our native land*
And mark me, May, as she did drink this pledge,
Heaven bless her ! ah her bright and eagle eyes !
Her heart o erflow d, and they were filled with tears—
Tears which misfortune, or defeat, or death,
Could not have wrung from her most dauntless soul,
Even as streams, whose frozen currents unmoved
Bear the rough buffets of the winter storm,
Melt in the soft gales of the balmy spring
One precious drop stole pearl like down her cheek,
And fell in the cup I keep that beaker, girl,
Sacred as ever Papist did his relic
From Sinai or Jerusalem , and when
I go, as soon I must, down to the tomb,
That shall go with me, May.—But come, good girl,

What to thy young heart is an old man's story?
Get thee attired, faith, it were a shame
To keep thee from the pleasant walk you love —
And hark ye, let Dame Alice go with you,
And if young Vernon and yourself outwalk her,
It can't be helped,—she's somewhat old, like me
And do you hear, May? passing through the hall
Tell Steward Pennyscales to bring the deeds
Of the Cumberland estate, you love its hills
And quiet lakes,—and Vernon too,—but go,
And take an old man's blessing with thee, May

SCENE VII

" Last scene of all '

A dreary antique room, with rich, but faded furniture, dimly lighted by a single lamp —It is night, and the stormy gusts occasionally shake the high gothic casement, against which the rain patters at intervals When the blast is hushed, the roar of the swollen Arno is heard mingling with the rattle of the rain water descending from the spouts—now and then a carriage is heard to drive rapidly along the street, and at times the wind bears by the very faint sound of music as from a remote part of the mansion—In a high dark arm chair, supported by pillows and swathed in bandages, reclines Anselmo —Ulrica, *a withered and savage looking crone,*

is seated nearly opposite to him on a low settle A dull charcoal fire smoulders in a brazier by her side, and casts a swarthy light on her haggard features · she is occupied with her spindle and distaff

Ulrica (sings in a low voice, untunable and tremulous from age)

" The grave is a gay marble hall,
Where death holds many a feast,
And the guests at every festival
Are a thousand worms at least '

A pestilence on this accursed flax! would that it were twined into a rope to hang the grower Eye and hand—eye and hand—both fail—aye both fail —Santa Maria, ora pro me—Gossip Ursula—marry they burned her—it is now nine *years, come next month—they must have had a better fire* than this to do it Ha! ha! ha!—Gossip Ursula used to say, that to rub the eyes with the hand of a murderer who had hung three days was a sovran remedy—humph! if they had not given her the faggot rather than the halter I had tried

Sings

" The worms they have a gayer light
Than the perfumed lamp supplies,
For their banquet room is very bright
With the glance of the dead man s eyes

Anselmo (groans and mutters indistinctly)

Ursula —Aye, groan away, mutter away, wretch, more worn and impotent than myself There thou lest, grey and ghastly—what good are thy hoards now! Hadst thou sense or feeling, thou wouldst give all—all thy yellow gold, spark-

ling with the tears of widows and orphans, to have half the power, half the strength of a miserable worm like me Thou wert master once—now I am mistress—and I know not what prevents me using my power I have had brave offers, aye, aye, there is one who would soon make the old coffers ring hollow—(*sounds of distant music*) Aye! There he revels—a gay young ruffian, with his bold handsome face, his rich raiment, and a heart as hard and merciless as his sword He would have me deal with the old man—and why not? he would make more misery in spending the gold than ever that pale lump of clay did in getting it—the better—the better—(*music again*) Yes there they revel it away—while I must mope day and night by a bloodless drivelling ideot—there they are—the plumed and painted courtezan—the snake-eyed gamester—the bloody handed soldier—the courtier, all froth and sunshine in fair weather, all ice when the wind changes The blight, the withering blight, that shrivels heart and hand, be upon them all Once, for a little space, I could laugh, and jeer, and revel with them too, but I wedded beneath their honorable notice to a fool But he's gone to his account, and now I can only curse them May the black pestilence mark them with his burning fangs, breathe on their rich viands, and poison their spiced goblets—Ha! ha! ha! how gay well the whole of the gorgeous company would look when they met in the weltering pest house

Anselmo—(*Murmurs feebly and groans*)

Ulrica.—Humph! what he lacks now? food perchance—well, let him want it—*he* has made many want, and I am not in a mood more merciful than his used to be

Sings

'The babe lay in the ditch,
With its throat gaping wide,
And *none* but a *mastiff bitch*
Howled by its side —

'The baby sate upright,
And spoke to the hound,
While the moon gay and bright
Shew'd the deep wound —

Humph! how went it then?

'Good dog, go to the gate
Of him who slew me —

I remember not the rest,—wit and memory all gone,—all gone —Maria sanctissima, ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis —(*a long pause*) I wonder if Ursula ever saw him?—men say she met him by the bronze gate of the Baptistry in the time of the great plague, and that the mark of his burning feet are still on the marble step —How the Arno roars to night, and the wind howls as if spirits were riding on it —She once told me that if one should take a cup of blood from the temples of a dying man, and cast it upon a fire, and then stir the ashes with a black crucifix, repeating the Paternoster and Credo backwards, the dark angel would appear and grant all requests —One might try—why not? but *he* has got no blood — Mercy of heaven! something shakes the casement —No, 'tis but the fierce blast, and the rain comes down in black floods,

as though it would drown the city —Hark!—hear I not thunder, or is it the wind sweeping through the long galleries?—it is a dreary night to watch by a dying man

Anselmo —(*Groans several times very heavily,—at the same instant the casement bursts open with the violence of the wind, and the lamp is blown out*)

Ulrica —Merciful saints!—this is fearful,—why groaned he so? 'Tis such a night as the passing spirit would be visible to human eyes —Mother of heaven, protect a wretched sinner! —(*kneels by the brazier, and in great agitation, tries to re light the lamp*)

Anselmo —(*Slowly*) Ulrica! Ulrica!

Ulrica —Powers of mercy!

Anselmo —(*More feebly,*)Come,—we must away,—come, —come —(*A heavy noise is heard, as of a body falling on the ground, at the same moment Ulrica rekindles the lamp, the light of which shews Anselmo extended dead on the floor*)

Ulrica —(*Looking round fearfully*) Hah!—'tis even so — The old man's spirit hath passed,—whither! aye whither? I shall soon know, for he bade me follow him—Maria sanctissima, ora pro me,—ora pro me

A SOLDIER S DREAM*

BI D L RICHARDSON

"E en like a vision of the fevered brain,
H s image haunted me, and urged to madness,
And when my wearied frame had sunk to rest,
The blood red sod my couch, the tempest cloud
My canopy my bed fellows the dead,
My lullaby the moaning mid night wind,
I had a dream —a strange bewildering dream,
And *he* was with me D L R

The victory was decisive, and our triumphant Army had returned to Gwalior, a considerable distance from the scene of action I remained upon the field of battle, being disabled by my wounds, and harassed by fatigue The night was cold and gloomy, and surrounded as I was by the dead and dying, my mind was disposed to the most appalling thoughts In this scene of misery and death, I was startled by the sound of a footstep, and turning towards the spot whence it proceeded, I could just discover the dusky shadow of a man The red moon suddenly emerged from the dividing clouds, and displayed the form of one whom I had known and hated

* This "Dream was written several years ago, and suggested the blank verse composit on with the same t tle, which appears in my little volume of verses A friend who remembers to have read it, having urged me to give it a place in t l e Bengal Annual I have ventured to re write it from memory, for the only copy I had of it I gave to Mr Ackermann for the forthcoming volume of his *Forget me Not*

from my earliest youth He had always been distinguished for his cold misanthrophy, and the keenness of his sarcastic comments upon human nature We had fought side by side in the morning strife, for we happened, by a strange fatality, to belong to the same regiment, but as I muffled up my face in my mantle, he was unable to recognize me, and addressed me as a stranger 'Who art thou?' said he '*A British Soldier!*' 'For the deeds that thou hast this day done, I marvel what reward thou seekest —Fought ye for fame or lure?' '*For both*' 'Fellow' thou art not singular in thy conduct!' This said, he drew his cloak more closely around him, and moving slowly away, he left me to muse upon his questions and deportment

The moon again disappeared,—thick darkness fell upon the scene, and a sense of drowsiness creeping over all my faculties, to protect myself from the heavy dews, I gathered together a heap of clothing from the bodies of those who but a few hours before might have required them as much as I did, and the touch of whose cold damp clay now made me shudder Wrapping myself in these garments of the dead, I resigned myself to the irresistible influence of sleep, and was soon haunted by an extraordinary vision, apparently occasioned by the circumstances I have just detailed

As I was wandering mournfully about the field of battle, I was shocked by the appearance of a being who was evidently no denizen of the earth What words could express my horror, when he exclaimed in a deep sepulchral voice—"*Wretch! thy career of murder is closed,—thou, that hast provided me with many a victim, must now in thy turn be sacrificed —Follow me!*' I trembled and obeyed,—but

after journeying a long and weary way, sometimes over the extreme edges of horrid gulphs and precipices, and sometimes through thorny and almost impenetrable woods, I sunk down upon the ground in exhaustion and despair At this moment the SPIRIT OF DEATH, for such was this fearful apparition, whose dim and shadowy outline my straining eye had followed with difficulty through the darkness, became more distinctly visible, as a cloud illumined by the lightning, and presented a form at once human and supernatural The shape was mortal, but gigantic, and as dream like and unsubstantial as reflected objects in a tremulous moonlight lake, or as the huge spectral shadows of an autumnal eve Suddenly the phantom vanished, —I made an effort to arouse my energies, but a coldness and rigidity had seized my limbs, and my mind becoming more faint and confused, I ceased to struggle with my fate

* * * * * *

I had experienced an awful change,—I had slept the trance from which we wake to immortality ! Scenes and sounds that had reference or similitude to mortal life, mingling with objects more magnificent and mysterious than earthly dreams, overwhelmed me with dumb amazement I beheld before me, vast walls of adamant, that reached higher and further than the eye could follow At a crystal portal of inconceivable magnitude and splendour, appeared an Angelic form, whose excess of glory oppressed and even agonized my soul Thousands and ten of thousands of warrior shapes, hid their faces in their hands, and knelt tremblingly before him Presently his voice rose upon the air like music in a dream, and I rather felt than heard his immortal mandates 'Ye that have marred not your Creator's image,

in pride or hate, whose battle cry on earth was "GOD and LIBERTY! —*Warriors of Heaven!—I come to lead ye to the* KING OF KINGS!"

At these words, a few glorious spirits (alas! *how few* of that innumerable host!) rose up with celestial transport, and advanced to the Angelic form The crystal portals opened, and that small but radiant band ascended a flight of glittering steps, that resembled the golden ridges of the western clouds on a resplendent summer's evening Gazing upwards to the summit, I could just discern the lower part of a throne that dazzled me like the sun at mid day The crystal portals closed,—and a twilight gloom overspread the scene

* * * * * *

A huge phantom, like a tempest cloud, loomed fearfully through the darkness, and muttered infernal thunder His voice became momently more distinct, and breathed of triumphant scorn, and eternal horrors "*Murderers,*" he cried, '*for glory, or for gold—on to the* HELL OF BATTLE! The multitudinous host moved wildly at his bidding, like the waves of the sea before the Tempest Fiend The darkness that had surrounded us, gradually disappeared, and we found ourselves at length upon a boundless plain Shafts of war were fitfully glittering in the lurid distance, and we heard at intervals the din of clashing armour, and shrieks of agony, and shouts of fury and despair As we approached nearer to the scene of action, an unaccountable emotion impelled us forward Our souls were seized with contagious frenzy, and we rushed madly to the strife I beheld the being who had thrown a shadow on my earthly path Deliriously our glances met. I struck deep at his heart with a fiendish joy My hand was

true,—but Oh! God! Death came not here! Our agony and strife were as eternal as our hate.—My antagonist was in turn the victor, and in the midst of the most unutterable torments—I AWOKE!

The cold and level rays of the morning sun just gleamed upon the ghastly faces of the dead. I threw off their dewy garments, and though my wounds were still painful, and my limbs stiff and feeble, I hurried shudderingly from the scene that had occasioned so terrible a dream.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF THE EMPEROR AKBAR.

My mistress kissed mine eyes last night;
Then fled, and left them filled with tears:
She kissed mine eyes,—the maid so bright!—
Because in them her face appears.

V.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF BENGAL,

AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL YEARS IN THE INTERIOR OF HINDOOSTAN

BY J GRANT, Esq.

Long years have fled—and years of pain
Since I beheld thee, dark blue main!
And I had deem'd, I ne'er again
Should greet thy living waves:
For fate ordain'd that I should lie
Where glares the burning tropic sky,
Where hopeless breathes the Exile's sigh,
A distant land of graves!

The time I well remember now
When from our bark's surge-cleaving prow,
I first beheld the land stretch low
On *the horizon's bound*
'Twas Saugor's isle;—my feelings sank
As on the eye, its dreary bank,
Fringed with dark green foliage rank,
Grew desolate, and frown'd!

'Farewell!' I said, 'thou dark blue sea;
The die is cast—and far from thee
I now must wander, ne'er to see
Thy smiling billows more;

Nor sport on the Atlantic's strand,
And mark the summer zephyr bland
Ripple the tide upon the sand,
As I beheld of yore!

So on my pilgrimage I went,
And many a weary day I spent
And hours of sad abandonment,—
No friend I trusted, near,—
My haunt the jungle drear and damp,
My bow'r the tent my home the camp,
My watch the sentry's measur'd tramp
The drum my chanticleer

And oh! when in some savage glen,
Surrounded by more savage men,
I've watch'd a dying comrade—then
Of days gone by I dream'd,
And long'd to pace the sea beat shore,
To hear the waves' wild hum once more,
And gaze the fields of ocean o'er
While moonlight on them gleam'd

How chang'd the scene! all hail! again
I gaze upon thee, dark blue main!
This hour of joy, for years of pain
Is recompense complete
But there are eyes that welcome you,
Old Ocean, and of darker blue
Than thine—they shame thy azure hue,
And beam a light more sweet!

Blow, breezes ! blow—while gay we glide,
And spy from our brave vessel s side,
The dazzling spangles far and wide
Of the moon glittering main
And track the huge sea monster s lair,
And kiss the gales of halcyon air,
That life upon their pinions bear
Along the watery plain

Blow on ! blow on ! gay pirates we,
That rove upon the frank blue sea,
And chace the zephyrs merrily
To rob them of their balm !
Gay pirates we, that seek a prize
Which ne er the golden mine supplies
Our meed, the dimpl d bloom that lies,
Where health hath shed her balm

There is a rapture of the soul
That breaks the bonds of cold controul,
When we behold the wild waves roll
Rejoicing in their course
And wondering view the mighty sea
Exult in its immensity,
And streaming like eternity
From its unfathom d source !

How tame seems then the daily flow
Of home events—the current slow
Of dull routine—the objects low,
That landward move the crowd !

From these we turn, and keenly pine
To seek the life-exciting brine,
Where million flickering glories shine
On Ocean's realm so proud

Oh! would that I might pierce the waves,
And find those bright and gemmy caves,
Where it is said the Mermaid laves
Her neck, and golden hair!
That I might all forget the ties
Which fetter life—the tears, and sighs,
And vain regrets which hourly rise,
The phantoms of what were!

Haply in Ocean's cold embrace,
The vexings of the spirit cease,—
Those waking dreams we fondly trace,
Which lead but to despair,—
The hopes that in their blooming died
Aspirings of young manhood's pride,
Breathings of extasy that bide
Like wreaths of misty air!

CAPTURE OF THE NAWAB ABBAS KOOLY KHAN,

BY THE WAHABEE PIRATES

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN

INTRODUCTION

The father of the Nawab Abbas Kooly Khan, named Munneer Ood Dowlah, was a favourite courtier of Shaw Alum, King of Dehlee, from whom he obtained a grant of land, or Jageer, situated in the districts of Sarún and Behar On his death, the Government, from causes which I have not had leisure to enquire into, took the management of the Jageer into their own hands, collected the rents, and divided the proceeds among the heirs of the deceased, according to their shares The heirs of Munneer Ood Dowlah changed their residence from Dehlee to Patna, whence, on account of some family disputes, Abbas Kooly Khan departed, and took up his residence at Lucknow, where he still lives, and as I am told, in some consideration During the years 1827 and 1828, I was acting in the Patna collectorship, from which the salaries of this family are paid, which brought me in contact with Rezu Kooly Khan, son of the Nawab Abbas Kooly Khan, who had come to that place with a view of visiting some members of his family, but principally, I imagine, to hasten the payment of his father's stipend through the forms and impediments of office In effecting the latter object, I was enabled to lend him assistance without shewing any undue partiality I was particularly struck with Rezu Kooly Khan's gentlemanly manners,

and the extent of his general information; but principally with his frankness of speech and behaviour, a quality so rarely to be met with among the natives. From my frequent opportunities of meeting him, a pleasing intimacy arose, and when we were one day conversing on the subject of travels and foreign countries, he mentioned his father's and his own capture by the Wahabees; he subsequently presented me with a copy of his father's Journal.

Of the singular people herein noticed, I regret that I have no means of giving any complete description; being in a remote part of the country, with little leisure, and a scarcity of books of reference. As however the object of my translating was mere amusement, I may be pardoned for leaving that undone, which I did not profess to do. I may in this place cursorily mention, that in that very splendid, and powerful work, Hope's Anastatius, an episode, purporting to be a relation of his hero's residence among the Wahabees, may be found at the sixth chapter of the third volume. Though in many places highly and erroneously coloured, the sketch evidently evinces the accuracy of the author's information in regard to countries, which it is more than probable, he never visited. In this superb tale, the statements of the Nawab, relative to the devastating nature of the Wahabees' warfare, and their ignorance of medicine, are fully borne out. Further notices of this people, may be found in Sir John Malcolm's Persian Sketches, as well as in that well conducted publication, the 'Modern Traveller,' under the head of Arabia. Burckhardt's Travels in the Hedjaz, will likewise afford information on the subject, from which, however, it appears, that he has left memoirs upon the History of the Arabs

of the Desert, including the Wahabees, not yet published It is a work, I apprehend, considering human nature under peculiar circumstances, not less valuable than the laborious though rather uninteresting detail he has given us of Nubia or Syria

The following extract from Lieut Colonel FitzClarence's tour may serve to illustrate the subject Writing in the years 1817 and 1818, he says —"The present society of this description most formidable to the West of India, is the Wahabee pirates, certain Mahommedan sectaries extending along the Southern coast of the Persian Gulph, and though within the last ten years they have been severely checked, their vessels and houses burnt, and their forts destroyed by an expedition from Bombay, they have of late rallied, and having increased considerably in numbers and strength, have again drawn on themselves the attention of our Government Their principal settlement is at Ras ul Khymer They can collect a body of 16 000 men in vessels of several hundred tons, which are propelled both by sails and oars By these means and their superior number of men, they have during calms, the greatest advantage over other vessels Their ships are built very high out of the water for overtopping even the bulwark of a frigate, and as it is their mode of fighting to board with the utmost intrepidity, throwing at once perhaps a whole crew of several hundred men on board their opponent s ship they are generally successful They have commonly a large gun on the quarter deck which traverses in every direction besides two long pieces of cannon in the prow close to the water They are cruel to a degree, and often sacrifice their prisoners in the name of God, cutting their throats

with ceremonies similar to what they use when they kill animals for food They avoid our men-of war, only looking out for those vessels which reward them with plunder On their settlements on the coast being attacked, they fly up the country, but soon return and repair the damages The *Mercury* is furnished with boarding nets, which fasten very high up the shrouds to repel their assaults Their principal enemy is the Imam of Muscat He has had some desperate engagements with them, and on more occasions than one, has, by boarding, been beat off his own quarter deck, and, I believe, in the last instance he gave over all for lost, and ordered the vessel to be blown up; but fortunately a gun on the poop loaded with grape, drove the assailants overboard ' P 349

Captain Bruce, whose name needs no praise of mine to increase its authority, on being applied to, informed me, that Abbas Kooly Khan was taken by a people termed Joasimy pirates, a sect of the Wahabees, and subordinate to the Wahabee chiefs In the manuscript the terms Joasimy and Wahabee are indiscriminately used, for which reason I substitute the latter instead of the former, as being the better known appellation, wherever it occurred On receiving the above information, I would have made the requisite alteration but the translation had proceeded too far , the error is but trifling —the using the generic, instead of the specific term Captain B has further written respecting this people 'Their power is now destroyed, Ibrahim Pacha, who has made some figure against the Greeks, marched a large force across the desert to Deriah, the seat of the Wahabee power, attacked the place, and after a most obstinate resistance, took it, together with the Wahabee chief and all his family,

when the edge of the sword was at his throat Little defects like these, however, cannot in any way throw discredit on the leading facts of the narrative, and may even be looked upon as pardonable, in a person who went through such scenes, and whose escape was next to miraculous

That I may not seem to arrogate to myself a higher knowledge of Persian than I actually possess, it is but justice to acknowledge the assistance I have received from a respectable and intelligent Moonshee, Ushruf Hossain

ROBERT NEAVE

SHERGHATTY, *August*, 1829

IBRUT OOL NAZIREEN *,

OR

NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTURE AND DETENTION OF THE NAWAB ABBAS KOOLY KHAN,

BY THE WAHABEE PIRATES

The relation of Abbas Kooly Khan, Rusvee, son of Muneerud Doulah, deceased, Rezu Kooly Khan, Behadur, a native of Musshud in Khorassan

From my earliest youth, I had a firm determination of performing a pilgrimage, and of visiting the tombs of the holy Imams, for the purpose of paying my respects at them When the caravan of my years had proceeded from the city

* Ibrut ool Nazireen, "the dread of beholders"

of boyhood, and I exalted the flag of travel towards * the capital of youth, it so happened, as my bad fate would have it, that from various calamities which befell me, such as losing my parent and the ill treatment of my brethren, together with many other causes unnecessary to be here mentioned, I was long prevented putting my wishes into execution If the nightingale of my pen, sing but a small part of my history and adventures, the tale will be truly wonderful and distressing, but I regard the feelings of my friends, and God forbid, that from reading this detail, one speck of the dust of grief should soil the mirror of their hearts For this reason, I have restrained my pen from declaring those events, and commence this relation.

In the year 1226 Hejree (or 1811 English æra), the preparations for this blessed expedition were all made, and on the 14th of Showal (or 1st Nov) I bid farewell to my family and friends, quitted that paradise of cities Azeemabad†, and with my mother, one son and grandson, accompanied by twenty friends and servants, proceeded towards Calcutta, where we went on board the ship *Fyz Alum*, commanded by Shaik Ibrahim This person was a most excellent man, on whose praises I am at a loss how to expatiate, the comfort and attention we received on board his vessel, I never found in any other, and of the kindness he shewed me both on board and subsequently at Muscat (as will be hereafter seen), I shall ever retain a grateful recollection. We weighed an

* In caravans, a flag is ordinarily fixed in the ground, indicative of the quarter to which it is proceeding

† Azeemabad, Patna

chor the 6th Zilhyj 1226 (or the 22nd of December 1811,) but when we came opposite the Island of Ceylon a storm arose, which lasted ten days, from the 20th of January 1812 to the 30th of that month, without cessation during that period we had no peace or rest, but continued offering up prayers to God for our safety Several times the ship was on the point of sinking, but by the mercy of Providence we escaped, and on 17th Mohurrum 1227 (or 1st of February 1812,) we cast anchor at one of the Malabar Islands Sailing thence we arrived at Muscat on the 17th Sufur, (or 1st of March ;) where having stayed for 22 days, we again embarked, and after a month's voyage arrived at Bushire There I had the honor of paying my respects to his Highness the Imam Abdool Hussun Ally, who received me with great distinction, and shewed me much attention As it was my intention to visit Mushud, thither I proceeded by way of Gazroon, Dalkee, and Sheeraz, remaining some time at each of the places in the way , and on my arrival there, paid my devotion at the tomb of my ancestor the Husrat Imaum Moosea Rezu Quitting that place I went to Tehran, where the Ameen Ud Dowlah Hajee Mahomed Hossain Khan, who afterwards obtained the titles of Nizam Ud Dowlah and Shureek Ud Dowlah, my brother-in law, invited me to his house, and received me with all civility In this place, I likewise visited Mr Gore Ousely, with whom I was much pleased After viewing many other towns, such as Isphahan, &c I came to Kirma Sahum, and thus completed my Persian travels in two years, after which I turned towards Arabia, visited Bagdad, and arrived at Samru, Nujf, and Kerbalahee Moullah,

and in these parts also remained about two years, paying my respects and making my devotions at the shrines of Ali and his son Hossain At Kerbalahee Moullah I commenced preparations for my further pilgrimage, hired camels, beasts of burden, and made other necessary arrangements The Caravan had taken up its station outside the city, when, towards evening, news arrived, that the Wahabees had got possession of the road, and in ambush awaited our coming On hearing this, Meer Syed Ally said that the present was not a fit time to proceed on pilgrimage, and that any one going, would have his blood on his own head, on which, the Caravan retired inside the city, and dispersed For this reason I was prevented going by land, and resolved on proceeding by water, for which purpose I turned my course to Bussorah, and went thence to Bushire, by water. As there was no British ship in the harbour, I remained four months in expectation of one arriving, which protracted my travels to four years While I was staying here, constant news of the excesses of the Wahabees, in robbing and murdering, was received, fifteen or sixteen vessels trading between Bushire and Bussorah were attacked and taken by these people All the men found in the vessels were slaughtered and thrown into the sea, even children were not allowed to escape, while the women were made slaves, and the goods taken as prey For many days there was a great lamentation in Bushire, in the houses of those whose relations had fallen, the weeping and wailing reached the heavens As these pirates were at peace with the English and the Imam of Muscat, they did not molest the ships of those powers There was at this time lying at

Bushire a vessel termed a Bugla, the Nakhoda* named Abdool Raheem, and the Vakeel Ahmud Syf, came and offered me a passage to Bombay, representing, that as the ship belonged to the Imam, there could be no apprehension of danger I found out also that Mr Bruce, the English Company's Agent, had put on board a cargo, valued at nine lacks of rupees, consisting of dates, sulphur, &c and 26 horses Mr. Bruce, also, with whom I was well acquainted, promised to give me a passport, by means of which, and the peace existing between the English and the Wahabees, my safety should be ensured He gave me the passport, of which this is a copy —' To the Wahabees, &c As between you and the English peace exists, and the bond of friendship is firm, and one condition of this peace is, that our mutual friends be not injured, this writing manifests that the Nawab Abbas Kooly Khan, a subject of the King of England, is proceeding with servants, &c towards Hindustan In case of your meeting him, none of your people should in any way molest him, if you violate this injunction, we cannot remain at peace' Confident in this perwanna, I gave a thousand rupees for a passage to Bombay, and with all my property, family, and friends, embarked on the 14th Mohurum 1230, (or 30th December 1814) It is worthy of remark, as the first proof of our bad luck, that before our embarkation, this unlucky vessel had of herself grounded, and beat a hole in her bottom, so that they were obliged, in order to mend her, to unload and re-

* The Nakhoda, on board native vessels, answers to our word commander, the Moullim to the master, the Vakeel to purser or supercargo, and the Sookhany (*Anglice* Seacunny) to the helmsman.

load On the 17th of that month we weighed and set sail, but on the 24th, a storm arose towards evening, when the sea ran *mountains high, and until the morning no person had a hope* of eventual safety About daylight the wind diminished, but we were in little better condition than before, for the vessel was water logged, and seemed in a sinking condition All the sailors and syces on board, were working incessantly day and night at the pumps, notwithstanding which, there was seven feet water in her, and no exertions could get it under And thus it was, our fear momentarily increased, until on 26th Mohurum (or 6th Jan 1815,) we cast anchor in the bay of Tahir The Nakhoda applied to the Hakim, or head authority of Tahir, for assistance in laying in water, and carpenters to mend the vessel on this, a carpenter and two divers were sent, who after inspecting her, declared it impossible to perform any effectual *repairs, unless the cargo was* taken out. The Hakim also said "I hear that several vessels of the Wahabees are hovering about for the purpose of plunder, wherefore it is not advisable for you to quit this *port at present you should remain here some days,* during which you can effect the repair of your ship, and take in water, until we can ascertain if this report be true or not. If true, I will send seventy or eighty good musketeers with you, and in that case you can proceed without fear, but certainly not otherwise, if the report be unfounded, so much the better" Abdool Raheem the Nakhoda (may his household be cursed!) said, in reply, that all this was untrue and not worthy of attention, and notwithstanding all the intreaties which could be used, set sail at mid night Although this Bugla had remained at Bushire two

months, yet the Nakhoda had not got her properly mended or watered, had this been the case, we might have sailed where we pleased, and no one know any thing of us; but besides 300 souls, there were nearly in the whole 70 horses, while from his extreme folly there was hardly more than two days water, so that we were obliged to coast along, stopping at every island and harbour to get a fresh supply.

The spies gave daily intelligence of our movements to the Wahabees, so that on the 27th Mohurrum 1230, (or 9th Jan 1815,) two Buglas appeared ahead of us As they were a considerable way off, the Nakhoda and Moullim began looking through their telescopes, but were at a loss to make out if they were friends or foes About mid-day, the vessels had approached nearer, on which the Nakhoda began to make preparations for battle by loading some of the guns, and placing boards, but they appeared so afraid, that one would have thought they had lost their senses As the harbour of Bogoo was near, we cast anchor there for the night, since it is an ancient custom not to attack vessels in harbour and if any such attempt is made, the people of the island afford the attacked every assistance, that they may escape the disgrace of the violation of their ports On board our Bugla, there were plenty of fire-arms of all descriptions, fourteen cannon, two hundred musquets, nearly four hundred spears, and powder and ball in abundance, but there was not an individual capable of using them, and scarce one indeed of common courage At length after we had cast anchor, the two Buglas went out of sight in the same direction from which we came The Nakhoda and Moullim got into excellent spirits at this, and exclaimed "These could never have been hostile

vessels, or they would not have quitted us thus, we have *been making mountains of mole hills*' '*Do not,*' *returned I,* 'forget these words of mine, they are enemies, who seeing the night closing in, and us at anchor in harbour, have left us for the present, to lull us into a false security, and draw us out of our place of refuge, to morrow they will again make their appearance, so do not quit the port until you have good reason to suppose us safe' The Nakhoda (may his household be cursed!) *turned a deaf ear, and as usual, again weighed* anchor about midnight Our Bugla was a slow sailor, making in ten days a passage which others would have done in one, so after quitting Mogoo, we hardly proceeded half a coss, ere the morning of calamity appeared, and the sun of our approaching misfortune became manifest no sooner had the day commenced (10th January 1815) when from that quarter to which we had seen the two Buglas retire on the preceding evening, five vessels made their appearance The Writer, the Moullim, the Vakeel, Seacunnies, and Sailors, but especially, that cursed Abdool Kurreem himself, were stricken with fear, their blood curdled in their veins, and their faces became of a cadaverous hue I turned to Abdool Kurreem, and said, 'Why, Abdool Kurreem, what is this? Notwithstanding all the advice you received, and the intreaties made, you would not listen, and now, see you have destroyed us all' His mouth was parched with fear, and it was with difficulty he stuttered out, 'How could I tell?' I addressed him, 'Well, what has happened is irremediable, for the future, do not make a bad matter worse than it is, but act wisely and firmly if you continue in this state of indecision, your example will infect your crew, and what will then be the case?

As yet the enemy's ships are distant, and an hour or more will elapse ere they come up with us Give orders, that this grass, which covers the deck and encumbers the guns, be removed, what is necessary for the horses, put down below, and cast the rest overboard Clean the decks, load the guns, and place three or four careful men by each,—distribute the muskets and spears to the people, and station them on various parts of the vessel' Abdool Kurreem, standing like a pillar of stone, spoke nothing, and heeded not what was said to him, but Abdi Ahummud, the second in command, who was a boisterous blustering fellow, and was courageous enough if you might judge from his speech, cried out, 'This battle is sea fighting, and not land warfare, in this case we must at least know better than you, so do not interrupt us, just sit still in peace and see the sport, how with these cannon on deck, I will send such a shower of balls, as will knock the enemy to pieces and sink them If we should happen to get the worst of the battle, I can easily set fire to the 200 maunds of gunpowder in the hold, and blow us all up together' 'What a wonderful contrivance' said I 'I think it is very probable that you will do this I see how it is the Bugla is as good as gone, and our lives lost When I saw at length, that no one was disposed to listen to me, I sat down in silent hopelessness After this, some merchants, Syuds, Moguls, Hindoos, &c who had property on board, seeing the slight preparation for resistance, left every thing they had behind them, and lowering a mashwn, or small boat, prepared to leave the ship with the clothes only which they had on them Just before their departure, they entreated me to accompany them, which I refused to do, saying that I had a mother, fa

mily, and friends on board, whom it was equally impossible to quit in this distressed situation, as that all of them could come with me into the boat They still persisted in begging *me to bring my mother, son, and grandson into the boat, and* leave the rest behind, *representing that a man's own life* should be dearer to him than that of others, and that this was not the time to think of any thing but oneself 'Gracious God!' I exclaimed, 'what inhumanity would it be, were I to leave all these faithful helpless people to their fate in such a calamitous time, and all to save myself? Again they address ed me, 'Why do you rush to your own destruction, we wish you well, and for this reason, exhort you for God's sake to have mercy on your ownself, and not uselessly give your self to the slaughterers' 'Then,' replied I, 'we all shall die together, and *be fellows in misfortune, whatever befals them* will happen to me, and if they are killed I care not for my own life, depart speedily, and God be with you But if it be possible, take with you this child my grandson, who from firm affection to me, has quitted father, friends, home, and every thing to come with me If it shall please God to spare me, you can bring him back to me, and should I perish, he will remain unhurt In the latter case be so good as to carry him to his father in Azeemabad, and for his expenses, I am ready to give you a couple of thousand rupees, besides a few lines to his father, who will further gratify you on returning his son' When the child Hadim Hossain *heard me speak, he clung round my neck, and weeping loudly,* declared he would not leave me, intreating me for God's sake not to send him away, and in that case, threatening to throw himself into the sea on the first opportunity Notwithstanding I tempted

the helm broke and became useless Lastly, all the powder and ball on deck was beneath the hay and oats for the horses, the rest was below under lock and key When the battle began, the crew perceived their error, and wished to get up the powder, but behold the key was lost, and the foolish cowards began crying out on the carpenter to refit the helm, and break open the powder box

About mid-day the Wahabees came close up and a firing of guns and musquets was kept up on both sides, our balls went up into the air, while theirs always struck the vessel, or hit every body who appeared on deck At this time I was sitting outside the cabin door, looking at the wonderful sight, the people said 'This battle is lost, to sit in this place is uselessly to spill your own blood, you and your servants and friends get inside and shut the door, and see what it pleases God shall be the issue' I got up on hearing this, and calling all around me closed the cabin door inside, the women sat behind, the men before the women, and I in the front of all With me, at this time, were two persons not personally attached to me, viz Haji Ally Reza of Bagdad, an indigo merchant, with whom I had some previous intimacy, and Syud Abdool Russool of Shiraz, who had come with the intention of seeing his brother at Muscat When the merchants, as before mentioned, were about entering the boat, the last named person, the Syud, advised them not to leave us and when they would not attend to him, preferred remaining with me Before this calamity, as I subsequently found out, the merchants were one day, when sitting by themselves, speaking disrespectfully of me, for having come in such a vessel as this, and thereby in

if it was every moment about to be annihilated, he was frightened, and clinging to me, began weeping and prattling in such an artless way, as melted all our hearts As for my self, God is my witness, I cared not then for my personal loss of valuables, but with coolness and collection, calling to mind the examples of Hossan and Hossain, repeated pray ers to God for pardon and forgiveness but for my mother and Hadim Hossain my bosom burnt, and I secretly prayed they might be delivered from chains and death And now I perceived that all affairs on board our ship were in high con fusion, the sailors were precipitating themselves from the deck into the sea, blood was dripping down from above, like a shower of rain, and I plainly saw all was over In this short interval the battle was lost, the two Nakhodas, two Se rangs, and ten or twelve sailors were killed by gunshot wounds, while others were brutally slaughtered, limb by limb being cut off like those of a sheep by a butcher When the pirates were fully masters, they began plundering, one of them broke in the top of the cabin, presented the muzzle of a musket, and looked in As yet he had not spoken a word, when a second coming round to the door knocked asked who was there, and desired it might be opened I got up and opened the door This Wahabee, whose name was Musseaha, came into the cabin, and as he gazed around, God alone knows whether he was frightened at seeing forty per sons collected together, or if the Searcher of Hearts had put into his heart to say it, but he cried out, 'Fear not, I have granted you the Aman i Khoda * Immediately after, he fell

* Khoda signifies God; and the meaning of Aman is safety, pro tection quarter

he had no right to slay after quarter had been granted, and seizing him, dragged him forcibly from the cabin After this, by order of Meer Abdoolla, who was the admiral on behalf of Ameer Hossun, appointed to slay all Kafirs and Moo shriks*, as they call us, forty of us men and women were crammed into a small dark narrow cabin, and the door lock ed outside From this day, until the sixth† day following, we had *absolutely not a grain of food*, a morsel of bread or a drop of water, so that the sounds of weeping and wailing arose on all sides My people called on me to listen to them and remedy their evils, while I was in the same condition as themselves,—I could only bid them look up to God, who was *the protector of the destitute* Heaven be praised, it was

* Kafirs and Mooshriks Kafir means an infidel, but more properly an atheist Persons in general are too apt to bandy about these terms, and set down others as atheists and infidels not because they have no religion, but because they do not conform to a particular one Thus we term the Mussulmans infidels, and they certainly are far from backward in returning the compliment The Wahabees likewise possess the spirit of exclusion as strongly as their fellow mortals and they exercise it more particularly against Mussulmans, than other peo ple, for the very reason that their mutual faith is founded on one ba sis and the difference between them is very slight Yet be it but the poor scruple of an hair, that difference, according to the Wahabee te nets is punishable with death! The word Mooshrik is derived from an Arabic root, signifying participation The Wahabees allege that all other Mussulmans (though the practice is principally confined to the Shee is alone) pray to faqueers, deceased holy men saints, the holy Imams, &c and thereby make them equal in power to God hence they term them Mooshrik, or giving associates or partners to him

† The narrative again leaps forward to a prospect of six days, be tween the expiration of which, some amusing incidents occur

the cold weather, for if it had been warm, we must have all perished from extremity of thirst and heat I used to address the Wahabees thus —'O Mussulmans, we at least serve God as well as yourselves, and have received from God the gift of life what oppression is this you are committing on us? The beasts of the field and the birds of the air are compel led to use water, why do you refuse us a little? You give your cat and dog water, and are we to be treated worse than these? If I have committed any fault, at least this poor innocent child and these females are guiltless, for God s sake get them a drop of water, for they are perishing, and I had rather my eyes were blind than view the spectacle' Their answer was generally in such terms as these —'If your eyes were blind, and your hearts torn to pieces, it is just what we wish, we cannot make out how you got quarter, and were saved from destruction You are all kafirs and mooshriks, and are more impure than dogs and hogs, you may remain in your prison, hungry and thirsty, until every soul of you, old and young, men and women, small and great, shall perish and go to everlasting perdition'

It was singular enough that these fellows should harass and annoy me thus, for they were daily requiring favors at my hands * On the evening of the day of our capture, the door was opened, and a person coming in, asked if there was a surgeon or physician among us, to which query there was no reply given The question was repeated with the same success Angered by getting no reply, he declared he would lay violent hands on us if no one would speak The helpless creatures pointed me out as skilful in surgery. Being

* The author here returns to his story

myself vexed, I denied any knowledge of the art, on which I was threatened with instant death in case of refusing my aid I could not help myself, so taking a few materials which were collected, I proceeded, my conductor would not consent to any of my companions attending me, who were desirous of getting out on the pretence of assisting me My grandson Hadim Hossain too, clung to me as I was going, and insisted on accompanying me, the Wahabee, seeing his endeavours to separate the boy from me useless, was about to beat the child with his sword, on which I extended my arm to protect him, and solemnly vowed, that if he was hurt, they might cut me in pieces, but I would not assist one of their people He yielded with a bad grace, and allowed the child to come with me, locked the door, and then bringing me to the cabin where the wounded lay, he commanded me to cure them The wounded were in number four two had spear wounds, one in the neck, and the other about a span long below the midrif, so that but a small matter prevented his bowels from coming out, a third had musket ball wounds in the head and shoulder, and the fourth a slight scratch When I had washed the sores clean, and wished to sew up the wound and put on plasters, two individuals drew their daggers, and placing the points towards my shoulders, said 'If you apply any poisoned plaster to our friends, or any one shall be injured, consider yourself as dead, and as for your friends, not one of them shall escape a death of horrid torture I drew myself back, and exclaimed 'If you suspect me of an intention of poisoning why do you seek my assistance? Life and death are in the hands of God, if one of these persons die, am I

answerable for it ? If so, I shall be unjustly slain, and bring the blood of my friends on my own head , I will not take these men s cures into my hands, on such terms' They replied 'Do as you are bid , if not, we plunge these daggers into your heart' I became astounded, lost all patience, and said 'I know not what sin I have committed, to incur this heavy retribution if you grant me my life, say so , or if my death is resolved on, kill me at once, for I know not what I am to do' On this, one of them bid me eat a piece of the plaster, and give some to the child, and then apply it I again remonstrated on the unreasonableness of this proposition At length, after much discussion, one of them made a gash in my finger with his dagger, bound it round with plaster, and told me to proceed with my application As I could make no resistance, they ordered me as they pleased, and I did as they ordered, so having sewn up and bandaged the wounds, I was led back to my prison, and the door locked on me. Thus it was for many days, morning and evening they led me out to dress the wounded, and reconducted me to my confinement Whenever they came to summon me, they used such terms as these 'Halloo' you Abbas, you Kafir, come out, Mooshrik' I felt a strong inclination several times, to wrest a sword from the hands of these vagabonds and sell my life as dearly as I could, (for death is by far preferable to a life such as I led ,) but my friends, and my mother especially, earnestly entreated me against it, she asking me, if I was prepared to desert and leave her, a slave of the Wahabees , or what was more probable, to ensure her certain death by my violence In this case, therefore, I was obliged patiently to bear all the evils inflicted upon me, comforting

myself with the recollection of the sufferings of the Holy Imams One day, when I went to my usual task of visiting the wounded, Ameer Abdoolla said that one of his crew was wounded also, and desired me to visit him His vessel lay a mile off from that in which I was I therefore asked him to direct his people to bring the man to me The Ameer with many abusive expressions told me to go and wait upon him, and causing me to get into a small boat, conveyed me on board the other ship The condition of the patient was this a musket ball had penetrated his breast, and come out at the lower part of his back, the blood was flowing inwards, and he lay senseless I returned to Ameer Abdoolla, and informed him that the man s condition was desperate, and there was scarce a possibility of his surviving He grew angry, and said 'What speech is this? Cure him you must, or you shall be buried alive in his grave' I replied 'I am not Husrut Eesah, that I can raise the dead this man cannot live, if you wish to kill me, what need is there of seeking for vain pretences? I have not a friend to release me, and I am your captive You can kill me if you wish, and should you do so, praise to God, I am ready' He was in no way assuaged by my words, but ordered me again into close confinement As ghee plasters, &c are good medicaments, the wounded persons progressed gradually, except the man whose wound required being sewed up, who was longer in recovering Notwithstanding these benefits, they gave us nothing to eat or drink, these people know not the words pity or compassion, and such another remorseless, bloody, stony hearted set of plunderers cannot exist in the world The treatment I received from them, both in words and deeds,

was such, that no tongue could tell, no pen could write, and no ear should hear. as I write this, my tears drop, and my blood freezes at the recollection

Although this world is replete with troubles and calamities, yet no revolution ever occurred to a mortal, so eventful and sudden as in my case In the morning, I was worth lacks of rupees, and of cash, jewels, plate, and effects of all sorts, and every thing I could desire, in the evening, I was penny-less and poor, with not a single article left Hitherto, on mornings and evenings, thirty or forty persons had partaken of my food, and now I myself had not a morsel of bread At meals, vessels of china, silver, and gold, had been placed on my trays, and now for the twenty two days I was in captivity, as will be afterwards seen, we had nothing but a broken piece of earthen pottery, which I got on the 7th day of imprisonment In the morning I was my own master, at evening the slave of another In the morning I was the head of a family, could punish and reprimand when I chose, yet so lenient had I been, that in the course of my life I had never beaten or abused a living soul ere the evening came, I was, without fault, vilified, abused, cursed, kicked, and beaten with sticks or stones In the morning, I gave thousands to whomsoever I wished, in the evening, none would give me a mouthful of bread had I asked for it in the morning, my dependants stood with joined hands ready to attend on me, but now, I myself stood with hands bound before the Wahabees. Then all persons were desirous of paying their daily compliments to me; now, if I saluted any one, I was answered with contumely Instead of splendid velvet cushions, my seat was a piece of old mat, instead of wardrobes filled with

costly garments of every make, material, and country, I retained one pair of pyjamas and a scull cap Instead of having insignia of rank carried before me, I was myself a faqueer, and I who had never refused assistance to the needy, was with my mother, relations, and friends, kept six days and seven nights without food or water

On 15th January 1815, the enemy having taken our Bugla in tow, brought her to their own residence at Rasool Kheema, there, Ameer Hussan son of Ruhmu, and Hasaun son of Ally, who acted as collectors of the public fifths* for Saood son of Abdool Azzeez†, the Cazee of the Wahabees, and several other magnates of the city, came on board to see the vessel and captives, and to congratulate the conquerors Ameer Abdoolla the admiral, in honour of the occasion, put the vessel in some kind of order, chairs and boxes were placed in different situations, and my carpets and cloths spread over them, on which the visitors took their seats, after which, trays of sweetmeats, fruits, pistachio nuts almonds and raisins, which I had purchased as rare, for my own use, were placed before them, on which they commenced eating So great was the joy, and so loud the exultation of these people, that their bodies expanded, and became puffed up like that of a dead jackass, so as that their own clothes seemed inadequate to contain them A futwa with regard to us was demanded from the Cazee, and his decision was this —'All these persons are infidels, kafirs, mooshriks, idolaters, and

* The law directs the application of a fifth share of plunder to public objects

† Abdool Azzeez was successor in command of the Wahabees to their founder Abdool Wahab—whence the name

Hindoos, and according to the law as it is written, *Kill every mooshrik*, they are worthy of death' The Wahabees, on hearing this, became much delighted, and began to talk eagerly among themselves, of what they should do One said, 'Two of these kafirs will fall to my lot, a second said, 'For my part I shall kill three, a more laudable act than yours, a third replied, 'If you talk this way, I shall beat both of you, for I shall aim at the head of the chief infidel, and take it off at one blow,' 'but not until I have plunged a dagger in his heart,' said a fourth, and thus they went on, while we were listening to their words, and momentarily expecting they would fall upon us About this time the Ameer Hussan, chief of the Wahabees, got into his boat, and proceeded to Rasool Kheema, after which, a person threw open the door of our prison, and said to me 'Get up and come with me the Cazee has sent for you, if you have any testamentary dispositions to arrange, you had better do so' On hearing this speech, all thought they heard my sentence of death, and I myself bid adieu to life, my friends began to weep and wail afresh, and Hadim Hossain (who had fallen into a fit from excess of hunger and thirst) opened his eyes Seeing me about to go, he attached himself closely to me as usual, and refused to quit me, so that in the end I was obliged to take him with me, in spite of my fears for his sharing my fate I gave my friends what comfort I could, and explained to them the inutility of fruitless lamentation, and that this was no time for tears and sighs, as I had but a short while left me to make a will To Moolvee Cassim Ally I committed charge of looking to my family after my death, should they by chance escape, to him also, as I had no means of writing, I verbally mentioned my

last wishes —'To all my relations and friends give my affectionate regards, and say to them, my last wishes were for their health and prosperity, and that I hope it may never be their fate to suffer such a death as mine. Praise be to Heaven, I suffer, however, in a holy cause, I have been captured in a pilgrimage Tell my friends, I hope that when at the feast, and eating and drinking, they behold my seat unfilled, they will call to mind my hunger, thirst, and chains Secondly, as to my family, console my aged mother to the best of your power, and carry her safely to my eldest son Mustafa Kooly Khan at Patna, Hadim Hossain my grandson, and Rezu Kooly Khan, who will be an orphan at my death, are exceedingly precious to me, and should either of them suffer the slightest injury, I shall not rest quietly in my tomb, should I be so fortunate as to obtain one; these two I entrust to my dear mother, and ask her pardon for any fault I may have committed from my youth upwards until now' At hearing this, my mother cried out 'You entrust these children to my care —to whose care do you entrust me myself? Alas, where can I find dust to sprinkle on my head, or a stone against which I might dash out my brains! Let me not witness your death, but first put an end to me' These pitiful words but increased our grief The Wahabee who had been sent to bring me, witnessed all this scene, but was not moved, and not a spark of feeling was elicited from him, he was continually pulling me by the arm, and bidding me come quickly. I addressed him 'What haste is there? For common humanity's sake, permit me to tell my last wishes, to bid adieu to my friends after this let my fate approach, you can do as you list' He replied, 'For dogs like

you, I have neither mercy nor pity, so come along quickly' I then continued my address to the Moolvee 'Take my family to his Lordship the Governor General in Calcutta, and represent to him what has happened, the English gentlemen will doubtless severely retaliate my death, and provide for my fatherless family Take my children in Calcutta to pay their respects to my esteemed friends Mr Archibald Seton, and Mr John Monckton who will certainly render them assistance, and at Patna take them to visit my long respected friend Mr Douglas, and relate my story to him To all my friends I leave this advice, never to go a pilgrimage to Mecca or Kerbelahee Moullah on any but an English vessel, lest they suffer as I have done

Having taken leave of all my friends, I came out with the child Hadim Hossain, who would not quit me, and proceeded with my guide to where I saw the Cazee, Meer Abdoolla, and various other persons of Rasool Kheema, sitting on my carpets, and eating my precious dainties There being one seat vacant, I was going to occupy it one of them pulled me back, and said, 'This place is not for you, infidel, do you think to be allowed to sit in this assembly?' The Cazee was lying in a most consequential manner at full length, and with hands folded, at the head of the assembly, he asked me where I lived, whence I had come, and whither I was going To this I replied, by repeating a few Persian lines, expressive of my condition The Cazee said, 'Are you crazed or mad, that you speak in this foolish way—speak like a human being, and reply' I replied 'What then, were my words the words of a brute beast, that you tell me to speak as a man? The Cazee then asked me if the boy Hadim Hossain, whom I had in my

arms, was my son or not; to which I replied in the affirmative. He observed, 'Your colour is fair and the child's complexion is dark—how is this?' I said, 'Ask the God who made us—how can I tell?' He continued: 'It appears that you are a refractory, abusive, and impertinent fellow, in every way deserving of death.' 'So be it,' said I; 'all is in the hands of God.' After a little, he again addressed me: 'We expected to find a considerable booty on board your ship, but have got *none*; *where have you concealed your property?*' I explained to him, that whatever I possessed was on board the Bugla. He said; 'Your received so many rupees at Bagdad, so many at Sheeraz, and so many at Isphahan; so much money you borrowed at other places, and you caused so many articles of silver and gold to be manufactured. Speak plainly and *tell us where they are. If you surrender them you will be* released: but if not, we shall order you all to be slaughtered like sheep, and thrown into the river.' At this speech I was astounded; how the vagabond could have come by his knowledge, it is not for me to say; but he certainly spoke on these matters as correctly as if he had been my companion in all my travels. I answered: 'No person borrows money for the purpose of accumulating it, but *when he is necessitous*,—and this is my case. I have borrowed in one place to pay what I owed in another, and to defray travelling expenses:—what I had left, you know as well as I, for your friends have plundered it.' The Cazee remained silent and thoughtful for a minute or two, in which time I found opportunity to produce Mr. Bruce's passport, and shew it him. The Cazee read it, cast it aside, and said, 'Bruce is wrong to write this paper; he has knocked his head against a wall. Do we fear him? or

is it of any consequence to us, if we are at peace with him or not? It is he who should think peace a great advantage, and remain quietly without interfering or bringing himself into trouble in Bushire, or we will soon make it rather difficult for him to remain in the city I was now in despair, and wished to get back my passport, which they refused Ameer Abdoolla said, that the paper could be of no use to me, and I said that it was mine, and demanded it 'Well, said I, 'you have the power of detaining this or not, jus as you please I have shewn it to you all, you have all seen it, and the Cazee has read it, and if you act contrary to it, you and the English may settle the matter' On this they vented all sorts of abuse upon me, calling me accursed infidel, mooshrik, idolater, &c In the midst of this, the Cazee said 'Why are you called Nawaub? I replied, 'Why are you called Cazee, and Abdoolla termed Ameer?' One of the by-standers took up a thick cudgel which was near him and beat me plentifully about the head and ears, saying, 'Oh you rascally infidel, do you behave disrespectfully to his worship the Cazee? The scene grew dark before me, but yet I sustained all this without resistance, that the other captives might profit by the example The Cazee again asked me why I did not answer his former question I told him in reply, that when I answered their questions they called me insolent and beat me, and that in that case, they might strike off my head, but they would get no answer from me The Cazee at this got highly incensed, and turning to Sooleiman, a Wahabee, said 'This is an obstinate infidel, killing him is truly praiseworthy, take the cursed fellow away, cut off his limbs one by one, and lastly his head. As for this dog s whelp of a child, carry him

back to prison.' Sooleiman was in the act of dragging me away for the purpose of executing the Cazee's order, when Musseaha addressed him: 'To this man I have given the "Aman-i Khoda;" for the present let him also be remanded, until the prisoners are taken before Ameer Hussan, and let us hear what he says.' The Cazee considered a short space within himself, and at length spoke, 'Well, he may have a day or two more to live; let him be taken to prison.' Thus, as I have before said, for six days and seven nights, I remained hungry and thirsty on board the Bugla; on the seventh day, there came an order for all the persons, except myself, to go ashore, while I was directed to remain in solitary confinement on board. On hearing this order, Hadim Hossain refused to quit me, and my mother begged hard to be allowed to remain; this was at first denied, but at last conceded. When the order was given to take the rest on shore, my son and some others made an effort to stay behind; but whenever they attempted to speak, they were beat on the head with sticks, and at length dragged away: others again assured the prisoners, that any refractory behaviour would cause the instantaneous massacre of the whole body. I therefore exhorted and entreated them to make no resistance, but go quietly, for they were under God's protection It was with some difficulty the helpless captives dragged themselves to the side of the vessel: Moolvee Cassim was standing on the Bugla, and having superintended the embarkation of the females, was himself going to embark. In the act of descending with his hand on the side ropes, the eye of the one-eyed Wahabee before spoken of, was attracted by the Moolvee's two rings, one of agate and the other

of cornelian, he cried out, 'Halloo! what are you stealing those rings for?' and seizing his hand was about to sever it with his sword, to obtain what he coveted Cassim Ally leaped on the Bugla again, and said, 'What, have I stolen your's or your father's property, that you are about to sever my hand?* If you wish the rings, take them, and so saying, delivered them up When he returned and got on board the boat, the one-eyed rascal in the ship commenced using abusive language, which exceedingly enraged the Moolvee, his Hashim† blood boiled up, and he cried out, 'You have taken all you could from me, and now you abuse me, if I am slain in the attempt, you vile pander, you shall not remain alive' saying this, he took up the boat hook, and the Wahabees drew their swords, so that there was a prospect of a contest, on this, the rest of the captives earnestly begged him to cease, or that the whole of them would be sacrificed and the small eventual prospect of escape which yet remained quite lost The Moolvee was affected, and ceased, while the boat people taking to their oars pulled for Rasool Kheema As long as they remained in hail of the ship, the one-eyed Wahabee kept intreating those in the boat to put the Moolvee to death first, whenever the orders were given for our slaughter Once more his ire rose, and he cried out, 'See, see, what use is it? I must die, and where is the use of meeting death like cowards, we are altogether forty in number, and the Waha

* Sentence for theft according to the Mussulman law, although denied by some law authorities

† The high spirit of the tribe of Hashim is celebrated, from that lineage sprung the prophet's son in law Ally, by the Sheeas regarded as equal to the prophet himself

bees in the boat but fifteen, although armed, let us dash in upon them, wrest their swords from their hands, and kill as many as possible, after that what will happen will happen' To this, Rezu Kooly Khan and the rest of the persons agreed, and promised to support him Unfortunately, there happened to be among the Wahabees one who spoke Hindoostanee he understood and told the rest the subject of their consultation, and advised them not to make any attempt upon our party, but wait for the Ameer s orders, as in the former case much bloodshed on their side would certainly ensue Thus for that time my friends escaped, but they were taken on shore and plundered at leisure, so that the few things which had previously escaped were now taken away The shoes from the women s feet, and turbans of the men were even snatched away, and some persons went so far as to thrust their fingers into the prisoner s mouths, lest any jewels should be concealed there After this they were led away to an old ruin, and confined

While all this was going on, my condition was not much better, the world had grown dark from the absence of my friends, and mountains of calamity lay heavy on my soul I said to myself, they have thus parted us, that we may be killed separately How is it possible I can describe the horrors of that dreadful night! Rising up, sitting down, comforting the weeping child, and consoling my widowed mother, I shed tears of blood Sometimes I put my ear to the door, if per chance I might hear some word indicative of the fate of the rest My solicitude on this occasion was principally for my dear friend the Moolvee, and my son Rezu Kooly Khan, who had ever afforded me comfort and assistance in my four years

travels, the particulars of which were detailed in the Hadeeka-ool sufferi Abbasee, or Garden of Abbas Travels, containing every particular of my movements by sea or land, with specification of dates, &c and which was likewise stolen in the indiscriminate plunder of my effects, by which the toil of many years was lost, and I had nothing left me for my labour but my pains In fact, after the occurrence of this calamity, when I arrived safely at Bombay, I must confess I was so disheartened as to be very disinclined to write any more, the rose of pleasure had been nipped in the bud Subsequently, however, at the earnest entreaty of many friends, I set to work and penned what I could call to my recollection In the lost book, the whole detail of the behaviour of Moolvee Cassim Ally is given I have indeed reason to look upon him as dearer than a brother, and his history may perhaps be hereafter presented to the public

On that day Ameer Abdoollah and Hussan bin Ally, collectors of the fifths and many other persons of Rusool Kheema, held a banquet on board, and great were the preparations, large tailed sheep of Isphahan and Sheeraz, with rice, ghee, and all sorts of articles acquired by plunder, were cooked in many dishes and laid out, when the trays were put down they commenced eating I was brought out of my confinement, and bid to stand behind to serve them, every one who wanted water called on me for it, adding the usual terms of Infidel, Accursed, Abbas, Mooshik I was compelled to furnish water, but when I went near it, they warned me 'Take you good care, you infidel, see that you neither drink a drop, nor pollute it by your touch, or else your hands shall be chopped off, and your mouth filled with blood, instead of

water' 'The water is before you, I returned, 'and myself also, how can I have an opportunity of drinking without *your seeing me*? Neither would I *do so* did you permit me, for may dust be on my head, if I supply my own wants, when my mother and children are perishing with thirst' Until they had finished eating and drinking, I was compelled to perform for them every menial office After this Musseaha (often before mentioned) arose, and from the place where the horses were stalled, brought up a filthy piece of broken clay pot, collected all the leavings on the trays, pieces of bread and half picked bones, &c set them before me, and said, 'Here, you infidel dog, stuff that down your throat' I said, 'I have not drunk of your water, and why should I eat food, especially such as this?' I refused to eat, but told Hadim Hossain he could if he wished it, the child refused likewise When Musseaha heard and saw this, he flung the piece of pot and its accompaniment into the sea, and the Cazee with his friends cried, 'Pretty work truly! what! your pride is not yet brought down! and then ordered me back to prison, where *the night passed as before related*

In the morning I was again sent for by the Cazee and Ameer Abdoolla, who now for the first time spoke in a tone of the *slightest civility*, *they questioned me strictly as to* where I had hid my jewels and gold mohurs I again answered them as before, that I had nothing except what was in the Bugla, and how could I conceal any thing They then directed me to write a full, true, and particular account of all I had on board with me I said in reply, 'When these goods were once taken from me, they were lost to me, and are gone I know not where, it is indifferent to

man alone, he is a man of respectability, he is a prince among the prisoners' I replied, 'The curse of heaven on such respectability as you and your friends confer' They ceased searching, however, but to shew further and additional respect, they forthwith took me to the old ruin where the other captives were confined On that evening, Syud Abdool Russool first told me of the dream he had on board the ship and which has been before spoken of, when I heard this, it certainly appeared to me determined, that by the prophet's blessing having hitherto escaped death, we should eventually come off safe That night was passed in the ruin, and in the morning they carried us all before Ameer Hussan Bin Rehma, the chief of the Wahabees in, and magistrate of, Rasool Kheema and its neighbourhood The whole town, men and women, old and young, turned out to gaze at us, the streets were filled, and the windows and house tops crowded, there was a general cry on all sides, praising God for our conquest and captivity, we were pelted with stones, bricks, dirt, filth, and every thing they could set hands on, and abuse of all kinds lavished on us the people cried out, 'Kill the kafirs, kill the mooshriks, and not a soul evinced a symptom of pity We, poor captives, went on slowly, with our heads hanging on our breasts, until we came to the Ameer s residence The Ameer was a little ugly, black, skinny fellow, naked, save a turbun and waistcloth, he had a silver handled sword (part of the plunder) hanging about his shoulders, and a dagger stuck in his waist, he was seated on a carpet, and forty or fifty persons, armed and dressed in the same way, were sitting round about him For a long time we remained standing and no one asked us a question, till at last the order of the

Ameer was proclaimed in a loud voice, that the prisoners *should sit down exactly on the spots where they stood* You might compare our situation to that of the prophet's descendants, when they were brought before the accursed myrmidons of Yezid when the people coming and seeing the captives rejoiced at the sight I, in precisely a similar situation, solaced myself by thinking of them For a small space *longer, no questions were asked, but the chiefs of the* Wahabees seemed engaged in holding a conference among themselves; the people present were gazing on us with eager and poisonous eyes, evidently thirsting for our blood, and looking as if they could have devoured us on the spot, all which time we remained in the utmost anxiety to hear our sentence At last Ameer Hussan, looking towards me, opened his mouth, and said 'You people are all kafirs and mooshriks you are all of you liable to death, and the shedding your blood is declared not only lawful but praiseworthy, your property is confiscated' I said to him 'O Ameer, according to what law, or where is it written, that it is lawful to shed the blood of those who call upon the name of the true God?' He replied, 'Your calling on God *is mere lip-worship, and in fact of no* effect' I returned, 'God alone can judge of the heart of man, but whence is it that you judge our religion to be merely superficial?' He said, 'I know it from this, that you cry upon Ali, and say, "O Ali! grant me a family, O Ali! grant me means of subsistence, or, O blessed Hossain! *perform my request*, or, O Mahommed! fulfil my wishes, or pardon my faults, you bow down your heads on their tombstones, and making their graves your kibla pray with your

and from men of noble birth and exalted station, look not for ingratitude.' Ameer Abdoolla and the Cazee, who were sitting near Ameer Hussan, observed, 'The people of Hindostan, and that part of the country, are undoubtedly all kafirs and mooshriks, and liable to be put to death, if they be not converted, and become as one of us.' 'Gracious powers!' I exclaimed, 'the holy prophet of God himself, could not in his life time bring the whole world to believe his religion, nor make all mankind Mussulmans, and the greatest sultans, kings, and potentates, who have at different times conquered all the nations of the earth, could never bring them to agree in one faith, is it likely that Abdool Azeez or Saood, shoul render their self invented religion current in the whole of Arabia, much less the whole world? Do you think you will effect such an object with this diminutive handful of people?' The supposition is ridiculous, an I seems tinctured with madness.' Ameer Hussan got into the greatest rage imaginable, and exclaimed, 'What do you call a self invented religion? Have a care of what you say.' 'This religion,' I said, 'is most certainly self invented, since from the decease of the blessed prophet up to seventy years ago, no one ever discovered it, neither is it mentioned in any of the books of the prophet's sayings, nor in any history. The source and origin is within the last seventy or eighty years, and it was set up by Abdool Wahab, Abdool Azeez and his son Saood have completed it, then what else can you call it than self invented?' He replied, 'In the time of the prophet, ours was the true undefiled religion, and the people were real worshippers; in course of time, kafirs and mooshriks quitted the only faith, set up their own foolish tenets, and called their own re-

ligion of infidelity and idolatry, the faith of Islam God has given us inspiration, and power to recreate the old religion; and whoever considers it one of our own invention, is accursed, and worthy of death' I addressed him, 'O Ameer, whatever you speak, ends with no other words, but death, death death! I begged you before not to question me, and if I give you an answer, you threaten me with death, if this conversation is merely to entrap me, and to get cause for my death, why do you delay slaying me instantly, for I am in your power? He said, 'You will soon enough see that, so you need not be so urgent upon it Well, we now know why you went to Tehran, tell us why you went to Bagdad' I answered, 'It was my intention to go to Mecca by the way of Damascus, but from the insecurity of the road the caravan did not proceed, I relinquished my intention, and turned towards Muscat, for the purpose of taking ship to Jedda, and I was captured in the way' The Ameer said, 'You speak falsely, why don't you say at once you were coming from Kerbelahee and Nujf' I replied 'Well, perhaps I did go there, what then? In every month and year, thousands of persons visit the Kerbelahee and Nujf Notwithstanding the great strength and power of the Caliphs of the Abassides and Ommiades, and their great enmity with the descendants of the prophet, they could neither stop up the road nor prevent people visiting those places The Cazee said, 'Now you have let it out, these are your tenets' I did not at that time think it necessary to disclose my real sentiments, since concealment of them is lawful in times of danger and imminent peril, and I then said, 'I spoke not my own opinions, but those of the Sheeas 'For this reason, said the Ameer,

'I have before declared, that all the people of Hindustan, Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, are all destitute of faith, kafirs, mooshriks, and idolaters, all good Mussulmans should slay them Sheeas, calling out upon Ali or Hussan and Hossein, or making similar foolish exclamations, think that those persons hear them, and know that people come to their tombs and pay their respects, the fact is, Ali and Hussan never hear them, nor know whether any pay their respects or not When Mohummed was alive, he was a great prophet and the envoy of God, now he is dead, he has neither the power of benefiting nor injuring his friends or enemies, present or future God is omnipotent and unequalled, for us the Koran alone is sufficient, and all persons differing from these tenets are decidedly obnoxious to capital punishment' To this I made no reply, and for some minutes silence ensued I again addressed him, 'Ameer, when I came in this direction Mr Bruce, resident of Bushire, relying on your friendly disposition, gave me a passport addressed to you, and put me on board this Bugla Although the Cazee and Meer Abdoolla took this paper from me, and have not returned it, you have, in all probability, heard of its contents. If you attend to the passport, 'tis well, if not, pray give orders for the paper being returned, that I may send it back to that gentleman, and inform him how it has been complied with' The Ameer replied, 'You have several times made use of the word Saheb, as Lord Saheb, and Bruce Saheb, and for this reason alone you deserve punishment, what is the meaning of terming a kafir, Saheb The word Saheb belongs to God alone; the paper written by Bruce, you shall not get, neither will its contents be in any way attended to The Feringhees are

frightened at our power, and do you think we fear them? They think it a great advantage to be at peace with us, and seek for it as such, and it is we who have allowed them to remain in quietness at Bushire if not, it were no more difficult to sack the town than to drink a cup of water If we wish it, we will, in the twinkling of an eye, enter the bay of Bushire, and slay the inhabitants, and render the navigation of the Feringhees pretty hazardous Why do you mention these people to us, do you think we fear them? I replied to him, 'You have put two questions, listen to the answers of both You have said that God alone is Saheb, or Master, that to call any else by that name is not proper, and you ask why I call a Feringhy, Saheb? God is in truth the Lord and Master of every thing, and higher than all other masters, because he is creator of all things, as yet, however, no one has ever termed him *Alla Saheb* or *Khoda Saheb* Besides, whom the Lord of all things has exalted, lacks of people call him Lord Saheb, and pay him reverence and respect it is not myself only, but thousands of others, and if you say it is improper, of what importance will your prohibition be, or who will heed it? As to what you have said of holding the English in contempt and not regarding them, you may perhaps from your frequent victories over poor weak and helpless travellers, have let the fear and terror slip from your memory 'I will, however, assist it, by recalling a few circumstances to your recollections These English are the very persons, who have once before sent out a small part of their large and powerful force, which came and took Rasool Kheema, burnt, plundered, and levelled it with the ground, while you yourselves fled from fright, hiding yourselves wherever you got

a refuge, and seeking protection from the lowest and meanest persons Look well after yourselves, when the impetuous tide of English vessels shall come rushing on in your direction, you will speedily be made an end of, the foundations of your city will be razed, and the troops will fill their horses' grain bags with its dust, and carry it to their own country*' Ameer Hussan replied 'You are a most accursed fellow, and insolent, impudent, and abusive besides, do you not fear for your life for talking in this way before me?' On his saying this, his companions, who were sitting around him, drew their swords, and arose, crying out, 'O accursed mooshrik, rascally kafir, to presume to insult the Ameer we will cut you in pieces' They waited but for his order to execute their threat I said, 'I have neither spoken falsely nor disrespectfully, that I should fear you, your Ameer, or whoever he is, can say as he pleases, I fear not death, since if my hour be arrived, and my fate is to suffer death at your hands, there is no resisting it, and if it be not arrived, you have no power to take a hair from my head, much less slay me If I am slain, you may take it as certain that the English will avenge my death, and do not suppose my blood will flow unrecompensed and you hereby know, I am connected with the English gentlemen, and am of the subjects of the King of England The property I possess is the gift of the Company, and belongs to them While you have it in your power, I advise its restoration, if not, when the news of this arrives at Calcutta, you

* 'Fill their horses grain bags This is a common expression in speaking of warfare, signifying a threat of utter desolation, such as to leave no traces of a city left.

will be severely reckoned with, and will be obliged to refund tenfold every article plundered' Ameer Hussan said 'Get along with you! the time is past when we were weak and imbecile, the Feringhees dare not now cast an evil eye towards Rasool Kheema.' I replied 'You are always saying Feringhy, Feringhy I have not talked of Feringhees My friends are termed the protectors of friends, and the destroyers of enemies' He said, 'Are they indeed?' 'Yes,' said I, 'they are, and praise heaven the time is not far off, when you shall experience the truth of what I say, when kingly anger, like the night of unexpected calamity, and the lightning of royal displeasure, will descend upon you' There was now silence for some time, but every countenance was flushed with anger, and ominous of our fate, my own friends and family entreated me not to talk in this style, and thus irritate them into ordering our death but I said to them, 'My property is gone, life alone remains to us, begging mercy of these men is of no avail, and of what use is submission, supplication, or flattery?' The Ameer, as well as the captives sat thus for some time, but he first broke silence, and spoke 'If you get back all your property, will you become a true Mussulman as one of us, and live in this country?' I asked him to whom I was to entrust the remainder of my family in Hindoostan He answered 'Your friends and family there, are kafirs and mooshriks, and of what use are they? Cast them aside, and here you shall soon have plenty more I will procure you a wife, slaves, horses, and land, and every thing you wish, and will make much of you Attack and slay the infidels, and you shall share the prey' I rejoined, 'Praise to God, I always was a true Mussulman, and am so still' To

leave my wife and family, to a man of rank like me, would be the deepest of disgraces, and nothing could be more dégrading to me as a man, or more sinful in the eyes of God. And as to changing my place of residence, I am ignorant of any evil I have received from the English, or of any good at your hands, that would give me an inducement to do so This is the seventh day that I and my friends have been made prisoners, and we have had nothing to eat or drink, your treatment of us, has been worse than that of brutes and beasts, and what reason do you think we could have to associate ourselves with you? 'I am sure,' said he, 'that there is, no hope of your conversion, to kill you is in the highest degree pleasing to God, to let you go forth alive or escape death would be an unpardonable sin' I replied, 'If you intend killing us, do so, and do it speedily, and put us out of this protracted suspense my protectors will, however, amply avenge me Should I die now, I depart in sorrow, but my soul will view and be rejoiced, at the day of retribution But on the contrary, if you do not intend our deaths, what use is there in detaining us in captivity?' To this the Ameer made no reply, and after a little further reflection, ordered us back to prison until some further investigation should be made, and the Cazee's detailed opinion recorded. They led us away again to the old ruin, where a maund of rotten dates, the same quantity of coarse rice, (such as they feed elephants with in Hindoostan,) about thirty seers of wheat, and ten or twelve seers of peas, half ant eaten, were sent to us The man who brought it said, that order had been given to send the prisoners this much, and he told us to husband it well, as we should get no more I remonstrated on the scan-

tiness of the supply, but fruitlessly An Abyssinian slave woman, of hideous and disgusting appearance, was appointed to serve us with water her under lip hung half way down her chin, her nose, if she had any, was covered by her upper lip, and her bosom hung down to her middle the devils, had they seen her, would have been afraid, and if Satan himself had seen her, he would have said *lo houl** This abominable creature scarcely ever brought any thing but brackish water, and of that, the quantity was frequently curtailed if any one spoke to her for bringing so little water for so many persons, she used the most infamous and abusive language, such indeed, that you might have thought even she herself would have been ashamed of When any one got faint from thirst, I sent Hadim Hossain to the Wahabees' house for a draught of water whenever he went, they used, men and women, to call out, 'Get away, be off, you son of a dog, you mooshrik, kafir, accursed, don't pollute our water,' and thus they drove him away with every contumelious expression *In this manner we remained for 22 days in captivity, 7 on board the vessel and 15 on shore*, but with this difference, on the vessel the doors were locked, and here they were left open The cause of this I will now explain

In the whole of Rasool Kheema there is not a surgeon or physician, or even any one pretending to be such, the cures, which I had effected, of the wounded men on board the Bugla became noised abroad in the city Two thirds of the people were affected with some complaint or other, and they flocked

* 'Lo houl' The commencement of the prayer repeated by the Mussulmans to drive away the Devil, which is considered by them as an invaluable specific

to me in crowds, for remedies I told them in vain, that I had no medicines, that the four trunks full which I possessed, filled with every description of drug, for every species of disease, had been taken from me with the rest of my baggage, and that if I did write a prescription no one could read it, or if they could, they had no means of recognizing the suitable medicines The crowd, however, increased daily One day, a person of rank among the Wahabees, named Mahommed, who had been ill for some months, and was troubled with many complaints, especially a difficulty of respiration, so that he could hardly put one foot before the other, came to me and requested my assistance As his entreaties, nay importunities, were excessive, and I saw that his complaints proceeded mainly from the excess and impurity of his blood, I said to him, 'Medicine of any kind, I have not, but *fusd* would be of great use to you*' He asked me, 'What is *fusd?* What sort of medicine is it, and how do you swallow it? When I heard this, I could not help exclaiming, 'How strange is this! Here is a people who cannot distinguish *fusd* from a medicine to swallow, and yet by their power and strength they acquire dominion and rule, while wise men become their captives' He said, 'Do not be angry with me, and talk in this way, I have done you no wrong, neither am I one of those who have taken you prisoner and plundered you I am sick, and loath my existence, my only hope is in you, have pity on me' I said to him, 'On you and your nation I hope God will have neither pity nor compassion' He replied, 'Well, say what you please, but cure me, I really tell you in truth I have never heard the name of *fusd* nor seen it, and I am

* 'Fusd, 'bleeding'

sure none of the people have ever heard of it or tasted it.' I replied, 'Plague take you, phlebotomy is no article to eat or look at.' and I then explained to him what the nature of the operation was. On this he asked me who was to bleed him, as no person in the town had the least idea of doing it, and at last begged of me to operate. I told him I had no surgical instruments, and that I could not: on his questioning me if I had any in my trunks, I said yes. The sick man went to the Ameer, petitioned him on the subject, and with some difficulty procured an order for the bleeding instruments, but nothing else; several men stood by, with strict orders that nothing else than these things should be taken away. Of all my property, valued at three lacks of rupees, a case of lancets, a bandage for the arm, a stone which is held in the hand of the person bled, and a pair of spectacles, were the only things I recovered; the rest were all lost I wished to bleed the man where I was, but he would not consent to it, bidding me come to his own house; having never suffered the operation before, he was much afraid, and took me home with him, where calling four or five friends, he stationed them at his bed head, and bid me proceed. When I had bled him, cleansed the wound, and bandaged his arm, his fear vanished; he sat down, much relieved, in the outer room, and made me be seated Hadim Hossain, who had accompanied me, was sitting in my lap Our friend opened a chest, and taking out a bag of pistachio nuts, and one of sweatmeats, threw a few of the former and about an ounce of the latter to the child, telling him to eat them. After this he took out another bag, which being filled with Reals of

France*, he put up again, he opened another box, and lifted a second bag, which was filled with gold mohurs, which he likewise returned to its place. In the room, next to that where we here sitting, there were twelve large iron bound trunks, each of which, as he opened them, I perceived filled with cash or valuable stuffs, he thus opened seven in succession and closed them again, while I gazed with astonishment He appeared to have cash and goods in profusion, of all countries From the eighth box, he pulled out a bag of Persian rupees, which are of less value than those of Hindoostan, and after much search found a piece of silver, value three annas, throwing it to me he said, 'Take this as a recompense for bleeding me' I replied, 'No, I do not want it' 'What,' said he, 'is it too little? I answered him that I would not take the whole of his wealth, if he was to offer it to me On his questioning me further why I would not accept it, I said, 'Blood letting is not my profession, I never acquired this knowledge for the purpose of making money, or of procuring wealth,' and so saying, retired back to my old ruin In the way to the Wahabees' house, and in my return, the people who met me in the way, abused me and cursed me, they kicked me, threw dirt at me, and beat me with sticks and stones Thus it was also, when I or any of the captives, distressed at confinement, came outside the door, and for want of a carpet, sate ourselves upon the bare earth, if by chance any one was eating outside the prison, the passers by used to throw a handfull of dust, first on our food and

* The expression is thus in the original, but what these coins are, the translator knows not

then on our heads The women and female slaves of the Wahabees used often to come and look at us for the purpose of having a laugh many came with children at the breast, if, by chance, they came when we were eating, and on the children crying for something to eat, we would give them a piece of food, the mothers would snatch it away and cast it on the ground, saying that it had been given to us as *sudka**, and that they were not used to give their children *sudka* Other points also are curious, I had with me several hookahs, of which the sirpooshes, mouthpieces, &c were of silver and gold, the pipes had been broken up before my face and cast into the sea, while the precious metals were cautiously conveyed away Every one who came into the prison warned us against smoking on pain of instant death, once, some fellows came secretly into the ruin, and said, 'What cursed infidel has been smoking the kallian here? the smell of tobacco is very plain' 'It is a good joke,' replied I, 'for you to ask this question, when you have taken all my goods, and my hookahs and kallians with them, and where am I to get tobacco and fire?' On hearing this, they went away rather ashamed of themselves The use of opium also was strictly prohibited, so that during the period I was under the Wahabees' control, I saw neither hookah nor opi

* 'Sudka,' *is, in the common acceptation, alms; but especially* means an offering made to avert calamity In a case of misfortune, or apprehended evil, it is a common custom to repeat prayers over a rupee, and then give it away; or else to release some bird or animal The idea is, that as the rupee is given away, or the animal released, the danger will likewise depart *The Oriental custom of opening the prisons, during the time of the king's* illness, may be connected with this idea

um, much less could I make use of either I could not proceed in the minute account of daily incidents which occurred, without swelling out these pages into a large size, which is not my object I shall, therefore, shorten the remainder of my story

Towards the latter part of my stay, the fame of my skill in medicine grew great, and from the crowds of sick persons who came to me for advice, the curses and abuse, with which we were formerly saluted, began in some degree to abate, I now received a little respect from the people, and it became very evident that they wished to retain me at Rasool Khee ma The man whom I had bled, came to me one morning and said, 'For many many months I could not sleep a wink from night until morning, and last night I passed in the greatest comfort and tranquillity, while the difficulty I had in breathing is quite gone Oh Abbas, for heaven's sake do not quit this place, remain here, and you shall have every thing you can wish for I will lend you capital for trading, so that on the repayment of the principal all the profit shall be yours, and I will ever stand your friend As in this place there is no physician, your celebrity will speedily become great, and you will gain preferment among us, should you wish to remain, say so at once, that I may go to the Ameer and procure your release, for your sake also the rest of the captives will be liberated, and allowed to return to their own country in safety If you refuse to listen to my words, and you can get no person to interest himself about you with the Ameer, in all likelihood you and your friends will be condemned to death He kept on, for some time, talking in this way, stating all the inducements in his power, and threat

ening in case of refusal but I replied thus, 'You have offered to stand my friend, I wish no friend but God, I have no wish for your wives, slaves, property, or any thing else you can offer me, and even though your proffers should exceed the bounds of conception yet in your country I will receive none of them if it be my fate to die, no one, by speaking to Ameer Hussan, can in any way assist me' He again urged me, saying, 'In this city, the people are often afflicted with many and bad diseases, and physician there is none, to remain here and cure them will be a most acceptable deed in the eyes of God, and great will be your reward' I replied, 'Well, my practising medicine in this city is absolutely impossible, and so you may as well put the vain idea out of your head' He said, 'I see you mind not my persuasion, but suppose, captive as you now are, the Ameer should not allow you to go, but keep you here by force?' I answered, 'What can I do? No more than I have hitherto done! Is this force and compulsion to be used on me simply on account of my skill in surgery and medicine, or is there any other cause?' He said it was on that account only 'Then,' said I, 'listen to what I say, I know little or nothing of the science of medicine, and had I the knowledge of Ibnood Senna himself, I would rather perish for my religion's sake, than cure any more of your people' When he saw that I was impracticable, and would not stay in the country, he made a great lamentation, bit his lips with vexation, and went away in tears On arriving at his own house, he sent me fifteen seers of excellent rice, six or seven seers of peas, the same quantity of flour, and three or four seers of ghee he likewise sent a message to me, that any thing else I asked

him for, or wanted, I should have' I sent word back that I wanted nothing and I take God to witness that I never applied to him for a single thing The fifteenth day of our land captivity we expended all our ghee and salt After the expiration of twenty two days, when no prospect of liberation appeared, I became downcast, regardless of my fate, I went to Ameer Abdoolla, and addressed him thus 'It is now a considerable time since I and my friends have been in confinement, and grievously oppressed, of Ameer Hussan I know nothing, and you were the person who took me prisoner It is plain that you can get no profit by detaining me here, neither can you damage yourself by releasing me All my goods you have plundered, and I have scarcely life left in me, that, you may take if you please But if you have really granted us quarter, give us our dismissal, and let us go' The Ameer asked me, where I wished to go, to which I answered, that it was for the present my intention to go to Muscat AmeerAbdoolla said, 'Then be off' I said to him again, 'How is it possible for me to go, when I have not money to hire either horses or a vessel; and as for going on foot, these women and children who are with me, were never before in such a calamitous case as to be accustomed to that mode of travelling, were that even possible, I have not a coury to pay my expenses on the road besides which, it is the cold season. I have nothing but these ragged trowsers, and you know well enough that my companions are in an equally deplorable condition If you are commonly humane, put us on board a vessel bound for Muscat' One of the bystanders here said that his Bogara sailed for Muscat on the morrow evening, and the Ameer observed that I could proceed in her Think-

g it to be a most favorable opportunity, and understanding e boat to be of a large and commodious description, with awning or covered roof, I eagerly agreed to the propo- l About this time of the year was the coldest season, but e *sun shone bright all day, while from evening until morn-* g there was seldom any thing else but a continuance of thun- r, lightning, and rain I therefore again endeavoured to ften the Ameer's heart, by saying: 'The weather is now ex edingly tempestuous and cold, and we are not stocks and ones, but flesh and blood; order us each a set of clothes and pillow, that we perish not from the inclemency of the sea- n.' He replied, that I should have nothing but what I now id, and that I should think myself lucky in escaping with fe Finding him impracticable, I rose to go away, but he opped me, saying: 'Listen to me, what is the name of this habitant of Bagdad who is with you? Who is he? What is s occupation and religion?' I replied, 'His name is Haji lohammed Reza, a merchant of, and resident in Bagdad; by rofession a trader in indigo; he is a friend of mine, and ac- mpanied me from Bagdad; he is also a Soonnee.' He sked, 'What Soonnee?' I answered, 'A Hunifee' He ob- rved, 'I asked *him* what Soonnee *he was, and he told me* a hafee, and now you say he is a Hunifee*; from this I am led o believe he is neither one nor the other, but a *rafiza*.' 'That,' aid I, 'he certainly is not.' 'How do you know?' said the meer. I replied: 'I know perfectly well that he is a true

* The Shafee, Hunifee, Hunbalfee, and Muleekee sects form the our grand divisions of Soonnees; each sect holds the other as ortho- ox, and the difference consists but of minor doctrinal points. The atives of this country are principally Shafees.

Soonnee, though of what description I cannot speak exactly Had he been a *rafiza*, there never could have been any friendship between us, besides which, he daily curses the father of the *rafiza*, how then can he be one of them? He said 'Well, let him be what he may, I wish you would let me slay him, and you and the rest of your friends may leave this immediately' I vehemently declared that this was totally out of the question Abdoolla said 'We, for your sake, have kept back our hands from the slaughter of forty souls, now do you, for my sake, surrender this one man to me, we wish excessively that he should not quit this alive It is only because of his having remained with you, that we have hitherto left him unmolested I replied, 'Such kindness and consideration as you evince, is accursed In respect to that kindness I can only say that you can kill him if you wish, but it must be after my death, for I will never consent If you have granted us the 'Aman i khoda,' we are all equally sharers in the protection, and after that, it is not lawful for you to take his life Finding me as obstinate on some points as himself, he bid me to go to Jehennoom and the devil, whereupon I quitted his presence, and went to the ruin

The next day was the 23d of our captivity, the Nakhoda of the vessel came, and said, that he intended leaving Rasool Kheema in the evening, and bid me make all the requisite preparation I told him I had none to make, that when he was ready, praise to God, I was ready also I made, however, one furthur attempt in our favour, by sending Moolvee Casim to the Ameer with this message, that if the Nakhoda should demand passage money we had none to give him, and that we had no means of procuring provisions on the voy-

age When the Moolvee had spoken, the Ameer answered, 'The Nakhoda will ask nothing from you, and for all necessary expenses I have arranged with him After this he gave the Moolvee two old carpets, and bid him spread the one on the vessel, and cover us with the other It is somewhat singular that at this time the Wahabees should have shewn any one, especially the Moolvee any civility, but so it happened One day the Moolvee went to the treasury, and saw them dividing the spoil of several merchants whom they had plundered, near where he was standing, a heap of gram was piled, which he, from thoughtlessness, began to pick, putting grain by grain into his mouth The one-eyed Wahabee before mentioned, seeing him, said 'Take care what you are about, do not eat that, or you will die, throw it from you' The Moolvee said, 'All you people wish our death, if eating this will kill me, why do you not send the whole heap of it over to us, that we may at once eat and die, which will save you the daily necessity of getting into a passion and abusing us' He said, 'No, do not eat that, but if you are hungry come with me' and taking him by the hand, he led him to a place where nuts, almonds, raisins, and other articles were stored, and told him to eat as much as he could, but take none away Much conversation also passed, which is too long to be related in this place

In the evening, when we were about to quit the ruin, one of our guards went and informed the Ameer, some of his attendants came down, and again our persons underwent a severe scrutiny We had nothing with us but a parcel of dirty clothes, yet they took away our shoes and turbans, and tore the clothes off the females, so that not one had a

whole piece of cloth upon them, and then they bid us de part. In this deplorable condition we reached the sea side When I looked on the vessel, I discovered that it was merely of the size of a Hindoostanee dingy, and had not the slightest covering over head I thought within myself, they never could have sent us in such a concern as this, without a hope of our being drowned by the way, in stormy and tempestuous seas, where large ships, composed of whole trees, are swallowed up, how was it possible this vessel could live! The boat was about fifteen or sixteen yards long, by five or six in breadth, and in this confined space, were places for the rowers, the helm, the cooking place, and the room for the crew s goods and effects, so that what remained for forty of us was little more than four yards square In this condition we were obliged to remain for six days and nights, with our breasts pressed down to our feet, nearly bent double, and much worse off than in a bird-cage The old ruin, where we were confined on land, was a thousand times better than this, for here we had not one moment s peace, we had no place for sleeping, or saying our prayers, nor the power of stretching forth our legs, neither had we any thing to eat I spoke to the Nakhoda, and told him, 'The Ameer in your presence said he had paid you for feeding us, now make over to us what you have prepared for our use' The Nakhoda denied that the Ameer had given him any thing at all, and that as for the crew, they had nothing but a few dates and some parched corn The crew of this boat, from the Nakhoda to the common sailors, were all Wahabees, and desirous of our destruction, if it could be effected without hazarding their own, for Ameer Abdoolla and Ameer Hos

san, and the rest of the chiefs, had given very strict orders, that they should harass and annoy us, during the passage, by every means in their power For this and perhaps other reasons, they wished, if possible, to land us on some desert island or shore, wholly inaccessible to human beings, hence, under one pretence or another, they used generally to an chor in these sort of places, and then with a shew of friend ship entice us to land, asking us to come and view the plea sures of the shore Being aware of their intentions, however, we were on our guard, and refused their specious invitations, thus they at last perceived, and finding they had failed in their plans, commenced being abusive, and ordered us out, or else that they themselves would quit I said in reply, 'Oh Nakhoda! recollect, if you please, you are not now at Rasool Kheema Your crew are nine, and we are forty in number, if therefore, you evince any disposition to do us an injury, although without arms, we will split your heads with the oars, and binding your hand and foot, fling you forthwith into the sea, not one of you shall be left alive' When they saw first deceit, and then abuse, of no effect, and that, instead of quitting the vessel as we were bid, we return ed their hard words with threats, they reluctantly proceeded on their course During all this period, however, we were in the extremity of misery, burnt all day in the sun, soaked with wet all the evening, and all night frozen with cold, with nothing to eat or drink To all this was added the momentary danger of a high and tempestuous sea, of which the waves seemed to reach heaven the danger in all places is very great, but principally in the Bab Salami, where very large ships are oftentimes wrecked There is in that place a

earnestness, informed me, that whatever I wanted, whether grain, clothes, cash, or whatever I could wish, was at my disposal They repeatedly pressed their offers upon me, yet God is my witness, that in this hour of distress the foot of patience and content did not slip, and I wished and asked nothing from them Their offers I continually refused, yet from their kindness of heart, they persisted in bringing matrasses, coverlids, pillows, carpets, &c and others furnished vessels of iron, brass, China, &c so that in spite of all I could say or do, I was fully provided Although these things were but lent to me, and before my quitting Sohar I returned each to its owner, yet when it is considered that I was not personally known to any one, that no one had ever heard of me even by name, and that of my rank they were all ignorant, and that besides which, they could have neither fear, hope, nor expectation from me, this kind and humane behaviour, in these evil times, is as unexpected as red sulphur, or the appearance of the Hooma* Such benevolence as I experienced from these people, I never received from friends of many years standing,—nay, not even from my own relations I would willingly dwell on their excellencies, but space forbids

Among this beneficent people, a man of Scind, named Khaja Mohummed Cazim, was foremost in his attentions, he often said to me, 'I have all sorts of articles in my warehouses,

* 'Red Sulphur' A common metaphor for an almost absolute impossibility. The 'Hooma' is the fabulous bird, whence in all probability has sprung our idea of a Phœnix. It is fabled of this bird, that whoever comes under the shadow of his wings, will become a king It would hence appear, from the number of kings, that Hoomas must be very rare indeed, and in the whole of the Honble Company's territories, I should hardly suppose one nest can be found.

consider them as your own, and without any ceremony send for what you wish, if money is necessary, one hundred, two hundred, or a thousand rupees, or whatever you stand in need of, are at your service,—say shall I bring you any?' I replied, 'May your munificent house prosper, but I want nothing' Seeing I would take nothing, he, with tears in his eyes, addressed me 'Well, do as you please, but my heart is grieved at your conduct if you will accept nothing of me, take what you please as a loan, there can be no impropriety in borrowing' 'If, said I, 'your disposition is thus favorable to me, I will borrow of you, lend me two hundred rupees' He remonstrated with me, saying, 'You have nothing to eat, no clothes, no comforts, neither are you prepared to travel, how can this small sum satisfy your necessities? take more' I refused, however, to take more than this, telling him that it would suffice me to reach Muscat, and that there I could make other arrangements I then began to write a bond payable at that place He would not accept the bond, but said, 'When I told you my whole shop was at your service, could you suppose I intended taking a bond from you for such a trifle as this?' After all my entreaties he would take no bond, and subsequently he came daily to my house to enquire after me, whatever I stood in need of, grain, ghee, cloth, he gave me from his own warehouse at a price much lower than the Bazar rates, and invariably accompanied the goods himself. During the seven days I remained at Sohar, the kindness and attention was such, that the rust of sorrow became washed from my heart what I borrowed of Mohummed Cazim, praise God, on my arrival at Muscat I repaid with increase, and his receipt, sealed with his own seal, I keep by me to this

day On leaving Sohar in my progress towards Muscat, my first intention was to go by sea Khaja Mohummud Ca zim strenuously advised me against it, saying, 'More than forty or fifty Wahabee vessels have lately come in this direc tion for the purpose of plunder, and they every day come stealing along the coast' Hajee Mohummed Reze, the indigo merchant, had also particularly importuned me to go by sea, so that I much wished to pursue that course Previously to this, however, my respected friend and adopted brother, Moolvee Cazim, had forewarned me on the subject, stating his doubts and hesitations in very strong language Except ponies and mules, there were no means of travelling by land to Muscat, and to this method I had a great dislike About two days before this, two vessels had left for Muscat, and news was abroad that the Wahabees were at sea in force, as had been told me by my friend the Khaja Mohummed Ca- zim , on the second day information was received, that the ships had been captured, and the people on board slain While it was not fully ascertained whether the information was correct or not, towards the evening, two headless corpses were washed on shore by the waves, a little below the city, the hands and feet of both had been severed from the body The people collected together, and went to the seaside, where the corpses were recognized, and taken away by their friends for sepulture It was thus evident that the Moolvee's advice was perfectly correct, so desisting from going by sea, I hired ponies and mules, and set off for Muscat, where I arrived in six days, although by sea the journey is generally performed in one day As far as Muthoora I travelled by land, thence to Muscat is but a few miles, but the road

is over high hills, so that many hours elapse in passing it It is the custom, therefore, for persons to go from Muthoora in small boats called *Houry*, and as it is merely the bay which is necessary to be crossed, there is no apprehension of danger On this account we went on board the *Houry*, and after a passage of half an hour, arrived at Muscat at nine A M, and landed at the custom house ghaut When I had just passed the gate of the custom house, the first person I met was Shaick Ibrahim, commander of the ship Fyz Alun, with whom I had come from Calcutta, he immediately advanced towards me, asked me where I was coming from, and whether I had provided a house I told him that I had only just arrived, my friends were coming after me, and that I was about to enquire for a residence He answered me, that for that there could be no necessity, for his house was mine Taking me by the hand, he led me to his own mansion, which he had but newly erected, and paid me every civility, he sent for my mother and family, settled each of them according to their proper stations in different parts of the house, and made every possible arrangement for our comfort He next caused me to be seated for about half an hour, during which, we conversed together, then excusing his absence, he went away for the purpose of preparing several suits of clothes for our use On returning he said that the bath was ready, and invited me to change my apparel I did not wish to trespass upon his kindness, yet so urgent was he, that I went to the bath, took off my old vestments, which were nothing but a parcel of rags, and put on new ones Nor did his kindness end here, for in spite of all my entreaties

to the contrary, he sent for tailors, and Dhacca muslins, striped stuffs, velvets, cambric, and Benares manufactures, and made up several complete sets of clothes of a splendid description, he got likewise, from the Bazar, a Vidry hookah, with silver sirpooshes and mouthpiece complete, together with a maund of most excellent tobacco, for my mother also he provided similar accommodations As long as I remained in Shaick Ibrahim's house, he never relaxed in his personal attendance, or administering the rites of hospitality, to his wife and female servants also, he gave the strictest directions, that they should not for an instant cease in waiting on, and paying attention to my mother On my coming out from the bath, I found the Vizier of the Imam of Muscat, by name Shaick Ally Ben Fazil, a personal and attached friend of the Imam, who was so intimate as to have personal interviews with the ladies of the royal mohul serai had come to visit me He was indeed an angel in the garb of man, of whom, and whose attention to me, I can hardly express myself sufficiently grateful When he returned home, he sent me a carpet for praying, pillows, &c together with a bale of muslins, cloth, &c During the same day I was also visited by all the respectable merchants of the place, who condoléd with me on my misfortunes, among them Hajee Abdoolla, the younger brother of Hajee Hyder, a person well known in Calcutta as an extensive merchant, sent me a present of some fine cloths All these things I was very unwilling to receive, as it had been always my custom to bestow, and I never yet had the necessity to accept a coury or a thread from any one yet was I obliged to yield, for the purpose of obliging my friends.

In this place, as well as at Sohar, and the other intermediate stages, with whomsoever I conversed, lords and princes, high or low, they were greatly astonished, and expressed themselves in such terms as these —'Since the day when the Wahabee religion was first set on foot, and they have called themselves by that name, they have done nothing but rob, plunder, and murder, from that day to this, the escape of any individual man or woman, young or old, who once fell into their blood thirsty hands, was as unlikely as the plurality of Gods, your release from their power, unhurt and alive, is totally incomprehensible' Shortly after my arrival at Muscat I had taken a house to myself, and wished much to enter upon it, but for some time my host would by no means consent I saw that my friends Shuck Ibrahim, and Ally Ben Fazil were harassing themselves with their personal attentions to me, and instead of ceasing to trouble themselves, when I remonstrated on the subject, they only redoubled their efforts to make themselves agreeable At last, with much difficulty, I got permission to occupy the house which I had hired. For twenty two days that I remained here, these two friends came daily after morning prayers, sat with me for an hour or so, and enquired after my health, departing, they went to pay their respects to the Imam, after which they used again to visit me, and feast with me in the evening After the third day of my residence I went to visit the Syud Syeed, the Imam of Muscat he received me with every civility, and on my approaching him, rose to meet me took my hands between his, and seated me near him He was pleased to express himself much touched with my misfortunes, promised to demand back my property from the Wahabees, and

take vengeance on those accursed oppressors To this end he requested me to furnish him with the list of the property I had lost, and although I saw no particular object in doing so, yet at his desire I committed to paper the detail of my losses as far as I could recollect them On receiving my dismissal from the Imam, I retired home, where shortly after my two friends arrived, and on the part of the Imam presented me with a bale of cloth, and one thousand French reals, which from common civility I was obliged to accept. On several subsequent occasions I had interviews with His Highness, in which his kindness and friendship continually increased As it so happened, about this time, from a sudden change in the weather, the Imam became indisposed, and as there were no physicians in Muscat, and my cure of the Wahabees had here become known, he applied to me, in very polite terms, to attend him I most willingly undertook his cure, and as he was of rather a sanguinary temperament, bled him By the blessing of heaven, he soon recovered, and was in perfect health On performing the last washing of health*, he wished to make me a compliment on the occasion, but I solemnly assured him I would not take one coury, since medicine was no profession of mine, and what knowledge I had, was simply acquired in a general course of study, and practised only, that I might assist the needy, or in a case of necessity benefit my friends, as I had done in the present instance When the Imam saw me determined, he did not press the matter His Highness' wife and sister were also unwell, the former

* On being cured from a sickness, Musselmans always perform the ceremony of bathing, and reading particular prayers

required bleeding, and proper arrangements having been made, the operation was satisfactorily and beneficially performed

About this time the ship Kosshruvvee arrived at Muscat, and was returning to Bombay The Imam himself, and those liberal friends intreated me pressingly to stay a few days more, but I replied, that this was now the fifth year of my absence from my wife and relations in Hindoostan, or that otherwise I would willingly have complied with their wishes My friends, seeing me resolved on proceeding went themselves to the captain of the vessel, and did all in their power to make me comfortable, they not only spoke to him in my behalf, but took him to the Imam, who impressed him in the highest degree, with the necessity of conducting himself well to me, and gave orders that I should have the best cabin on board I have had frequent occasion to express myself on the excellencies of friendship, but here I shall leave my dear friend's conduct to speak for itself In short, to finish the history of my connection with the Wahabees, I shall conclude by saying, that I left Muscat on the 20th Rubi ool Awul 1230, or 2d March 1815, and eleven days afterwards reached Bombay in safety

SONNET

BY CAPTAIN G A VETCH,

Author of 'Sultry Hours,' &c

When o'er me steals that pleasing waking dream
Hight a brown study—when aloft in air
Men's minds gay castles high are prone to rear,
And see their own bright banners o'er them stream,
Or more aspiring in that vision deem
Themselves invested with the wide command
Of hosts victorious—or of golden strand
The rich discov rers—or immortal seem
By Genius—Lo, the vision to my view,
Gives a sweet vale, within whose bosom green,
A cottage imag d in the wave is seen,
And wild behind it sheltering mountains blue
I ask no more, that lowly cot is mine,
That vale is Lothian, and that stream is Tyne

FROM THE PERSIAN OF MEER ABDOOL HUK.

A person came from Georgia around our town to stray,
And wished to be a Cazy, but the Gov'rnor answered nay,
He bribed him with a donkey, and he brought his wish to pass,
And there had not been a Cazy, if there had not been an ass.

S V V

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO, Esq

Author of the Fakeer of Jungheera, &c

SCENE —*Among the Western Himalayas A stream is seen in the distance flowing from a lofty mountain, at the foot of which is a small cave* TIME —*Morning*

Raise, raise, raise
Beyond the sapphire gates of the sky,
Beyond the realm where spirits high
On viewless wing have essayed to fly,
Our hymn of love and praise!

The breeze is awake from his snowy bed,
Where he all night dreaming lay,
Like a gladsome god he is up, and hath fled,
Invisibly, far away
The day, the day, the infant day
Hath called him to his toil,
And we who dwell
In this dew gemmed dell,
Safe from the world's turmoil,
To the king of the lotus throne above
Waft our hymn of praise and love

Light, light, light
A precious gift on the mountain flings,
A hue that seems caught from a spirit's wings,

As if the stream that flows around
The emerald hall of the gods had found
Some path to earth, or without a sound
Had burst its bound,
And rolled through space in torrents bright

Is there no voice in this solitude,
Which tells the soul in its calmer mood
Of a world of bliss, untinged with care,
Beyond the interstellar air,
And bids it raise
Its hymn of praise
And love, to the ONE ETERNAL GOOD?
There is a voice in the wandering breeze,
Which says—it is by divine command
That the tempest rides over troubled seas,
Or raves, like a maniac, through the land
And ever is seen
In the vernal green
Which clothes the mountain trees,
An omnific hand,
And a mind that planned
Whatever the vision sees
And all that dwell in earth and air,
Or in the unseen caves of the deep,
Where the mighty spirits of ocean sleep,
With one consenting voice declare,
That He, who bids the day god shed
Rich blessings from his golden hair,
And at whose command our earth has spread
Her choicest gifts on her bosom fair,

That He who bid Himávat rise,
To bear on his shoulders vast the skies,
And who, when they beamed into life, told the stars
The course, in which they should guide their cars,
Who is around, and beneath, and above,
Is worthy for ever of praise, and of love.

Devotee.

Is not this wholesome occupation, boy,
Good for the spirit's health? Methinks there's need,
In such a glorious solitude as this,
For prayer, and praise, to him who fixed the feet
Of these gigantic mountains in the earth,
And bid the infant streams leap from their arms,
To journey through the world, dispensing bliss.
Mark how the proud sun steeps the scene in light,
And ever, as he hastens to his home,
Leaves a bright glory on the path he takes.
And feel'st thou not morn's delicate sweet sigh
Courting thy temples, and upon thy soul
Breathing a joyful freshness, which might seem
As if 'twere brought from that delightful time,
When intercourse was unrestrained between
The power of heaven, and purity of earth?
Behold these wild flowers which adorn our glen:
Is there a loom from which a robe e'er came
So beautiful as these in which they're dressed?
And if thou seekest music, and would'st dwell
Enraptured upon melody, whose notes,
Even in their simplest falls with gladness teem,
Hear'st thou not nature's minstrels, pouring forth

Their unbought lays, shaming man's vanity
And idle art?—This is the home of peace!
The peopled city, and the crowded street
Dim and extinguish that celestial flame
Which consecrates the eremite's still cave
This is the purpose of our winged days,
To leave the world's infirmities, and turn
Our thoughts from all its troubles to a dream,
Which in a brighter world will be no dream
This is to live, and even in life to share
That high divinity, which well we know
Will one day be our own

Follower

Your pardon, Sir,
But 'tis two summers now, since last I heard
A human voice save your's, and though you oft
Have here instructed me in wisdom high,
And freely given me of those ample stores
Of knowledge, which great labor and long years
Have aided you to gain, still, as you see,
A gloom (which glides not like a passing cloud
Across the glorious sun's immortal face)
Has settled on my mind, as if the light,
Of hope and heaven for ever were shut out,
And I, condemned to darkness and despair,
Scarce reck the genial influence of joy
Oft have I strove to reconcile my soul,
To those great lessons, which from you I learn,
But nature is too stubborn, nor will brook,
The galling yoke restraint would fain impose,

And my rebellious feelings, running wild,
Dash, in the face of reason, all the chains,
With which I fain would shackle them for aye.
And ever, as I fly for refuge unto thought,
A voice, whose tones are not of earth, proclaims
The dreadful truth, that—I am here alone !—
Your mind is fixed on aspirations high,
The dust of earth clings not unto your soul,
And you are weary of the busy world ;
But I, who know it not, who left my home
To follow you into this solitude,
When but seven suns had twice wheeled o'er my head,
Enchanted with the heavenly scenes you brought
Unto my young imagination's view,
Feel there is something in me, which forbids,
My mind to taste the blest delights you know.
There is a sympathy which bids me turn,
To those whom I have loved and left behind,
Like the sad traveller who lingering looks,
From the drear desert where no verdure blooms,
Back to the smiling vallies he hath passed.
Our passions may be checked, but not destroyed ;
It is not more within our power to change,
Internal than external form ; but we may bend,
And shape to our own purposes the mind,
By the omnipotence of use. I know,
How much has been, and how much may be done :
But would you root out sympathy, and tear
A generous passion from the human breast ?
O Sir ! forgive my youth : but I do think,
That man must be man's brother and his friend.

Devotee

Thou ravest, boy It is a wicked world;
And thou wilt find, that howsoe'er its rose
Hath a delicious fragrance, there's a thorn
Which grows upon the self same stalk, and ever
Inflicts a wound whose poison lasts till death
I've seen the beautiful, the brave, the wise,
The child of genius idolized, adored,
But I have watched the autumn that has strewed
The leaves and flowers of beauty's early seasons,
The brave man and the wise have often been
Kept from fame's light by the malignant shade
Which calumny or envy interposed
To cause the foul eclipse, and frequent 'tis
That in the blaze of greater luminaries
The smaller fires are lost. I need not tell
How often genius mourns its dreadful fate,
Condemned to bear a flame within its breast,
And cherishing that flame, by which it dies
But 'tis not so, far from th' unhallowed haunts
Of tyrant man, for here we may forget
His treacherous nature, and 'neath heaven's own eye,
And by these walls which God's own hand hath piled
And consecrated to himself, may we
In prayer and meditation end our days

Follower

My youthful inexperience may perchance
Be as a meteor to misguide my steps,
Therefore I turn me to your fixed light,
But all my meditation ends in grief,
Because it tells me that I strive to break

The link which binds me to my race. Whene'er
I cast my eyes upon our mother earth,
I think, how like a brother I might serve
Her numerous sons when on the river's course,
Hastening to do its office in the world,
And running from the cliff that gives it birth,
I gaze, it bids me sadly call to mind
The sacred city, standing on its marge,
Where all I ever knew of home is fixed;
And then, expanding all the gentle ties
Of consanguinity, I fondly dream
Of man, as one great family. Perchance,
There is much suffering in this world;
But say, should wisdom war with pain, or shrink?
Endurance is a virtue, when we bear
A darker doom than foresight might controul,
Or conduct meet as its desert.

Devotee.

Thou prat'st.
Go to, the world is but the world, and still,
Even through the lapse of time, 'twill be the same.
And like that river, of which now thou spakest,
Its course rolls on, but each succeeding wave
Hath ne'er a hue to mark it from the last.
Deceit's a flower most beauteous to the eye,
And quickly springs out of the human heart,
From whence it gathers strength and nourishment;
But there's a poison in its odour, boy,
And man hath words which rankle where they strike.
Here, our companions are the morning sun,

Whom the gale greets with orisons and hymns ;
The mountains, that can tell when time was young,
And who first woke the echoes in their caves ,
The trees, that stretch out their protecting arms,
To yield sweet shelter to heaven's denizens ,
The moon, and those seven minstrels bright, who weave
A song of joy as round their king they dance —
Have these no charms, from which thine eyes may drink
All that there is of beautiful below ?
Hast thou e'er held communion with the stars
In midnight's silence deep, and never felt
A wild uprising of the soul, as 'twould
Have sprung to bring those wonders from their sphere,
Or mixed itself with their celestial rays ?
Are they not eloquent of things which make
Man's nature half divine, and to his soul,
Speak the high language of another world ,
Waking from out the wilderness of thought,
Those mighty workings which exalt the mind,
Then leave it in a darker earthlier hour,
To wonder at its own omnipotence ?

Follower

These feelings are not strangers to my breast ,
And oft have wild desires possessed my brain,
Wild as imagination could create ,
Until like an enthusiast I've exclaimed,
O had our wishes wings, that we might be
On them upborne to worlds our fancy makes !
But wherefore should I draw a circle round
The joys I long to know ?—Not nature's works

Here in this wilderness alone, but where
Her hand hath heaped a hill, or spread a lake,
Or shot a stream, or wheresoe er the form
Of man can meet my eye, I fain would welcome
And is not woman to be loved?—

Devotee

I see
Which way thy thoughts would bend, the string is touch d,
And well I know the sound Perchance thou lov st
Some erring child whom thou hast left behind,
And sighest to behold?

Follower

O yes! I love—
And love,——there is a spirit in that word,
Waking with an enchanter s magic-wand
Uncounted feelings, that, since life s first dawn,
Had been by slumber bound,—they rush at once,
Like torrents breaking all that bars them in,
From the full heart, when that sweet fount is touched
By love s soft talisman!——I love!
Why should there be a secrecy in love,
When there is nought of shame? Shall I conceal
A passion that has purified the soul,
(As fire the gold which passes through its flame)
And softened all the savageness of man!
If I have erred as the world has erred,
But from that error evil has not sprung

Devotee

Of that we judge hereafter Tell me now,
(For thou hast all the warmth of a young heart

On which love's leaves are green,) what were the charms
That captivated thee? I know thou wilt
Pourtray the lady of thy love, even like
The Lakshmi we adore, and I may say
'Tis loveliness indeed, but not of earth,
And deem that poets, in their madness, see
Such forms between high heaven and their own fancies

Follower

O! let me tell, but it will weary thee,
For even the longest summer day were short
To paint her as she was,—yet let me tell
Methinks all things her eye beam fell upon
Should have grown beautiful, as do the clouds,
When kissed by the sun's plumage, her white brow
Looked as 'twere washed with moonlight,— twas so fair
And then her tresses!—they were fatal toils
For hearts that beat too near them Her red lip
Might make the cheated world believe, that she
Had placed a severed ruby on her mouth,—
But then it teemed with life, this made us learn
'Twas not an ocean gem Her voice was sweet
As is that gentle music which the breeze
Makes, as it passeth o er a moon lit stream,
Whene er she waked the lute upon her lips,
'Twas bliss to hear the magic notes she made,
And captive souls petitioned her to keep
Their hearing in such sweet imprisonment!
Her form was graceful as the *sunbul*, when
'Tis gemm d with twilight dew She was yet young,
And sinless as the thoughts which infants form

In their first dreams of happiness She loved,
Not with that feeling which the common world
Has consecrated with a holier name
Than ever it deserves,—her's was passion
Free from all earthly dross, kept in her breast
With thoughts that lay, like fountains under ground,
Pure and unsullied even by heaven's soft breath

Devotee

Enough these sweets will cloy mine ear, and make
My soul unfit for those blest offices
Which are so many lights that lead to heaven
Look where the god of glory drives his car,
And journeys on to his appointed goal,
So let us to our labour both retire

FOR ———'s ALBUM.

BY CAPTAIN W ELLIOT,

'Author of the Nun,' &c

Here thou art flattered! If such praise
Delight thee, turn to those who breathe
Incense than mine in sweeter lays,
Than mine who better verses wreathe

They love thee, and they call thee fair
Alas! how often has the vow
Of love, and friendship, doomed to care,
And sorrow creatures fair as thou

They say that thou art good and wise:
Have they not marked the downward flight
Of some who made them think, the skies
Had lost a ray of love and light?

They tell thee, in the holiest sphere,
The purest gem of dew above,
Is not so sweet as Passion's tear
Hung tremulous in eyes ere love.

Oh think not so! Before that tear
Can fall, those eyelids meet and sever,
Pique, touching but the heart so dear,
May wipe our image out for ever.

To me all here uncertain seems:
This world a transitory spot,
Through which, pursuing joyous dreams,
We pass, now flattered, now forgot.

Yet, if of heaven the holy ray
Do hallow, with a light divine,
Some earthly joys, oh may it play,
For ever, Lady, over thine.

OCEAN SKETCHES

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON

A BREEZE

The sun is struggling through the dreary haze,
And o'er the limited horizon lower
The gale foretelling clouds The gallant Ship
With flowing sail before the freshening breeze
Her swift path gaily ploughs Around her wake,
Fair as the milky way, the sea birds weave
Their circling flight, or slowly sweeping o er
The breast of ocean, graze with drooping wing
The brightly crested waves —Yon sudden surge
Dashed upward, forms a momentary tree,
Fringed with the hoar frost of a wintry morn,
And then, like blossoms from the breeze stirred bough,
The light spray strews the deep

How fitfully the watery day-beams rend
The veil of heaven!—On yon far line of light,
That like a range of breakers, streaks the main,
The ocean swan—the snow white Albatross,
Gleams, as a radiant foam flake in the sun!
Gaze upwards—and behold where parted clouds
Disclose ethereal depths, its dark hued mate
Hangs motionless on arch resembling wings,
As though 'twere painted on the sky s blue vault

Sprinkling the air the speck like Petrels form
A living shower! Awhile their pinions gray
Mingle unseen among the misty clouds,
Till suddenly their white breasts catch the light,
And flash like silver stars!

A STORM

The cloud arch spreads,—the black waves curl and form
Beneath the approaching tempest—Lo! tis here!
The fierce resistless winds, like demons, howl
Around the labouring bark Her snow white sails,
Out spread like wings of some gigantic bird
Struck with dismay, are fluttering in the gale,
And sound like far-off thunder—The huge heart
Of Ocean quails to its profoundest depths,—
The dark heavens groan,—the lightning shattered clouds,
Like routed hosts, are wildly hurrying past
The dim-discovered stars O er lofty hills,
Or down wide yawning vales, the lone ship drives
As if to swift destruction Still she braves,
Though rudely buffeted by tempest fiends,
The elemental war Ah! that dread wave,
As though a Giant s hand had dealt the blow,
Hath made her wildly tremble!—Yet again,
Behold l er glorious and majestic form
Glide like a silver cloud on April s sky,
Calm as the pale moon in the strife of heaven!
How terrible, yet glorious is the scene!
How fearful and sublime!—The mighty main

Heaves its stupendous mountains to the sky,
Their sides unruffled by the fretful waves
Of less terrific seas Each billow forms
One vast Atlantic Alp! The peak alone
Is broken by the wind that hurls the foam
Adown the dreary vales From topmost heights,
The viewless pinions of the northern breeze,
Thus shake the snow wreaths from the hoary heads
Of everlasting hills!——
An awful pause!—
And then the quick reviving tempest roars
With fiercer rage!—These changes image well
The sullen calm of comfortless despair,
The restless tumult of the guilty heart!

A CALM

Now in the fervid noon the calm bright sea
Heaves slowly, for the wandering breeze is dead
That *stirred it into foam* *The lonely ship*
Rolls wearily, and idly flap the sails
Against the creaking mast The lightest sound
Is lost not on the ear, and things minute
Attract the observant eye
The scaly tribe,
Bright winged, that upward flash from torrid seas
Like startled birds, now burst their glassy caves,
And glitter in the sun, while diamond drops
From off their briny pinions fall like rain,
And leave a dimpled track

The bright globe rests on yon cloud mountain's peak —
Touched with celestial fire, volcano like,
The dazzling summit burns —eruptive flames
Of molten gold with ruddy lustre tinge
The western heavens, and shine with mellowed light
Though the transparent crests of countless waves!

The scene is changed,—behind the ethereal mount
Now fringed with light,—the Day god downward speeds
His unseen way,—yet where his kindling steps
Trod the blue vault, the radiant trace remains,
E en as the sacred memory of the past
Illumes Life s evening hour!—Again! Again!
He proudly comes! and Lo! resplendent sight!
Bursts thro the cloud formed hill, whose shattered sides
Are edged with mimic lightning!—His red beams
Concentrating at last in one full blaze,
Bright as a flaming bark, the fiery orb
Sinks in the cold blue main!
The golden clouds
Fade into gray,—the broad cerulean tide
A darker tint assumes In restless throngs
Phosphoric glow worms deck with living gems
The twilight wave, as Orient fire flies gleam
In dusky groves,—or like reflected stars,
When evening zephyrs kiss the dimpled face
Of that far lake, whose crystal waters bear
An image of my Home! Ah! those white walls
Now flash their silent beauty on my soul,
And, like a cheerful sun burst on my way,
Revive a transient joy!

NIGHT.

The day-beams slowly fade, and shadowy Night,
Now like a gradual dream, serenely steals
Along the watery waste. As low breathed strains
Of far off music on the doubtful ear,
When solitude and silence reign around,
The small waves gently murmur.
Calm and pale,—
A phantom of the sky,—the full-orbed moon
Hath glided into sight. The glimmering stars
Now pierce the soft obscurity of heaven
In golden swarms, innumerous and bright
As insect myriads in the twilight air.
The breeze is hushed, and yet the tremulous sea,
As if by hosts of unseen spirits trod,
Is broken into ripples, crisp and clear
As shining fragments of a frozen stream
Beneath the winter sun. The lunar wake
Presents to rapt Imagination's view
A pathway to the skies!
In such a scene
Of glory and repose, the rudest breast
Were pure and passionless—the holy calm
Is breathed at once from heaven, and sounds and thoughts
Of human strife would seem a mockery
Of Nature's mystic silence. Sacred dreams
Unutterable, deep, and undefined,
Now crowd upon the soul, and make us feel
An intellectual contact with the world
Beyond our mortal vision.

THE WANDERER'S ADDRESS TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY W. R. YOUNG, Esq

Rise, friendly guide, and point the way
O'er foaming surge, through glittering spray,
To that far land, where tarries she
Who taught me first to gaze on thee.

With joy I watch the painted west,
As sinks the glowing sun to rest,
My bark bounds lightly o'er the sea,
While all my thoughts are bent on thee.

And as the envious Queen of night,
Eclipses thy too feeble light;
I chide her radiant majesty,
And wish for darkness and for thee.

What though thy modest flickering gleam,
Boast not the moon's resplendent beam;
Who prizes truth and constancy,
Will turn, dear star, from her to thee.

Each fleecy cloud that glides away,
Veils for awhile thy feeble ray;
So, Love's obscured by Jealousy,
But soon prevails, if true, like thee.

The mariner who's rudely tost
On angry waves,—his compass lost,
Sees not all hope extinct, while he
Can fix his straining eyes on thee.

And thus with me! tho' joy be flown,
Shipwrecked my peace, my ardor gone,
Still not all blank my destiny,
While hope remains, sweet star, in thee.

MORNING.

BY CAPTAIN A. WRIGHT.

Darkness disturb'd, like a detected thief,
Shrinks from the steady glance of morning gray;
That planet too, whose reign was bright as brief,
Eluding observation, glides away;
Shunning, like virgin's eye on bridal day,
That gaze which yet the gazer more endears
Yon mountain, smitten by the solar ray,
Serenely bright his regal forehead rears,
Crown'd with the snows of many thousand years;
While to th' imaginative mind, the earth
Clad in her vernal garniture, appears
A new creation bursting into birth;
Finding a voice in every living thing,
Her gladness and her gratitude to sing

THE RENOVATING FOUNT,

OR

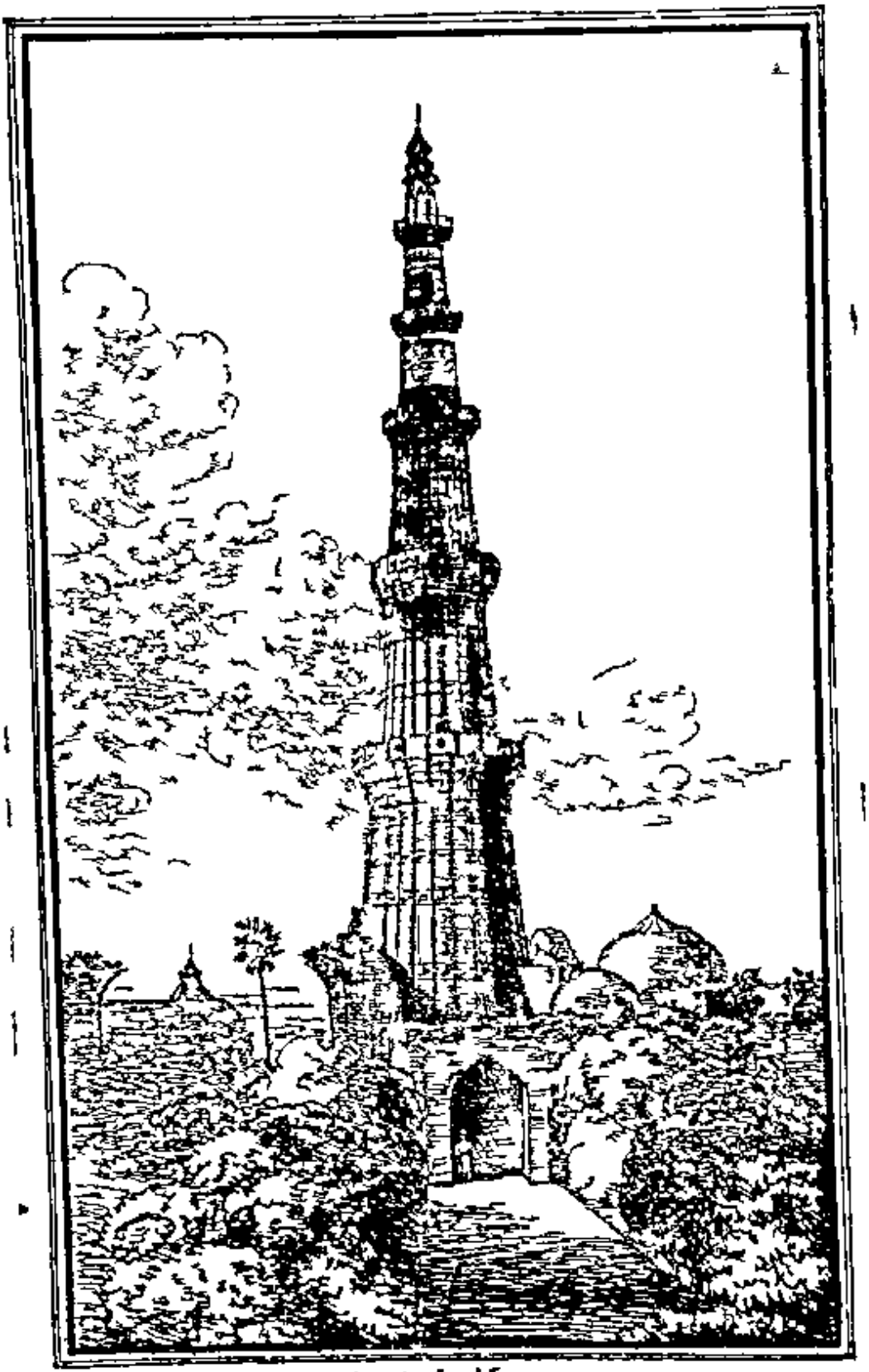
LOVE THAT LASTS A THOUSAND YEARS

A HINDU TALE

BY RÀE MÀN KISÈN

The name of the author will partly account, to indulgent readers, for the peculiarities and faults of the following poem Besides the indigenous thoughts, a European education has enabled him, he hopes without incongruity, to introduce some images foreign to India, after the manner of the British poets, who make frequent use of the scenery of Greece and Italy But the subject, machinery, and principal illustrations, are founded on the ancient customs and existing faith of the Hindus A belief in the metempsychosis, involving recollections of former states of being, still influences the minds of all classes, and sometimes prompts those cremations of wives with dead husbands, now so much abhorred by Christians Greatly as our institutions have changed in respect to females, tradition, if not history, is familiar with a period when every woman of rank, instead of being secluded and given away in infancy, was required, on becoming marriageable, to select a husband in public, from amongst the eligible candidates of her own caste, who were assembled for the purpose When the daughters of princes prepared to bestow themselves on these occasions, which they did at the close of the ceremonies, by presenting a wreath or garland of flowers to the favoured suitor, martial exercises and feasts analogous to western tournaments, were exhibited before them by the rival youths.

The sovereign of Indraprest, or ancient Delhi, father to the heroine of the story, was the 'king of kings,' acknowledged, like his Mogul successors, the chief of many subordinate Rajas, who reigned over the Hindu regions long before the Christian era The *Cootub Minar*, here supposed to have belonged to his palace, is a majestic pillar, or rather tower, situated about twelve miles from the city of Shah Jehan, or modern Delhi It is sixty feet in diameter at the base, and with its original dome, two hundred and fifty in height, enclosing a winding stair of one hundred and eight steps It consists of five stories, of which the first four terminate in landing-places leading to open galleries, that project exteriorly round the building. The last or highest division was formerly surmounted by an arched canopy of white marble, supported on eight pillars, forming an octostyle pavilion, which a stroke of lightning destroyed many years ago The 1st, 3d, and 5th portions of the shaft just described, each varying in hue, are constructed of red sand-



Coelub Minar

one the 2d is of a light coloured granite, and the 4th is chiefly of
lite marble They are all deeply fluted and encompassed by several
elts of inscriptions from the Koran, in letters a foot long Hindu
gends affirm, that this unequalled structure was raised three thou-
nd years ago by a king of Indraprest, to enable his daughter to as-
st her devotions with a sight of the sacred waters of the Jumna,
hich river now flows at least ten miles distant from the sp t I fear
e only corroboration of this claim, satisfactory to strangers, is to be
ound in the arch tectural remains unquestionably belonging to the
lder race of inhabitants, which still cover the neighbouring ground
am bound, however, to concur with our authorit es which represent
e Mahommedan invaders, as having appropriated tl e tower to them
elves, by coating it externally with their ornaments and Arabic
haracters The Patans or Affghans no doubt attribute the erection
f it to the succes«ors of Cootub ul Deen, 'The pole star of religion,'
ho began their series of emperors in Hindustan; and who, dying in
e year of Christ 1210, according to Ferishta, was interred near the
te of the column

PART I

How blest, for Royal Maids, primeval times
That each enjoin d the heart born wish to breathe
At solemn festival of Hindu chimes,
When Beauty's hand bestow d her bridal wreath!
The Paramount of kings, to Indraprest*,
Of India s princely youth once summon d all,
That his proud heiress might exalt the best,
And own her love, in yon majestic hall
Malváti, pride of nations, pines alone
In drooping loveliness though graceful, wise,
And brave, the blooming scions of each throne
Approach, she lifts not her dark humid eyes
From rushing steeds they dart the errless spear
Bid arrows cleave the falcon s plume on high

* 'Indraprest,' an ancient city, the Hindu Delhi.

And wrench the stake from earth in wing'd career,
Mid peal'd applause, pursued by ev'ry eye
But still she grieves, because Aoyda's lord,
By seventy summers brown'd, may not be there
Since to the young alone stern rules accord
The suitor's right, nor yield to maiden's prayer
The West inscrutable deems woman's will
But transmigration's law and Sanscrit lore
Reveal how reminiscent souls fulfil
The plighted vows of being long no more
The virgin's heart, thus, rarely counsel brooks,
Yet feels aright when thinking matrons err,
Oft recognising, in first meeting looks,
The worth in perish'd forms ador'd by her;
Hence, in Malváti, power could not restrain
The baby's glowing instinct, which confest
Departed joys to be renew'd again,
And cried to nestle on the old man's breast.
Outstretch'd her little hands, with infant grace
And looks embath'd in gladness' morning light,
She playfully caress'd his bearded face,
The monarch marvelling at the child's delight
But when he sought the happy nursling's kiss,
The conscious spirit, kindling on his lips
The memory of pre existent bliss,
Shot, sun like, from a thousand years' eclipse!
Their deathless parts then join'd in lowly life,
For orisons divine and human worth
Love's god vouchsaf'd, that regal lord and wife
Should be their lot when next they met on earth

The king bent low bewails at Cáma's* shrine,
That promise of far ages unredeem'd;
Which on her dawning hour and his decline,
Now like a rare and parting comet gleamed.
The source of purest joy, ne'er pledg'd in vain,
To an Apsára† spoke his high behest:
'Thou hear'st yon mortal's claim; descend amain,
Accord him power to bless and to be blest!'
The damsel of celestial dance and song,
Like Boreal streamer to Naryna's sight,
Invades his garden gloom, where sad and long
He mourn'd the spousals near as lost delight.
Her mandate smilingly she tells, and shrouds
The monarch in her robe of woven rays,
Like those imprison'd beams, in moonbright‡ clouds,
That cheer the lone Pacific's trackless ways.
With wings emerging, of innocuous flame,
Fleeter than lava's shower from earth she sprung,
And soaring upward whence her being came,
Awhile o'er India's mighty landscape hung.
'*Malváti's lord! behold thy future reign,*
More rich than e'er disbowell'd realms of gold;
Hills bear exhaustless forests, and yon plain,
Enwombs the worth of empires in it's mould!
That world of soil shall teem for every land,
What it denies to succour life or health.

* 'Cáma,' God of love who as Crishna dallied with the Gopies of Muttra.

† 'Apsára,' a celestial dancer and handmaid

‡ 'Moonbright clouds,' Magellan clouds, seen from the Pacific Ocean.

And inland floods to the remotest strand,
Bear freighted messengers of peace and wealth
Nay, nay, in time's unveil'd abyss, I see
These unborn glories wait another race,
When men, alas! forget all thine and thee —
She spake, and flitted through the vast of space
Beheld from wood clad hills, away she sails,
O'er ridge and glen of never trodden snow,
To where Himmálla's* thousand pinnacles,
See Alps and Andes stretching far below
Beyond the eagle's range is Meru's† base,
Which, seal'd by cloud nor storm, ensky'd above,
Bears thrones and dwellings, whence the Devas‡ gaze,
On this terrene, dispensing woe and love
Though they, to men assigning various fates,
To differing nations countless creeds have given,
Conducting all to bliss by many gates,
The Hindus land alone ascends to heaven!
She, radiance wing'd, up the cerulean flew,
Where densely azure, barring mortal sight
The mists of ether roll — she pierc'd them through,
And sped exulting into native light
O'er sweeping scenes all beauteous and sublime,
Now librant o'er the Renovating Fount,
Whose waters wash from age the rust of time,
She waves her pinions, fronting Cama's mount

* 'Himálla,' Imaus The Himallyah mountains are the highest in the world

† 'Meru,' the Hindu Olympus

‡ 'Devas,' Hindu deities

His sapphire dome, of empyrean skies,
Has starry battlements, whose rays unbound,
By laws that tame the sunlight, stream in dyes,
Of sevenfold glory, over air and ground.
Beneath his canopy of hov'ring sprites
(Unlike the forms of Elephanta's cave!)
The spring's companion, flush'd with rath delights,
The signal to the watchful handmaid gave
As sea born Halcyon stops upon the surge,
Th' Apsara, buoying, still'd the heaving flood,
Within its breast the mortal to immerge
Then rising with him on the waters stood
The cedar crusted with benumbing white,
When wintry midnight on Imaus reigns,
Less chang'd appears embay'd in noonday light,
When he the greenness of his boughs regains,
Than rose the aged prince in manhood's state
Divested of the stiff'ning coil of years,
With martial pride that would be 'dead or great,'
But not the heart that woman most endears
Depress'd again beneath the living deep,
He smiles in all the radiancy of youth,
Which rapture asks and yields, whose eyes may weep,
And woo illusions far transcending truth.
'Next plunge were infancy, breath'd she divine,
Thy second cradle, in this Lotos rest,
Till, gales of heaven inspired, each pulse refine,
And gift thy soul to bless and to be blest!'

PART II.

Where Delhi stands and Indraprest arose,
Of hers alone endures Malváti's tower,
Whence, high in air, at dawn and evening close,
She gaz'd on hallow'd Jumna from her bower.
In vain usurping Cootub's name, in vain
His Moslems crust the Hindu's giant wall,
A wreck of vanished sway and her domain
Peers, as it shadowed, then the Bridal Hall.
That perished throne was yet in noon of pride,
When its young heiress came, in mute despair,
To be for empire's weal a wretched bride,
Though choice of all that others lov'd were there.
The hall presented o er its marble floor,
Festoon'd and flower adorn'd with orient skill,
A dome and pedestal, whence maids of yore
Long threw the emblem of their bosom's will
Full opposite the eager princely train,
Some flush'd with thrilling hopes, some dumb with fears,
Magnificent the crescent form retain
And now, behold, Malváti's self appears
Beneath the dome, with trembling hand let fall,
The spangl'd veil of gold and wavy snow
Reveals her virgin braids and coronal,
Which mock the loveliness of grief below.
Dismay d they see the beauteous vision stand,
Camláti blossoms* of celestial red,
The spousal wreath in her reluctant hand,

* 'Camlata,' Ipomœa, a beautiful flowering creeper, sacred to the god of love

To whom its odours bring not love but dread
Before her next the herald bard of state,
Ere while the lineage of each suitor scann'd
Their self-ennobling honours to relate,
Leads forward, one by one, the regal band
Like insects feeding on the laurell'd dead,
First, dwindl'd sons of mighty fathers pass'd,
With courtly praise bedaub'd, in merit's stead
The Bard reserving truth to paint the last.
'Behold, he cries, 'Bundela's manly lord
Sublime the grace of ev'ry limb,
Glad thought and promis'd bliss his looks afford,
Soft passion breathes in all of him
If love of such might ever wane,
One gaze would bid thee love again
Lo! Cási's chief of awful name,
Whose arm the brand, the truncheon wields,
The terrible in t'rror's fields,
That whelm'd his foes in death and shame,
And sav'd his land by their defeat
The hero trembles at thy feet!'
'Majestic in the arts of peace,
Thrice powerful by his people's love,
Ambera's prince bade warfare cease,
And with the lure of armies pil'd,
Afar the ills of famine drove,
A desart and a nation smil'd
How, set in blameless wealth, fair science rays,
Round him on Indrapresta's throne would blaze!
'On him of Gonda's line has heaven bestow'd
O'er nature's elements control,

Unveiling glories to the shrine of God
And with proud wings endu'd, his soul
The darkness of immensity can pierce,
And grasp, like Deity, the universe
Rapt from its fount transcendent and divine,
The Hierophant would blend his heart with thine!'
'The kingly bard attends, of rainbow throne,
Whence, spinning every realm of mind,
He showers ignited stars of thought upon
The kindling spirits of mankind
The rapturous birth of images to be,
His bark of fame, and sail eternity,
The youth would share with thee
Unendingly O bid thy glories breathe,
And bind on genius brow dominion's wreath!'
But still the Princess, spite of festal law,
The pledge of love and empire unconferr d,
Beheld, like all, the poet-chief withdraw,
As firm and sad her liquid tones were heard
'I love what pleases woman's eyes
I praise the brave, revere the wise
I bless what brightens life s alloy
I prize the source of lofty joy
But ne er may yield to man s caress,
Until my heart shall promise bliss!'
The voice of grief arose in many a moan
Of disappointed hope and public care
'Ah, lost to fame! can woman rule alone?
Shall Indraprest lie low without an heir?'
Th' imperial train with frantic sobs deplore
That thus the race of thousand kings should end

Their child, veil'd and unheeding, spoke no more —
But what, from high, does that bright gleam portend?
Soft rustling follows, as of silken wings,
The entering breeze is of aroma full,
Like the unwarning gust of May which brings
The rifl d odours of the sweet Babul*
Anon, of rising winds, an Andy† blew,
Which sounding on the bolts of silver prest,
And when the studded portal open flew,
A form of man sprung from its viewless breast
'Who, who is he? the awe struck princes cry'd
The herald, with dilating gaze reply'd,
'I know him not'—of Meru born,
Ethereal beauty! and the light
Effusing from majestic eyes
Beseem, to dim unknowing sight,
A denizen of upper skies,
To earth perchance exiled, forlorn
Yet—yet—in early youth I knew that brow
Declare, august intruder, who art thou?
Ere he might tell, or she love s impulse check,
Above his locks her eager hands incline,
And drop the garland on her chosen s neck,
'Renew d Naryna of Aoyda s line!
In homage all, as notes of gladness peal d,
The death of rival hope and patriot fears,
Bend to the envy d pair whose glory seal d,
The love that had endur d a thousand years

* 'Babul' A tree, (Mimosa Aromatica)

† 'Andy' a sudden storm or gust of wind very common in India

BABEL

But all that generation forgot Jehovah, and served other gods of wood and stone, and rebelled against him continually, and Nimrod the king reigned in peace, and the whole earth was under his power, and the whole earth was of one language and the same speech And all the princes of Nimrod, and all his nobles, Phut and Mizraim, and Cush, and Canaan, according to their families, consulted together at that time, and said one to another, Come, let us build for ourselves a city, and in the middle of it a tower fortified and strong, and its top in the heavens and let us make for ourselves a name, that we may rule over the whole world, and that the evil of our enemies may cease from us, and we will reign over them with rigour, and we shall not be scattered over all the earth through their wars

And they went and came all of them before the king, and declared these things to the king, and the king assented to them in this matter, and did accordingly And all the families, about six hundred thousand men, assembled together, and went to seek a very wide country to build the city and the tower, and they sought in all the earth, and found not such a plain as to the east in the land of Shinar, a journey of two years and they all of them travelled to it, and dwelt there

And they began to make brick, and to burn it thoroughly, to build the city and the tower which they intended And the building of the tower became to them a transgression and a sin, and they began to build it And while they were building they rebelled against Jehovah, the God of heaven, and thought in their hearts to fight with him and to ascend to heaven And all these men and all the families were divided

into three classes, and the first said Let us ascend to hea ven and fight with him, and the second said, Let us ascend the heavens, and there let us place our gods, and there let us serve them, and the third said, Let us ascend the heavens, and let us smite him with bows and spears And God knew all their wicked deeds and devices, and saw the city and the tower which they were building

And it came to pass, by continuing to build, that they built for themselves a great city, and a tower in the midst of it, very exceedingly high and strong, for from the greatness of the height, the mortar and bricks did not reach the builders in their ascent to it until the completion to the carriers of a full year, after which they arrived at the builders, and gave them the mortar and the bricks Thus did they every day And some were ascending and some descending every day, and when a brick fell from their hand and broke, they wept all of them on account of it, but when a man fell and died, none of them regarded him

And Jehovah knew their thoughts, and it came to pass, when they were building, that they shot arrows into the hea vens, and all the arrows fell upon them covered with blood, and when they saw them, they said to one another, Surely behold we have killed those who are in heaven For this was from Jehovah, in order that he might delude and destroy them on the face of the earth And they built the tower and the city, and acted in this manner daily until the comple tion to them of many years

And God spoke to the seventy angels that stood first in his presence who are near to him, saying, Come, let us descend, and there confound their language, so that they shall neither

hear nor understand one another s language , and he did so to them And it came to pass, from that day and forward, that they forgot one another s language, and did not understand to speak all of them in one language And it came to pass, when he that was building received from the hand of his neighbour mortar or stone for which he did not ask, that the builder cast them from his hand, and threw them at his neighbour, so that he died And they acted in this manner many days, and many of them died by this means

And Jehovah smote the three classes that were there, and punished them according to their deeds, and according to their devices Those who said, Let us ascend to heaven and serve our gods, became monkeys and apes , and those who said, Let us smite the heavens with arrows, Jehovah killed by one another s hand , and the third who said, Let us ascend to the heavens and fight with him, Jehovah scattered over all the earth. And those who remained of them, when they knew and understood the evil which had come upon them, left off the building, and they also dispersed over the face of the whole earth, and ceased to build the city and the tower Therefore that place was called Babel, because there Jehovah confounded the language of the whole earth behold it is on the east of the land of Shinar And the earth opened its mouth, and swallowed a third part of the tower which the sons of men had built , and fire also descended from heaven, and burned up another third part , and a third of it remains to this day And there was a part of it which was high in the air, and it was a journey of three days And many of the children of men died in that tower, so that there was no numbering them

LIFE'S CHANGES

Such cruel deeds old Time hath done,
As years have rolled on, one by one
To Life's loose shore;—
Each wave returning, as its prey,
Some long loved object bears away
For evermore,—
That, if our cherish'd wish to see,
Our native land, should haply be
At length our doom,
We cannot hope,—we dare not guess,
How few may then be left to bless
Our evening home —
The joys, we pictur'd once, are flown,
And feelings, which their charms could own,
Are fled and past,—
And much I fear, our dreams of love
And happiness, would only prove
A pain at last
How long,—before the race is run,
How short when past,—how little done,—
A few years seem,
But, looking back, we may recal,
What chances have had time to fall
In that short dream!
There's not an object in the rooms,
There's not a single flower that blooms,
That seems much chang'd,—

But *all* is *not* as it has been,
There's something in each face, and scene,
That seems estrang'd
Where is my father?—where is she
Who us'd to sing and play with me
In days of youth?
The untun'd harp, the vacant chair,
The echo on the desert air
Tell the sad truth
Or e'en tho' fate our sire should spare,
To meet us with the vacant stare
Of helpless age,
Is it a pleasure or a pain,
To see the old man lisp again
At life's first page?
We are not lov'd,—for cold reserve,
Taught by the world, has damp'd the nerve
Of ev'ry feeling,—
The gentle throb of tenderness
That wins affection, we repress,
And shun revealing
Passion too often has proved guile,
To let us trust a tear or smile
In human form,
And selfish pride or cold mistrust,
Too often leave their canker'd rust
On hearts once warm
But, little need of useless moan!
We do not suffer pain alone,
Of all mankind,—

Survey their lot,—to ev ry joy,
To every state its own alloy
Attach'd we find
And tho' our days may weary grow,
It is not only *here*, but woe
Lurks every where
It teaches us that here on earth
All life is weariness, nor worth
A moment s care
We see our friends drop daily by,
Nor shed a tear nor heave a sigh
As once we might
In such a *life, so tempest tossed,*
We feel how little can be lost
By endless night
As little for ourselves we grieve,
(For what remains for us to leave ?)
When death s cold hand
O er the chill heart is felt to creep,
And bind our willing souls in sleep
With magic wand
We ask no tear, we claim no sigh,
But, like the rest, fall silent by,
Our name unknown,
And they, the few, within whose soul
Our form is traced, to this last goal
Must *follow soon*

THE LEG

BY V REES, Esq

In autumn 1783, the celebrated surgeon Louis Thevenet at Calais received a written request, but without a signature, to proceed on the following day to a villa on the road to Paris, and to bring with him all the necessary apparatus for an amputation

Thevenet was surprised at the letter Time and place were described with the utmost exactness, when and where he was expected, but—the signature was wanting Perhaps some idle fellow, thought he, is desirous of sending me on a fool s errand He therefore took no further notice of it

Three days after, he received the same request, but much more pressingly urged, with the information, that by to morrow at nine o clock a carriage would be waiting before his house to fetch him

And indeed punctually at nine a superb carriage was before the gate of his house Thevenet hesitated no longer, and seated himself in the carriage

As they passed out of the town, he asked the coachman 'Chez qui me menez vous?'

'It matters not, Sir!'

'Ah! an Englishman, you are a churl,' replied Thevenet

At last the carriage stopped at the villa 'Who lives here? who is sick?' asked Thevenet The coachman gave the same reply, and the Doctor complimented him in the manner he had done before

At the gate of the house, a handsome young man of about 25 years of age, came to meet him, who conducted

him up the stairs, into a splendidly furnished room His accent showed the young man to be an Englishman Thevenet, therefore, addressed him in English, and received a friendly reply

'Did you send for me?' said the Doctor

'I did, and feel obliged for the trouble you have given yourself in visiting me,' replied the Englishman 'Please to take a seat Here are refreshments before you, should you wish to take any thing before you begin the operation'

'Show me first the sick person, Sir, I must examine the injury, to see if amputation be necessary?

'It *is* necessary, Mr Thevenet Be seated I have an unbounded confidence in you Hear me Here is a purse of one hundred guineas, they are for your trouble, for the operation which you are to perform It will not be the only recompense, should the operation be happily terminated on the contrary, should you refuse to comply with my wishes, look at this loaded pistol'

'Sir, your loaded pistol does not alarm me But what is it you desire? Without hesitation tell me what you want me to do?

'You must cut off my right leg

'With all my heart, and your head too, if you wish it But if I am right, the leg appears to be sound You sprung up the stairs like a rope-dancer What does your leg want?

'Nothing But I *wish it were wanting*

'Sir, you are mad

'That does not concern you, Mr Thevenet'

'What sin can this handsome leg have committed?'

'Nothing! But will you take it off or not?

'Sir, I don't know you You must bring witnesses of the soundness of your mind'

'Will you comply with my request, Mr Thevenet?

'As soon as you can give me a sufficient reason for my so doing'

'I cannot tell you the truth now,—perhaps after the expiration of one year I may Many a year hence you yourself will confess, that in my resolution to get rid of this leg, I have been influenced by the best of motives

'I will do nothing until you inform me of your name, your family, and your occupations'

'All that you shall know in future Now NOTHING I beg you will consider me a *man of honor*'

'A man of honor does not threaten his medical man with pistols I have my duties to perform, even towards you, a stranger I will not mutilate you without necessity If you wish to become the assassin of an innocent father of a family, then shoot me'

'Well, Mr Thevenet, said the Englishman, taking up the pistol 'I shall not shoot you, but yet I will compel you to cut off my leg What you refuse to do out of complaisance for me, or for the sake of reward, or out of fear, you will, you must do for pity's sake'

'How so, Sir?'

'I will destroy with my pistol this very leg, even now before your eyes

The Englishman sat down, took the pistol, and held it to his knee Mr Thevenet sprung forward to prevent it 'Don't move, said the Englishman, or I fire'

'A reply *only to my single question* will you unnecessarily increase and prolong my sufferings?'

"Sir, you are a mad man But your will be done'

All was made ready for the operation As soon as the first cut was to take place, the Englishman lighted his pipe, and swore that he would not lose fire

He kept his word The leg lay dead upon the ground The Englishman continued to smoke

Mr Thevenet performed the operation with the most exquisite skill and rapidity the Englishman, with tears of joy, thanked the doctor for the loss of his leg, and sailed back to England with a wooden one

About three months after his departure, Mr Thevenet received a letter from England, of which the *following is a copy*

'Enclosed you will receive a bill of £300, on Messrs Delessert and Co in Paris You made me the happiest mortal on earth in taking from me a member of my body, which was the sole hindrance of my earthly happiness

'You shall now know the reason of my foolish whim, as you were *pleased to call it* You asserted that there could exist no reasonable cause for self mutilation like mine I proposed you a wager You did well not to accept of it.

'After a second return from Calcutta, in the East Indies I became acquainted with Emilia Harley, the most perfect of all women I adored her Her fortune, her family connections, dazzled my relations, her pure mind, and her incomparable beauty, *were the charms that fascinated me*, I mixed in the crowd of her admirers Ah, my dear Mr Thevenet, I was fortunate enough to become the most unfortunate of my numerous rivals, she loved me, loved me alone in preference

to all other men She did not conceal it, but rejected me for that very reason In vain did I solicit her hand she refused In vain did my parents, my relations, and even her own friends intreat her to comply she remained immoveable

'For a long time I could not penetrate into the reason of such a strange disinclination to a matrimonial union with me, whom, according to her own confession, she loved with all the enthusiasm of a first love At last one of her sisters betrayed the secret Miss Harley was in every other respect a model of beauty, but she had the misfortune to be born with only one leg, and on account of this imperfection she was afraid of becoming my spouse She trembled lest I might hereafter hold her in contempt

'I immediately took my resolution I wished to be equal to her Thank you, my dear Thevenet, I was so

'With my wooden leg I returned to London My first anxiety was to find Miss Harley I had had circulated a report, that in consequence of a fall from my horse I had the misfortune to break my leg, and that amputation became necessary I was universally pitied Emilia fainted when she saw me She was inconsolable for a long time, but she now is my wife Only the day after marriage, I informed her what a sacrifice I had made to my wishes for her possession She loved me the more tenderly Oh! dear Thevenet, had I ten legs more to lose, I would willingly give them all for Emilia

'As long as I live I will be grateful to you Come to London, visit us, learn to know my excellent wife, and then say again *I am a fool!*'

CHARLES TEMPLE

Mr Thevenet communicated this anecdote and the letter to his friends, who laughed as often as he related it 'And yet *he is a fool,*' said he

He replied to the letter as follows —

'Sir, I am thankful for your handsome present I must call it so, since I cannot regard it in the light of a remunera tion for my little trouble

'I sincerely congratulate you on your marriage True, that the loss of a leg is no trifling evil, though endured for the sake of a beautiful, virtuous and affectionate wife, but it may be easily borne, should there be no occasion of repentance for your deed hereafter Adam paid for the possession of his spouse with a rib of his body you have paid a leg for yours

'All things considered, however, permit me with deference to abide by my old opinion To be sure you are in the right for the present you now live in the paradise of a matrimonial spring But, Sir, take heed that after one year you do not repent that you had your leg taken off above the knee you will find that it would have been as well to have had it cut off below it In two years you will be persuaded that the loss of a foot only would have sufficed In three years you will think that the sacrifice of the great toe would have been an ample tribute In four years, that the little toe would have been too much And in five or six years, you will per haps agree with me, that the paring of the nails was as much trouble as you need to have taken

'I tell you all this, without any intention to dispa rage your charming lady Ladies can better preserve their beauty and virtue, than we men can stand by their

gment In my youthful days I would have sacrificed *life* for my beloved girl, but never my *leg*, the loss of that ould never have felt, but this I should have had daily oc ion to deplore For had I done it, I would even now laim *Thevenet, thou wert a fool!*

' I have the honor to be,

' Your most obedient Servant,

' LOUIS THEVENET '

In the year 1793, during the terror of the French Revo- ion, Mr Thevenet, to save his head, sought refuge in ndon, he inquired after Sir Charles Temple

His palace was pointed out to him He sent in his card, d was received In an elbow-chair was seated a corpulent atleman, surrounded by a heap of newspapers, and smok g a long pipe, he could scarcely rise from his seat

' Ah! welcome, Mr Thevenet!' exclaimed the big gentle n, who proved to be Sir Charles ' Don t take it amiss at I remain seated, this confounded wooden leg is a sore drance, you come probably to see if your predictions are lfilled?

' I come as a fugitive, and to ask your protection '

' You must live with me, for truly you are a wise man ou must console me Indeed, my dear Thevenet, to-day I ght perhaps have been admiral of the blue flag, had this ominable wooden leg not rendered me unfit for the service my country I now read the newspapers, s vear and curse, that I become black and blue, to be obliged to remain le at home, I burst with rage at the thought of my wooden g Pray console me'

'Don t mention her Her own wooden leg keeps her at home, and prevents her from dancing, hence she is greatly addicted to cards and slander There is no living with her

'My predictions were right, then?

'Oh! perfectly so, my dear Sir! but let us be silent on that subject. Had I now my lost living leg again, I would not give the paring of one nail for her Between ourselves, I acknowledge *I was a fool!*'

SONNET

To ——

BY COLONEL G SWINEY

Trust not to fickle Love What dost thou hope
To chain an angel to our earthly sphere,
Condemned with this vexatious life to cope,
And yet unchanged remain while resting here?
Oh deem it not!—immortal though he be
As poets feign him, in eternal youth,
His immortality is not for thee,
Nor for this earth,—in heaven alone his truth
Is not a fable Ah! then, seek no mate
'Mong the gay insects, whose precarious date
Is measured by the sunbeam s glittering ray,
Their joy a mockery, and their life, a day
But rather let esteem with judgment sound,
Your happiness secure—your wishes bound

THE MOSQUITOS SONG

A CALCUTTA FRAGMENT.

BY COLONEL YOUNG

'Oh the pleasures of the plains'
In Bengal, and in the Rains,
When the climate, damp and warm,
Makes our tiny tribes to swarm,
From each puddle, from each tank,
Fringed with vegetation rank,
Whence, mid duck weed hatched, and slime,
In the fulness of good time,
Shuffled off our maggot coil,
Start we into life's turmoil
Clamorous, winged, and armed for fight,
Speeding quick our eager flight,
Ravenous, in quest of prey
With the sun's declining ray,
Let us to the Fort repair,
In the Royal Barracks—there,
Sure to find the ruddy Griffin,
Full of beer and full of tiffin,
In the sultry afternoon,
Legs on table lolling, soon
Hies he to his tempting cot,
Stretching him supine, forgot
Cares and sorrows, scanty pay,
Duns that haunt the livelong day,
All forgot Anon the book,
That in listless hand he took,

Drops upon his breast, as close his
Languid eyes he yawns, he dozes,
Sinks at length in sleep unquiet!
Wild fantastic visions riot,
Flitting o'er his throbbing brain,
Till all is chaos come again!
 Dreams he of *Pale Hodgson's* ghost!
Shouts again the ideal toast!
Lo! the bottle's petticoats,
Change to gown of her he doats
Upon —his youthful village love,
Left to pine while he would rove
Foreign lands and nymphs among
Soft! he lists her well known song,
Wood notes wild, so long, so clear,
Echo in his straining ear!
——*Silly dreamer! wild wood notes,*
Here be none!—save from our throats,
Shrill ear piercing trumps that sound,
While we flit our victim round!
 Unsuspecting yet he lies,
Dreaming of fair lady's eyes,
Visionary phantasms bright,
Mocking still his mental sight
Kisses —*pouting*s,—true love token—
Ancient crooked sixpence broken—
All in gay confusion dance
Then, the fond, the piercing glance,
Her bright eyes unerring dart,
Winged into his very heart.

Oh the torture! oh the smart!
——Silly dreamer! dart or wing,
Here be none!—save tiny sting,
Which with vigorous aim we ply,
As the lubbard wight doth lie,
Flushed with heat, and sleep, and ale,
While our hovering troops assail,
Juicy English cheek and lip,
Thus with oft repeated dip,
In we plunge the sharp proboscis,
Hunger is the best of sauces,
And we lack no cookery,
Griffin blood, to relish thee!
Thus we suck, and gaze, and swill,
Till our reddening bodies fill,
Wing we then our lazy flight,
Snug to roost on giddy height,
Shelf, or book case, or almirah's
Top No rest for *him*! our virus
Quick ferments! each festering sore
Seems a voice, cries 'Sleep no more!
Gnats have murdered sleep (that knits up
Ravelled sleeve of care!)——He sits up
Startled,—scarce awake,—head bursting,—
—Itching—scratching,—smarting,—thirsting,—
Curses deep, and loud, and long,
Muttering, while our buzzing throng,
Yet unsated, chaunt their song,
'Oh the pleasures of the plains,
In Bengal, and in the Rains!!!'

THE HANDMAIDEN S DREAM

A DRAMATIC SCENE

BY CAPTAIN R CALDER CAMPBELL.

SCENE—A turret chamber TIME—Night

Bianca and Giulia.—Giulia asleep

Bianca

How still, and close, and heavy is the night!
A melancholy gloom pervades the air,
As if her healthful gales, her balmy breath,
Nature, with niggard hand, had muffled up
Now fancy might suggest that, o'er the dark
A spirit, bearing desolation, brooded!
There is no moon,—bright Dian hath forgot
Her hunter boy upon the mountain top,
The beauteous stars too, those fair skyey flowers,
That gem the azure fields of smiling heaven,
Are hidden, like the sad heart s secret dreams!
——Giulia!—she sleeps!
Innocent girl! how like a thing of death
She looks in the pale lamp-light! such a flush
As torches shed upon a sheeted corse
Tinges her cheek!—She smiles,—but now, ah! now
A pang comes o'er her heart,—for her white breast,
(Like a young cygnet on an angry wave,)
One movement gave, convulsive,—and her lips,
Compressed as silence, for a moment lost
Their rosy roundness in that lab ring sigh!
——So sudden too, this change! perchance her dreams
Are of some fearful thing!

Giulia

Help! help! oh! save me, blessed Jesu!

Bianca

Calm thee, poor girl!—
What? Ho! arouse,—what! how you stare about,
And pant, and heave, like a young frighted fawn,
As though your eye balls feared to fix their sight
On the dread image of a buried crime!
There,—quaff this bev rage up, how goes it now?

Giulia

Sweet mistress, I have wrestling been
With the foul night hag—Oh, such fearsome dreams,
And how I tremble still! feel how my heart,
Like a snared linnet, beats!

Bianca

Tush, girl! twas but the heavy sultriness
Which, (like a cloud that heralds wan disease,)
Lingring upon the night air, colored o er
With gloomy shades your visions!
Didst thou pray?

Giulia

Oh! lady, yes, for thee, for my poor self,—and—

Bianca

Well?

Giulia

And for the one I dreamt of, lady!—Azzo!

Bianca

What!—He who trims the surcles of the vines,
And dresses all the flow r pots, with a hand
Expert, and gentle as the vernal wind,

When playing with the feathers of a dove?

Giulia

Yes, he —That dream!—Oh lady, do you think
That, as our gossips tell, dreams e er come true?

Bianca.

Tell your s to me, good maid! and I will spell
From out the mysteries of your troubled sleep,
A *lesson that shall please you*

Giulia

Well, thus it was,—you recollect the brook
Where oft on summer nights, when the fresh air,
Like a rich argosy from far-off isles,
Freighted with cinnamon and scented gums,
Came laden with its sweet but humble treasures,
Stolen from the lemon groves and orange bowers,
Where, young Don Carlos ———

Bianca

Oh! yes, yes, yes!—Thinks t those I *can* forget?
Love has a memory, girl! like rudest weeds
That root within the bosom of the earth,
Till it becomes a hard and heavy task
Thence to eradicate them

Giulia

Well! there, methought I went to bathe my limbs,
All hot and feverish with the ardent sun,
There was no living thing in sight,—not one,—
Not even the prying lark from curling cloud
Looked down upon that solitude,—and all
Was left to me, and to the silent flowers!
Methought that I my vestments had cast off

Upon the shaded bank, so soft and green,
And, when with happy and most innocent thoughts,
I bent, to plunge into the lucid bath,
Behold! deep at its bottom, shone in sight
The presence of a dark and dismal thing!
And, ever as I gazed, it nearer drew,
Till, at the last, it floated on the brim—
The livid body of a murdered man!
Oh, lady! then I could not help but look
Where o'er his face hung thick the clustering hair,
Clouding the lineaments from view
———Oh! God!
I parted them—those rich, dark locks,—and saw
The face of my poor Azzo peering out,
With straining eye balls, ghastly look, and skin
Grisly,—and spotted with the pestilence!—
——I could not look, and live,—so, by his side,
Down in the cold clear wave, I flung myself,
And woke

Bianca

Now be our Lady's peace upon your spirit,—
While Prophecy, that, as a holy flower,
Will sometimes spring in spots that are not holy,
Shall burst from out my lips!
Knowest thou not
That contraries are still the rules which guide
The interpretations of the dreamer's thoughts?
Say thou hast dreamt of roses, rich and rare,
Twisted across thy brow?—trust me, the thorns
Shall on thy waking moments quickly wait

But thou, who, in the magic of the night,
Felt o'er thy spirit glide the baleful shades
Of things appalling,—thou hast nought to dread
More cruel, than a happy lover's kiss;
More rude, than pressings of a lover's hand;
More fierce, than sweet looks of a lover's eye;
Nor aught more deadly, than a—*wedding ring!*

Secundrabad, 1829.

LOVE MISPLACED.

BY DAVID DRUMMOND, ESQ.

How sad the remembrance of summer so kind!
When we shrink in the wintry blast;
But what is the blast of the wintry wind,
To the keen frost of sorrow that pierces the mind
With the memory of love that is past?

How dreadful it is in affection to roll,
And to find that affection misplaced;
And, if reason can wield her unwelcome control,
How awful the calm that succeeds in the soul
When the tempest of passion has ceased!

Ah! dear was my dream, in the day of delusion,
And sweet was my bosom's wild fever.
On my sun-shine of bliss was no cloud of confusion;
But Truth—at the moment of thy fell intrusion—
'Twas ruined—alas, and for ever!

THE BOATMEN'S SONG TO GANGA

BY KASHIPRASHAD GHOSH.

Gold river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow
In the pride of her beauty, how swiftly she flies
Like a white winged spirit thro topaz paved skies

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o er thee, the breezes are shedding their balm,
And Nature beholds her fair features pourtrayed,
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy waves,
Is fleeting to rest in thy cool coral caves,
And thence, with his tiar of light, at the morn
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn

Gold river! gold river! how bright is the beam,
Which brightens and crimsons thy soft flowing stream,
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing
Whose ripples like dimples in childhood are flashing

Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon grace,
The hall of the stars with her light shedding face,
The wandering planets her palace will throng
And seraphs will waken their music and song

Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won,
And now as the bright sun who drops from our view,
So Ganga, we bid thee a cheerful adieu!



pore, taking with him one large car (*ruth*) ornamented with pewter, and four other cars covered with nettings and garlands of flowers His train consisted of 100 matchlock men, 20 horsemen, and 1 elephant On the 23d September, at 8 o clock P M, the following sacrifice was offered in the portico in front of the temple, the Rajah being present

5 *Gossyns,*
10 *People of different castes,*
600 *He goats, and*
10 *Male buffaloes*

'The victims were killed, by having their heads cut off with a large sword As a conclusion to this sacrifice, on the Dusehra, 25 h Sept the image of Vigra Devi (another name for Kali), was placed in the upper platform of the large car, and the Rajah and his wife sat on the lower one They were in this manner, dragged by 300 men to a spot near the village, where the Rajah performed the Sumya Pooja The sacrifice takes place every third year, and the number of human victims ought to be fifteen Should it be impossible to procure *any* victims by the seizure of travellers, or others, not inhabitants of the Bustar country, the Rajah, in that case, causes *one* of his own subjects to be seized for the sacrifice'

Human sacrifices also occur in the Nizam s country Mr Fenwick, a gentleman who was an agent for Messrs Palmer and Co of Hydrabad, and who lived for many years at Madeepoor informed me, that in the neighbourhood of that place there is a small tract of particularly fine land, to keep up the fertility of which, the natives conceive it necessary to offer a human victim yearly

The statement of Enkya Pudlwar would, of itself, appear sufficient to prove that human sacrifices do take place, but not a shadow of doubt, as to the fact, can exist in any one's mind, after knowing that Mr Jenkins wrote to me, and stated that the Rajah, in an interview with him, did not deny it

In the Kahka Poorana minute rules are given upon the mode of making such offerings It is there said, that 'the blood of a tyger pleases the goddess (Kali) for one hundred years, and the blood of a lion, a rein-deer, or a man, a thousand But by the sacrifice of three men, she is pleased 100,000 years'

Bellaspore, 12th September, 1829

NIGHT ON THE GANGES

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS

How calm, how lovely is the soft repose,
Of Nature sleeping in the summer night!
How sweet, how willingly, the current flows,
Beneath the stream of melted chrysolite
Spread by the Ganges flood,—reflecting o er
Its silvery surface,—with those countless stars,
The ingot gems of heaven's cerulean floor,
Mosques, groves, and cliffs, and pinnacled minars

The air is fresh, and yet the evening breeze
Has died away, so hushed, its scarcely heard
To breathe amid the clustering lemon trees,
Whose snowy blossoms, by its faint sighs stirred,

Pierce through the mimic life with asking fear,
And, doubting, seek the latent spirit there
His every sense absorb'd, entranced he bow'd,—
'Twas Beauty's Queen, confess'd, before him stood,
In all the pomp of loveliness!—His frame
Thrill'd, as the dread conviction o'er him came!
Trembling, he rose —she'd sought her native sky,
But still the marble breathed divinity!

Greece gazed bewilder'd at th' Immortal face,—
Celestial gesture,—matchlessness of grace,
And subject nations, as they throng'd the grove,
Forgot to worship, as they knelt to love
Despairing votaries came,—the Image smiled,
The magic effluence every care beguiled
Age felt the waken'd pulses warmer glow,
The sluggish tide of passion quicken'd flow —
But awe prevail'd 'twas Heaven's beatitude—
Charms more than mortal that the soul subdued
'Twas love—but love inviting sacred bliss,—
Love too extatic for a world like this —
Devotion's fervor through the concourse ran,
And Earth bow'd suppliant to the work of Man!*

Oh! what an energy of thought was there,
That gave dull stone perfection's form to wear!
A mind like this,—so framed by Him on high,
Claims, as its birth right, immortality,
And man joins proudly with the voice of Fame,
To waft, from age to age, the hallow'd name!

* See 'Lines on the Belvidere Apollo,' by the author of 'Samor'

THE SONG OF THE CYMRY.

BY H M PARKER, Esq

The following was written at Tintagel, in North Devon, which tradition claims as the birthplace of Arthur the British Hero The mighty and magnificent rock of Tintagel is still crowned by the remains of, a so called, British castle It is nearly inaccessible,—laved by the waves of the Bristol Channel on three sides, and separated from the cliffs of the main land on the fourth, by a tremendous ravine —A natural cavern through the neck of the Peninsula and which still exhibits marks of its portcullis and defensive chain, as does the narrow mouth of the little wild harbour into which it leads, formerly admitted boats at low water, at half flood the cavern is filled The whole scene indeed presents a *fac simile*, allowing for the difference of climate of the site selected by Moore as the last retreat of his fire worshippers

Strike the harp,—strike the harp,—for free born men
Struck it of old by this rocky glen,
While the gale roared o er the tossing sea,
And the sea bird's screams came on the blast,
That hurried them like snow flakes past,
While the breakers gathered wild and fast,
They sang the songs of liberty

When shall the WHITE HORSE dare,
To plant his feet,
Where our *free footsteps are ?*
The tempest's sleet,
Wraps us in its gray folds,
And winds howl round us, wilder far,
Than ever in their wintry war,
They swept our lonely wolds ,
While the fierce wave beats against the base,
Of our cloud scattering dwelling place,

As though 'twould shake it, into the deep sea —
But awful as it is—tis FREE

Let the foamy mead go round,
Fill high the horn,
Drown with a shout the storm's dull sound,
To the first of woman born!
UTHER PENDRAGON, whose fiery glance,
Quells the soul of the Saxon churl,
Till he drops in fear the levell'd lance,
And the axe forgets to hurl
The 'WHITE HORSE' found his feet of speed,
And never had he fiercer need,
When the dark haired son of Tintagel gave
His dragon flag to the wind,
While like the rush of Severn's wave,
Came the Cymry bands behind

Fill the horn again,
Fill—to the spirits of those,
The valiant men,
Who died amidst our foes,
They are bending round us now,
And a pale smile lighteth up
Each hero's awful brow,
As we pledge the sacred cup
For they did not fall alone —
No —for each sigh of theirs
We had a Saxon's dying groan,

And for each drop of holy blood,
The Saxon widows pour'd a flood
Of lonely tears.

Hark! through the thunder of the gale,
From the landward tower floats
The sound at which our maids turn pale,
The alarm-horn's heavy notes;
And see,—on every hoary Tor*,
Red and dimly gleaming
Through the tempest's dusky scud,
To call us to the field of blood,
Signal fires are streaming.
Up, Cymry, to the war!

Foam up the mead once more,
Fill high the parting cup,
While round us howls the sea-storm's roar,
While arms clang wildly on the floor,
While war horns sound o'er rock and moor,
Fill the mighty goblet up.
Here's to the Saxon,—death,—defeat,
Or slavery's sullen chain;
Here's to the Cymry,—freedom sweet,
Or a bed on the battle plain.

Methought I heard the clang of mail!
'Twas but the ringing stones which fell

* The granite summits of the North Devon and Cornwall hills are called Tors.

From yonder time worn pinnacle
Methought I heard the warriors cry!
Twas the sea bird s scream, as she shot by,
Toss d by the western gale
I stood alone on Tintagel hoar,
Beneath, the storm swept ocean lay
I stood alone,—my dream was o er,
My vision had past awry

SONNET

I love to wander when in sullenness
December broods, and stript boughs wave on high,
And clouds flit o er the moon and the dull sky,
Like troubled spirits in their wretchedness
'Tis then I love the dark o er arching wood,
And its deep shade, when leaves fall fast and sere,
As the storm spirit moans, and sadly drear
And desolate is that wild solitude
Oh let me lean against the moss grown tree,
While the wet branches bathe my burning brow,
I love it more than halls of revelry,
Or laughing landscapes in their sunny glow,
Yes, I will seek the silent spots of earth,
And leave the world to laughter and to mirth

G M G

To ——

BY CAPTAIN McNAGHTEN.

" And there is even a happiness,
That makes the heart afraid."

Hood.

Yes! there is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid,
And by its very fulness, are the feelings oft dismay'd,
'Tis like the cup of mantling wine we wish unspill'd to sip,
Yet fear the trembling hand may fail to guide it to the lip

My lov'd one! I have felt the dread which springs from such excess,
And boding thoughts have come to turn my rapture to distress,
When I have held thee in my arms, how deep has been the pain,
To think, perchance I never might enfold thee so again!

When on me full thine eyes of light and purity have beam'd,
And more like angels radiant eyes than earthly ones have seem'd;
I've thought, how wretched were my fate, if after time should prove,
That they could ever gaze on me, without that look of love!

And in those blissful moments when thy lips to mine have press'd,
And thou hast lain, all trusting, and all fondly, on my breast;
I have trembled and been giddy, on that very height of bliss,
To think that there should ever be more coldness in thy kiss

When on thy bosom, soft and fair, I've lain my happy head,
And thou hast press'd it with thy hand, and some fond word hast said,
A tremor has come o'er my frame, and chill'd my anxious heart,
For fear thou ever should'st be less my own, than then thou art.

'Tis thus that something still of grief alloys our happiest hours,
We mourn their early drooping, when we gaze on blooming flow'rs,
We cannot view a glorious sky, in some calm summer's eve,
But we must think how soon the storm may not one beauty leave

Thou know'st the love with which I gaze upon thy beauteous face,
Thou know'st the fondness well, my sweet, with which I thee embrace;
Thou know'st the transport of my heart, when thou to it art press'd,
Thou know'st the warmth that fills my kiss, when thou art thus caress'd

Not one of these is lessen'd, dear, by thoughts of future ill,
And yet those thoughts, like poison, oft their baneful drops distil,
I neither doubt nor fear thy love, I only dread that Heaven
May deem such bliss as mine too great, to be on earth long given.

Nay, see!—the happy, happy hours we have together past,
Have fled because they were too bright, too exquisite to last,
And still the curse that we must part, will mix the joy with pain,
When hours like those of happiness shall visit us again

But yet there is one brightening thought, that cheers amid them all
Although we feel that flowers must droop, and leaves and blossoms fall,
We look with full hope to the time, when they again shall bloom,
When laughing spring shall chase away obdurate winter's gloom?

And so, mine own fair girl! I'll think, though now thou art away,
Again our spring of love shall come, to chase *this* bitter day,
Again will kind, relenting fate, my now dash'd joy restore,
And give thee, soft, and warm, and bright, to these fond arms once more

And then when to my heart again, that precious form I'll strain,
The greatness of my happiness may make me fear again;—
'Twill make me fear, but soon thy kiss shall all the gloom dispel,
And drive away from that bless'd hour, all thoughts of a farewell!

LOVE

'They sin who tell us love can die,'
True love will last forever,
No power hath time to break its tie,
Or faithful hearts to sever
Still it glows all force defying,
Still unquench'd, and still undying
Like the rose of Sharon's vale,
Whose perfume ever scents the gale,
So love doth round an odour cast,
That charms resistless to the last
Like the sweet lark which mounts on high,
Yet steadfast looks with tearful eye,
On the one dear spot where her nest doth lie,
So the lover, where er his footsteps rove,
Still thinks on the scenes he leaves behind,
Wherever he wanders his early love
Remains in his heart enshrined
Oh, love is indeed a thing of heav n,
To cheer our path in bounty giv n,
It cannot be of mortal birth,
It cannot spring from grov ling earth —
Oh no! 'tis a lustre from heav n caught,
A ray from the throne of the Father brought,
Or perchance, when the angels this guilty world left,
And earth of their presence and glory bereft,
Ere yet they sprung from this scene of pain,
To return to their own bright realms again,

THE RAIN

BY HENRY LOUIS VIVIAN DEROZIO, Esq

The wind has arisen, and loose from its prison
The rain cometh singing to earth,
The sorrowful flowers, that drooped in their bowers,
Now feel the light spirit of mirth
The blossoms that deep, in the soft arms of sleep,
Lay entranced in sweet visions of bliss,
Awake from their rest, while the sigh from their breast,
Makes response to the rain a gentle kiss
Though lured by the love of the great sun above,
The vapors ascended on high,
For earth's sorrows they felt, and see how they melt,
Into tears from their home in the sky
Joy lighted the looks of the fountains and brooks,
As they welcomed their kindred again,
And onwards they rolled, more glad than of old,
To declare their delight to the main
The grass on its ear, hung the cloud's crystal tear,
For so jewelled it rarely had been,
Its robe of dark hue from its shoulders it threw,
And donned a bright mantle of green
The glad rose in her breast received the sweet guest,
Who had come with a message from heaven,
Her sorrows were hushed, and she felt, as she blushed,
That new bloom to her beauty was given.
Now, parts of that dome, which the stars call their home,
Were resuming their own native blue,
And from the rich west ere he sunk to his rest,
Golden splendor the gorgeous sun threw

But, ere the sweet spell of the rain bade farewell,
To the earth which its blessing had cheered,
At parting it wove a soft arch, on which love
Revealed to the minstrel appeared

THE ROBBER CHIEF

BY WILLIAM TULLOH ROBERTSON, ESQ

His sentry stands
At his bolted gate,
And his kindred bands
In his castle wait
There is gore on his glaive,
And threat in his word,
There are few that would brave
The Robber Chief's sword
Yet one is wailing, who loved him well,
The Moon of his forest citadel!

But soon these hours
Their race shall run —
A sableness lowers
O er their setting sun
The period of joy
Is narrowing brief,
It wanes to destroy,
To harrow with grief,
For the Beauty, immured, is wailing her lot,
And the heart of her lord, it beateth not!

A corse now taints
The wind and skies,
And a cleſted head
In the torrent lies!
'Tis the Robber Chief slain,
The scourge of the land,
He will never again
Wield his spear or brand
His Bride roams our wild woods, and none will weep
But that beautiful girl, o er his dreamless sleep!

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE END OF MY ALBUM

BY CATHERINE S A HALCOMBE

With tardy hand I close thy varied page,
Beloved companion of my earlier hours
Like you I've suffered from the hand of age,
Youth's hues, and freshness are no longer ours,
We have been tried,—but not beyond our powers

Betimes I knew the countless ills of eld,
Ere others taste of life, its cup I drained
By sorrow saddened, I in thee beheld,
The only solace which this world contained,
I sought thee sorrowing —and my peace regained

For thy pure bosom then a refuge gave,
Aggrieved affection, disappointed truth,
That harassed long still lingered near the grave,
Where lay the feelings of untainted youth,
Nipp'd by the world's cold hand, but wail'd by me in sooth

Thou didst receive each weak complaint and cry,
That sorrow loves in friendship's ear to pour;
Betrayed no trust; consoled, though silently,
Till care's dark form a brighter aspect wore,
And swift winged moments stayed not to deplore.

Thou art the treasury of buried years,
And thoughts still live in thee by time unchanged;
And many a name upon thy page appears,
Still true to friendship, tho' alas! estranged,
And those seem near who long have exiles ranged.

And loved ones dwell who never more shall know,
The changing scenes of human joy or pain;
And words of tenderness exist, tho' low
The heart that framed them lies in death's domain,
The hand which traced may ne'er transcribe again.

With thee, dear volume, many a pleasure ends:
The latest leaf is filled,—yet ah! in thee
I hold communion with departed friends;
Converse with those I never more may see,
And feel not desolate possessed of thee.

THE PLAGUE AT MILAN IN THE 16th CENTURY.

IMITATED FREELY FROM THE 'PROMESSI SPOSI' OF MANZONI

BY COLONEL YOUNG

The bridge was lowered, its massive chains embrowned
With idle dust, the ponderous studded gates,
Yawned lazily apart mid weed and grass
Two months had now gone by since the fell plague
Raged rife No banner waved, no warder paced
Alert, no grim official, to keep watch,
That none might enter hostile, none unlicensed
Depart. What need of such? *Pale Pestilence*
Herself kept guard within the tainted city!
What fear of leaguer or surprize, the while
She waved the fierce destroying Angel's sword?

I entered, all was desolate! the Strada
Seemed strangely longer than of old, and narrow,
And lofuer than it wont, for the dense crowd,
That erst did throng the swarming busy way,
And stud each parapet, casement, or balcony,
—Decked out with gorgeous tapestry,—and broke
The long perspective *of the storied roofs,*
And lattice tiers continuous, and covered
The tracks converging of the wheel worn pavement—
—That crowd was gone! A straggler, here and there,
Appeared diminutive in the long vista,
Hurrying onward in the mid way path,
And, as if hot pursuit urged his quick pace,

A haggard glance would cast around, and hold
His breath for very fear
The darkened windows,
Curtained and close, betokened solitude
And death within or terror of his kind,
Out mastering Man s social nature Crosses
Of fiery red were smeared on many a door,
Warning the passer by that they who dwelt
Within, were banned and excommunicate
Some gates stood open death had done his work,
And sordid rapine there the heirless spoils
Had seized, or scattered negligent The air
Oppressed me, dense, and hot, and motionless,
Dimming yet tempering not the Dog-day sun,
Which shone with scorching blaze
I spurred me on,
Scared at this awful solitude, and shrinking
With nervous ear, from the loud dissonant clank,
Unnatural of mine own palfrey s hoofs!
The market place was nigh, methought I heard,
The loud and social din of peasants wains,
Resounding cheerful in that thronged resort
Of busy stirring life, and merry bells
Seemed chiming in the distance, voices loud
I heard and shrill, commingled, my glad spirit
Revived, for *there,* once more, was living man!

Eager I hied me thither. Oh! what sights
Burst on my startled vision, silent, drear,
And desert, was that spacious square,—no din -

Was *there* of market shrew, rough muleteer,
Or clamorous cook, no clink of money changer,
No gaping Contadine, no velvet clad
And gold-chained citizen, no grinning Buffo,
Or mask grotesque, to shake the hearty sides
Of laughter loving groupes, no ready scribe
With venal implements to lend his art
To love-sick maid, no solemn Podesta
With liveried follower, arquebuss, or halberd,
To keep the peace! nothing, save tottering booths
And half-demolished sheds, thrown-down benches,
And tattered tents here, tables overturned,
There, baskets scattered empty! It did seem
As the owners who had revelled here and bustled,
Were sudden swept away, or all had fled
Regardless stricken with some instant fear,
Even in one hour! no living thing was left,
But some poor starveling curs, that prowled forgotten
For scanty food, mid fœtid husks and garbage!

But whence those noises that mine ear had greeted
Joyful?—Not long I marvelled! Oh for power
From the surface of my memory to smooth
The deep impress away, of horrible sights
That pierced my aching eyes! The noon tide hour
Had struck, the appointed daily time, when forth
Each pest house vomited its loathsome tenantry,
To feed the daily fresh-dug pit, which yawned
Without the city walls as if impatient
To gorge its meal obscene, then satiate,

Closed up its jaws for ever! Funeral rites
Were none accorded to the unconscious dead
By the weary living, save that the passing train
Of lazar carts was staid hard by the church,
The while some pale affrighted priest within,
Hastily muttered the brief prayer that served
Those numerous souls, whose earthly tenements
Were journeying to their last repose This done,
The convoy slowly issued forth, surrounded
By squalid men of aspect terrible
Some lazily marched in front with sounding bells,
(Those bells which to my distant ear had rung
That pleasant peal!) they tolled their dismal note
Of warning and avoidance, so might none
Meet, obvious, the moving foul contagion,
And summoning the neighbourhood through which
They passed, to render forth their tribute dead
To the funeral heap!
The train went lumbering on,
Dragged heavily oy carrion cattle,—such
As such a task befitted,—goaded on
With curses frequent from their ruffian drivers,
And shouts and sounding blows and jests obscene,
Mingled with wailings of the sad bereaved
(Those voices that afar mine ear had deemed
The sounds of gladness!) Some especial ministers
Of horror, stript for their most loathsome office,
Followed each cart, and snatched, with careless grasp,
The tainted dead from lanes brought out, and dwellings
Along the convoy's rout, they tossed them up

Aloft among the uncovered mass of corpses,
That quivered as in horrid mimickry
Of parted life, while over that rough pavement
The waggons slowly lumbered, and each shock
Would stir the flaccid heap, and agitate,
With fearful motion, naked straggling limbs,
That twined like snakes, or struck upon the wheels,
Protruding oft, and oft drawn back, and heads
Ghastly and hanging downwards —and long tresses,
Once proudly worn, but matted now and loathsome
A sight it was to appal the stoutest heart!—
Yet one more grievous followed As I paused
Gazing and horror stricken, from a door
Crossed with the ominous red, a lady issued
A gentle dame, mature in loveliness
A mortal langour shaded, not effaced,
Her graceful beauty death on that noble front
Had set his coming sign her swollen eyes
Were fixed and tearless, but they bore the marks
Of recent grief, and in her arms she held
A pale fair girl who hardly seemed to number
Ten mortal years The beautiful child was dead,
Yet might you think it lived, with decent care
The mother had composed its limbs, enshrouded
In robe of purest white Its glossy hair—
That parent's cherished pride!—with steady hand
Of resolute agony, she had fondly parted
Across her darling's pallid brow, and bound
With a white slender fillet Thus adorned,
Tranquil the child reclined in living posture

'Upon her mother's arm, the sleep-like face,
Reposing, as it seemed, on that fond bosom
You could not think the pretty innocent thing
Was dead; but that one white and slender hand,
Hung down with more than animate heaviness,
And its head leaned upon the mother's neck
Drooping, with weight unnatural!'
Burdened thus,
With melancholy gait and slow, that lady
Approached the fatal convoy Started forth
A grim attendant, prompt to clutch his prey,
Yet hesitating at this sorrowful sight
The lady waved him back with hand uplift
'Good friend,—she said beseeching,—'suffer me,
I pray, with mine own hands, to place my child
Upon her bier, thus gold I give thee freely
So thou do pity us, and swear that none
Shall touch these decent weeds, but bury her
Even as she is!'—That hardened man was moved,
Bending, he smote his breast and crossed him, quick
Essayed to clear a scanty space, and there
The agonized mother laid her child,
(Its stiffening limbs smoothed down, and covered o'er
With the long winding sheet,) yet ere she veiled
Its face, impressed one last long passionate kiss
On the cold forehead, then, with steadfast eye
Gazed lingering —'Sleep thou in peace!' she sobbed,
'My blessed innocent girl! we meet again
To-morrow!' Then with ghastly smile she looked
Upon the silent man of death —'Remember!



The Plague at Mitau

So do as thou hast sworn! When next ye come
Your daily way, myself I shall be ready
To join your company"
She waved them on;
And gazing stood as one entranced, straining
Her eye-balls dim, till the sad funeral train
Was lost in distance. Slowly then she turned,
And staggering regained her lonely dwelling
To lay her down and die!

SONNET.

The evening scene fades duskily away,
Like hues of early joy that disappear
Ere life's dim close; until each weary year
Deepening, blends into the latter gray.
Now twinkles HESPERUS down his fitful ray
From th' azure vault of heaven so coldly clear;
And as the little birds to covert veer,
A pale—pale gleam remains of sickly gold
Low on the rim of the far western sphere,—
And now 'tis fainter still,—and now 'tis gone!
Thus fade the sheeny hopes that did unfold
Their beauteous tints in manhood's prime, as on
The radiant tide of youthful passion roll'd,
Till life's drear evening finds us dark,—alone.

G. J.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY CAPTAIN R CALDER CAMPBELL

I love the joyous morn!
When light comes gushing from the eastern skies,
When dews begem the thorn,
And warbling larks from clovery couches rise!

When sounds of life break in
Upon the voiceless solitude, and all
Their daily tasks begin,
In furrowy field,—dusk street, or happy hall

The sun within the sea,
Smiles at his own rich beauty, and each cave
Rings out all blithsomely
Its chime of echoes, in accordance brave

The hunter's horn is there,
The beagle's cry, the cuckoo's cadenced note,
All—mingling in the sky,
On echo's voice of mockery wildly float.

I love the gentle night,
Its moonshine, and its mute meek eloquence,
When lonely hours invite
The solitary breast to thoughts intense.

When stars, in gorgeous lustre,
Are leaping out into the swarthy sky,
Like fire flies bright that cluster
Round shadowy trees, ere comes the moon on high.

For in that stilly hour,
Sweet visions o'er the pensive spirit glide;
And pure calm hopes have power
To check the rebel flow of earthly pride.

And dreaming minstrels meet
Bright dancing shapes that come with gestures bland;
Like waves, whose silver feet
Bound in the midnight on the golden sand!

THE PINDARRY TO HIS STEED.

BY MARY J. JOURDAN

Hurrah! Hurrah! we scud away,
Beneath the full hot eye of day;
Buoyant, and poised on fresh'ning air,
The monarch bird is hov'ring there;
He gains,—battling the blast's fierce sea,—
With one fell swoop, his lone eyrie;
An emblem, as he onward flew,
My noble steed, of me and you.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the smoking ground
Trembles, my barb, beneath thy bound;
Receding swiftly,—silently,—
Are trees,—the earth,—the stream,—the sky;—

My spirit joys as if 'twere flung
Nature's wild elements among
It darts,—it springs, like shooting star,
On rushing winds afar,—afar!

Hurrah! behold yon tiger's glare!
Alarm'd he seeks his blood-stain d lair,
The wild deer pause, and gaze—then start,
With wilder grace—and beating heart
The cobra swiftly glides away,
That on our path mid sun beams lay,—
Ah! now the yielding branches crash,
And now the sullen waters splash

Hurrah! Hurrah! He paws the wave,
As proud the opposing stream to brave
Hurrah! Hurrah!—one struggling strain,—
'Tis done!—the rising bank we gain,
Oh!—linger not —like raging wind
The crowding foe comes fast behind,
One gasp,—one shake,—fling off the spray,—
One long drawn breath,—away! away!

Hurrah! Hurrah! the hills are won,
Well hast thou sped,—thy task is done,
White foam rests on thy heaving side,
Still reeking from the oozy tide,
Restlessly fierce thy bright black eye,—
Thy labouring breath comes pantingly,—
But stay thee now without a fear,
And calmly sleep thy master near!

THE HUNTER'S SONG

My own Cathlien, my own Cathlien,—
Ah! wherefore in thine eye,
Stands big and bright the fresh tear drop,
Sparkling reproachfully?
Nay dash it off, that traitor tear,
Forego those looks so wan,
Nor sing as tho thy heart would break,
Dear melancholy swan
A blither strain, my mourning bride,
Such as the linnet sings,
A sunny smile, like that which gilds
The evening rainbow's wings!—
For see, my goshawk, royal bird,
Has caught that grief of thine,
And droops half closed his dark eye lid—
Then cheer thee, lady mine
Deem'st thou when o'er Benledi's brow,
With hawk and hound I roam,—
Deemest thou my thoughts are vagrant too?
Ah no! they 're still at home
At home with thee,—at home with thee,
Within this myrtle bower,
Where, chiding thy forgetful lord,
Thou whilest the lonely hour
At home with thee, when purple eve
Unveils her dusky charms,

At home with thee when rosy morn
Deserts her lover's arms
For what, tho' cold my heather bed,
With the cold stars above,
My thoughts are of my mountain maid,
My dreams are of my love
I love my noble chesnut steed,
His proudly curving neck,
I love to see the milk white foam,
His beamy poitrel fleck.
For well thou knowest when, side by side,
We've coursed Drochastle's plain,
How oft thou hast prais'd his bearing high,
And smoothed his flowing mane
And dear to me are hawk and hound,
For they have prov'd thy care,
But dearer far thyself, Cathlien!
Than Royal ransoms are
I love the bright luxuriant locks
Around thy brow that curl,
I love thy soft blue beaming eye,
My own romantic girl!
But what to me are hawk or hound,
The mort or the reveille,
If, when the mountain chase is done,
My Cathlien's looks are paly?
For why watch I the ptarmigan,
Or climb the eagle's tower,
Or chase the bounding chamois? but—
To deck my lady's bower

Then dash those flowing tears away,
Nor break thy hunter's heart;
I would not waste one diamond drop,
For all that worlds impart,
One kiss,—another,—dear my love,
To bind our hearts love riven,
My own Cathlien,—once more my own,
One kiss,—and I m forgiven

K L C

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANT SISTERS,

DROWNED IN A STORM IN THE COSSIMBAZAR RIVER, IN 1815, AND BURIED IN THE SAME GRAVE

BY COLONEL ALEXANDER

One stalk two little tendrils bore,
Around one stem they twin'd,
The infant shoots the rude blast tore,
And spread them to the wind

Cull'd *from the wreck their sad remains,*
Within one grave repose,
Alike exempt from present pain,
And safe from future woes

Earth has its due! to heav'n above
Their gentle spirits rise,
And angels chant, with songs of love,
Their welcome to the skies

ANACREON, Ode XXXV.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED,

BY HARACHANDRA GHOSE.

পুষ্পের শয্যাতে এক দিবস মদন।
শ্রমযুক্ত হইয়া তাহে করিল শয়ন॥
দুর্ভাগ্য বালক তাহা চক্ষে না হেরিল।
পুষ্প পত্রে মধুমক্ষি নিদ্রিত আছিল॥
মক্ষিকা জাগিয়া হইল ক্রোধান্বিত মন
জাগিয়া শিশুকে তখন করিল দংশন॥
ঊর্দ্ধস্বরে শিশু তখন করিয়া ক্রন্দন।
মাতার নিকট শীঘ্র করিল গমন॥
আঘাত পাইয়াছি আমি শুন গো জননি।
বেদনাতে প্রাণ যায় মরিনু এখনি॥
ক্ষুদ্র জন্তু আসি মোরে দংশন করিল।
বুঝি কোন সর্প হবে ক্ষুদ্র পক্ষ ছিল॥
মক্ষিকা তাহার নাম স্মরণ এই হয়।
পূর্ব্বেতে রাখাল মুখে শুনেছি নিশ্চয়॥
সে আসি কহিল এই মাতার সদনে।
শ্রবণ করিল মাতা সহাস্য বদনে॥
শুনিয়া কহিল মাতা বালক আমার।
মক্ষিকা স্পর্শেতে এত দুঃখ হে তোমার॥
কি দশা হইবে তার হায়রে মদন।
যাহার হৃদয়ে তুমি করিবে দংশন॥

Hoo College, Nov. 1829.

THE END

